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*I have gathered me a posse of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.*—Montaigne

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## C u r r e n t      ✎      H i s t o r y

**"The Asphalt Scandal," Mr. Loomis and Mr. Bowen**

The series of more or less indefinite and unsubstantiated charges and counter-charges, based largely upon circumstantial evidence, and commonly referred to as "the asphalt scandal," were revived last month by certain sensational allegations emanating from Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela and directly impugning the official and personal integrity of Mr. Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State. It will be remembered that before he started on his Mediterranean voyage in search of much needed rest and relaxation, Secretary Hay had issued an ultimatum to President Castro, demanding that the claims of the asphalt company be taken out of the Venezuelan courts and submitted to arbitration, and that President Castro had flatly refused to do anything of the kind. Very soon after this, President Roosevelt went away on a bear-hunting expedition in the far West, and to Secretary Taft was left the task of "sitting on the lid" (in the expressive language of the street) over the Venezuelan difficulty. If the history of the entire matter is as it is set forth by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in his readable and also plausible article, "The Asphalt Trust," published in *Colliers* (for April 13), President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have an ugly mess to deal with, as the following excerpts from Mr. Davis' article indicate:

Castro gives two or three reasons why he should seize the plant of the Bermudez Company, and why he should not permit any one outside of his own country to decide whether or not he has the right to do so. According to the terms of the original concession, the Bermudez Company agreed to build canals which would open up the

trade of the Orinoco River. Although fifteen years have passed, the canals have not been built. It also agreed to carry free in its asphalt ships certain natural exports of the country. This it has not done. It also agreed that if any dispute arose between it and the Government it would abide by the decision of the courts of Venezuela, and it specifically and solemnly promised it would not appeal to its diplomatic representative. It has not only continually appealed to its diplomatic representative, but it now is appealing for help to the Secretary of State of the United States, and in 1900 it asked the Navy Department for warships, and, what to Castro was of greater moment, the warships were placed at its service. The Asphalt Company told the authorities in Washington that a revolution in Venezuela threatened to destroy the zinc shacks of the asphalt company, and that to ensure their protection warships must be sent to La Guayra. At the time it asked for warships the revolution had broken out at Carupano, a place as far distant from the property of the asphalt company as is Chicago from New York. So the danger was not really immediate. The warships, however, were sent to La Guayra. The real object of the trust in bringing them there was to intimidate the Venezuelan Government, and to influence the courts. In the face of the promise of the company not to appeal to its diplomatic agents and to abide by the decisions of the courts, this threat by armored cruisers appeared to the Venezuelans as a serious breach of the contract. Later, when the Warner-Quinlan people occupied the property around Felicidad, the Bermudez Company organized a small army, placed the late Major Malcolm A. Rafferty of the Seventy-first New York in command, and promised to wage actual warfare upon any of the employees of the rival company who trespassed upon their land. When the Bermudez Company sent arms to Venezuela with which to fight other Americans it was guilty of an act of insolent lawlessness; when it sent into Venezuela arms and ammunition with which to fight the Government itself, it committed an offence for which, according to the Constitution, the punishment is imprisonment and the confiscation of its property. It is to be decided in the courts whether the company did assist in the revolution

against Castro. Castro certainly believes it did, and for that reason, until the courts decide the matter, he has placed the company in the hands of a receiver. The evidence in the possession of Castro against the Bermudez Company is largely hearsay, for the company did not go about assisting Matos in his revolution with a brass band, but when all the evidence is considered, that the Bermudez Company did assist Matos seems evident. The witnesses against it are not only its own former presidents, managers, and agents, in all over a dozen, beginning with Barber, the former president of the National Asphalt Trust; but the evidence comes also from other sources, less open to suspicion. These men testify that General Greene met Matos in Paris, that from there Greene visited London and Glasgow, examining different vessels for the purpose of purchasing them, that the *Ben Righ* was finally purchased by money furnished by Greene and converted into a gunboat, which later reappeared off the coast of Venezuela, where it fought for the revolutionists, and transported their troops, forage, and ammunition. The witnesses to this are English and Scotch shipowners, ship-brokers, and the head of the firm of Raison & Co. of London, through whom the sale was made.

If the charges made by Mr. Bowen are true, the matter very largely affects the question as to whether or not we are fair in our treatment of Venezuela. The accusation of Mr. Bowen against Mr. Loomis is that when the latter was our Minister in Caracas, he received bribes, and acted as a secret agent of the Bermudez Company. For the last two years, owing to the very fact that he had been our Minister in Caracas, Mr. Loomis has been consulted by the State Department as the authority in regard to our conduct toward Venezuela. If, then, it is true that he is a secret agent of the Bermudez Company, it is of interest to every American to know how much his advice and influence had to do with bringing the President and Mr. Hay to declare a war, the chief beneficiary of which would be the Bermudez Company. To many people it seems incredible that a man holding the position now occupied by Loomis would, for a bribe of \$10,000, which is the specific sum he is said to have taken, deceive the President and Mr. Hay in regard to the conduct in Venezuela of the Company in whose pay he is supposed to be. On the face of it it is ridiculous. But suppose that whatever help Mr. Loomis as a member of the State Department was able to give to the asphalt company was not given in return for the money he had received, but under the stress of blackmail. If we accept the first step, and believe that Loomis took a check from the Bermudez Company, what follows is terribly obvious. The value of the check to the Bermudez Company would not be the services Loomis would render in payment for it, but the fact that they had that check to use against him. With it to hold over his head they could make him do as they ordered. Personally I never saw the check, but I know men who say they have seen it. They say it is a draft for 53,000 bolivars, which would make in our money about \$10,000. Last month when I was in Caracas the check was offered to Captain Robert Kemp Wright for \$5,000. He decided it was worth that to the Bermudez Com-

pany, but on cabling them for permission to purchase it they answered that they no longer wanted it. To the reader it may be difficult to understand why Wright, the agent of the Bermudez Company, should wish to purchase evidence against an Assistant Secretary of State who is accused of being a fellow-agent of his company, and why, if the check is worth \$5,000 to anybody, the Bermudez Company should have allowed it to go out of their hands. The explanation of this is in the fact, which has already been pointed out, that the employees of the company support themselves chiefly by selling it out, leaving it, and taking with them confidential papers.

The story of the check and of its payment to Loomis was told me several years ago. But at that time the "pernicious activity" of Mr. Loomis in behalf of the company was supposed to be due to the natural anxiety of an ambitious young diplomat to stand well with a company whose chief supporters were such friends of the Administration as Mark Hanna, Matt Quay, Boies Penrose, Francis V. Greene, and Widener, and Elkins. But the reappearance of the check scandal at this particular moment is interesting. Unless it has changed hands since I was in Caracas, it is now in the possession of A. H. Carner, the man Castro has appointed receiver, and who is working in Castro's interests. The President of the United States is absent on his vacation, and the affairs of the State Department that sent the ultimatum are in the hands of Mr. Francis P. Loomis, the man who received the check. What moment for its production could be more propitious? As a weapon for blackmail it had lost its power; as a means of embarrassing the enemies of Castro, it could never be more effective. Of the truth of all Mr. Bowen's charges, Mr. Loomis has made a sweeping denial. He agrees that such a check as the one Carner is now hawking about the streets and foreign legations of Caracas exists, but he explains that it was given him by the Bermudez Company in return for one of his own for a like amount. The reason for this exchange was that the Bermudez Company allowed him the proper New York rate of exchange, which he could not obtain elsewhere in Caracas. Mr. Bowen's charges were filed at Washington before either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hay left that city and it does not seem likely that had they believed Mr. Loomis guilty they would have gone away leaving him in supreme authority at the State Department. It is said that before leaving Washington the only witness the President called in reference to Mr. Loomis, and who perfectly satisfied the President as to the innocence of Mr. Loomis, was General Avery D. Andrews, the vice-president of the asphalt company. This is the only really funny incident in this whole sordid scandal. It makes one fear that for the moment the President lost his sense of humor.

Mr. Bowen is said to have been misled into making these charges through a personal dislike of his superior officer. But Mr. Bowen is not a fool. He is brusque, aggressive, and ambitious, but before The Hague tribunal, and at Washington as the representative of Venezuela, where he was opposed to the Ambassadors of the allies, he showed capabilities superior to those of diplomats much older and more experienced than him-



self. He is the man who gave the name "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" to the methods of United States diplomats. And when at the legation in Caracas, the agent of the Bermudez Asphalt Company laid a blank check on his desk and invited him to fill it out, he carried it into the next room, where were seated W. W. Russell, our present Minister to Colombia, and the Naval Attache, and told them the agent must never enter the legation, and why. That was one time that Mr. Bowen showed he was not a fool, even if he were honest. The concern of every one is not with this quarrel between two men, but with the bigger quarrel between the two countries. We must not let the lesser fight confuse us as to the greater. We have sent in an ultimatum. It has been refused. The next step must be taken by the United States. And the time seems excellent, before going to war, for us to sit down and count the cost. Let us ask ourselves the question: Do we or do we not desire to go to war, in order that the asphalt trust may thrive and flourish? For that is all there is to it.

**The Sensitiveness  
of  
Corporations**

Is the corporation acquiring a soul? or, at least, is it learning to "sit up and take notice" of public protests against its policies? Not so very many years ago, when a certain railroad magnate pronounced the now classical anathema, "The public be d—d!" the public took it as a grim joke of a kind to be expected from such a source. A similar and more recent, but less widely circulated expression, was that of the president of one of the great metropolitan street-railway companies, who listened calmly to a long and specific arraignment of the atrocious service given by his company, and then asked: "Well; then why do you ride on the d—d road? I never do." Expressions of this sort do not tend to discredit the authority of the definition of a corporation as an institution "with neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." Within the last year or so, however, we have witnessed several manifestations of either the presence of a body not entirely insensible, or of the awakening of a sense of responsibility in corporations. For example, about a year ago a railroad company which has a large suburban traffic out of New York accompanied its announcement of an increase in its commutation rates by a detailed statement intended to prove that the increase was absolutely necessary. The unusualness of this act attracted some attention at the time. "Is it possible," it was asked, "that this company actually thinks it necessary to take its patrons into its confidence?" Again, during the recent strike of the employees on

the elevated and subway systems here in New York, a local newspaper published a description of the failure of one of the great railroad companies to make any provision for the extra traffic. Almost instantly an official of that road sent to the editor a long explanation of the preparations to avert confusion and the overcrowding of trains of which the newspaper had complained. Hardly anyone will deny that this was a most remarkable performance for a railroad official. And as another similar incident of that strike, New York people found in their daily newspapers display announcements from the Interborough Company, setting forth in much detail the precautions which the company was taking to protect the urban traveling public.

But the most remarkable expressions of this kind have been those which display a sudden sensitiveness on the part of the Standard Oil Company, until about six months ago *par excellence* the pachydermatous American corporation. Berated frequently by the press, and from the lecture platform, it had not attempted seriously to defend itself; it had remained silent even under the damaging and elaborate indictment of Henry D. Lloyd, in his "Wealth against Commonwealth," published in 1894. In fact, not until about a year ago, when the scope, definiteness and convincing qualities of Miss Tarbell's history of the corporation became apparent, did it wince perceptibly under such unofficial and purely private investigation. Then came the slashing and sensational attacks of Mr. Lawson, less convincing probably to sober-minded folks, because of the author's tendency to become somewhat hysterical, than was Miss Tarbell's dispassionate and sustained exposure, but nevertheless very effective upon public opinion. It was in the latter part of last October (about a fortnight before Election day) that the Standard Oil Company broke its long silence (so expressive of contempt for private investigation and indifference to public opinion) with a statement from its chief counsel, denying Mr. Lawson's charges, as well as many of those contained in Miss Tarbell's history, and also contradicting the statements that Mr. Rockefeller, or any officer of the company, had "taken part in securing the nomination of any of the candidates for office" to be voted for in the approaching election. And now come still further pronouncements from Standard Oil Company officials apropos

of the protest against the acceptance by the American Board of the money given for missionary purposes by Mr. Rockefeller. These included Mr. Dodd's weak and illogical presentment and Mr. Rogers' undignified and somewhat abusive personalities.

It would be idle to deny that there is any connection, as of cause and effect, between the increasing amount of public opinion hostile to the trusts and these expressions of corporate sensitiveness. Sudden and violent upheavals, like the recent one in Kansas, or a sharp and general controversy, like that over Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the missionary board, are by no means the only obvious evidences of the kind of public feeling just referred to. It is an undercurrent which is steadily gaining volume and the increasing strength of which is recognized, on the one hand, by such movements as the Federal investigations of the beef trust and of the Standard Oil Company, and, on the other, by the recent corporate responsiveness which we have been describing.

**Segregation of Vice Recommended in Philadelphia** It was a singular coincidence that the committee of Philadelphia clergymen appointed to investigate the social evil in that city should have submitted their exceedingly forbidding report at the very hour that the April Grand Jury filed its recommendation for the segregation of disorderly houses in Philadelphia. The ministers reported that they had discovered shocking conditions, including positive evidence of the existence of an organized traffic in young girls, with the connivance of the police; and Mayor Weaver is asked not only to demand an explanation of this condition from the Director of Public Safety, but to order the immediate closing of all disorderly houses. It will be remembered that Jacob Riis and other investigators satisfied themselves that such a system flourished in New York City during the administration of Mayor Van Wyck, and there can be little doubt that it exists, in more or less organized form, in other large cities in this country. Nevertheless, the hideous and abhorrent character of the crime, and the severity of the penalty prescribed for those found guilty of it, make very difficult the getting of evidence sufficient for conviction. With no intention to disparage the work done by these Philadelphia clergymen, one may wonder what

might be the results if they would exercise the same kind and degree of zeal in uncovering the notorious *political* corruption of that boss-owned and debauched city.

The position taken by the Grand Jury is directly the reverse of that assumed by the clergymen, so far as remedies recommended are concerned. The presentment recommends "that houses of ill repute be licensed within prescribed limits and under the supervision of the Board of Health," and continues: "We are of the opinion that these places are a necessary evil and that the only way to deal with them is to confine them in one district and to make them as tolerable as possible." This seems to provide for what would virtually amount to a system of *réglementation*, similar to that established in 1700 in Berlin, and modifications of which have been tried in various large European cities. In Paris this *réglementation* enforces medical examination of prostitutes, the enforced isolation of the diseased, and the regular registration of all women of such character. The theoretical advantages of such a system are obvious, but its actual operation has been sharply criticized. It is admitted, as a matter of fact, that only a very small proportion of the class concerned submit voluntarily or otherwise to such regulation; that its effect is to increase secretiveness, and that the very fact of the existence of such a system is demoralizing because, by implication, it seems to condone immorality. Opponents of the system lay much emphasis upon this latter objection. On the other hand, it is scarcely possible to deny that the evil is an inevitable one in large cities, and if this be true, surely we should consider means of controlling it. And however shocking it may seem deliberately to set aside a given section of a city for such purposes, it would be practically impossible to devise a scheme for controlling the evil which was not based upon this idea of segregation. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind by those who object so strenuously to the idea of official tolerance of this or any other form of vice, that, as a matter of fact, such a scheme would increase the difficulties in the way of police encouragement and protection of such resorts for the sake of the blackmail which can be extorted from the keepers of them.

Other considerations, by no means unimportant, are that under such a system the police would be given closer surveillance of

criminals, who naturally are found much in the society of women of this class; and that it would decrease opportunities for robbery and even murder—crimes of which many of the more desperate women of the town are quite capable. The entire problem is both disagreeable and depressing, but it is a very real one, and one which, we believe, is becoming increasingly serious with the rapid growth of our larger cities. Intelligent attempts to solve it ought, therefore, to receive thoughtful consideration.

**A City  
Governed by  
Four Men**

The city of Houston, in Texas, is now making a most interesting and what promises to be a highly successful experiment in municipal government. This experiment is described by Mr. Henry F. Ring, who is quoted by the Boston Transcript, as follows:

"Houston has taken a great step forward in the direction of efficient and honest city government, and it has done so without surrendering in the slightest degree the principle of local self-government. The city was formerly divided into six wards, two aldermen being elected from each ward, and the offices of mayor, city assessor and collector, city attorney, street and bridge commissioner, chief of police, city treasurer and city health officer were also filled by popular election. We were suffering from the usual amount of log-rolling, political scheming, graft and extravagance necessarily accompanying all such methods of attempting to administer the business affairs of a great municipal corporation. A proposition to so amend the city charter as to abolish ward lines and provide for the election only of a mayor and city comptroller and four aldermen-at-large was with commendable patriotism submitted by the present city council to a referendum vote of the people. It was proposed to vest in these few elective officers almost unlimited authority, and hold them responsible to the people for results. The measure carried by an overwhelming majority. A partially successful attempt was made to incorporate in the new charter the referendum, the recall and the initiative. Hundreds of voters went to the trouble of cutting out, mailing and signing a newspaper advertisement, calling for signatures to a petition, requesting that these features be adopted. Without any special effort in the matter,

about half as many people as voted on the referendum election signed petitions of this character, showing conclusively that if the proposition were submitted to popular vote it would carry by a good majority, if not by a majority of ten to one, as was the case in Oregon. But conservatism and the instinctive dread of the professional politician of everything which tends to increase the people's power to control his actions, prevailed. Still, a clause requiring all grants of franchises to be first submitted to the people and ratified by referendum vote was incorporated in the new charter. An effort will be made to get every candidate to agree, if elected, to vote in favor of letting the people decide by a referendum election whether they want the referendum, the recall and the initiative inserted in the charter or not; the election for this purpose to be held before the next Legislature meets and the vote to be taken separately on each proposition. With these provisions inserted in it, the charter of the city of Houston will be an almost ideal instrument. The change in our form of city government was not made because of any special objection to the officers who were then in charge of affairs, but because the system was necessarily vicious and wrong in principle, good results under it being simply impossible. It was realized by all classes that Houston, with its rapidly increasing population and unparalleled natural advantages, only needed an efficient and business-like city government to quickly become the Chicago of the Southwest, and hence this uprising of our people against ward-healers and political grafters."

**Mr. Jefferson on  
the Psychology  
of "Rip"**

It is scarcely possible to add much that would be significant to the appreciations of Joseph Jefferson's art, and of the charm of his personality, which have been written or said since he passed out of this life at his beautiful home in Florida (on April 23). Yet we may be pardoned for setting down here, to the best of our recollection, his own description of his acting of "Rip," and his explanation of the reason for the popularity of that picturesque and lovable vagabond as impersonated by him. During this interview Mr. Jefferson spoke particularly of his two impersonations, "Rip" and "Caleb Plummer," and, somewhat to the surprise of the interviewer, declared that "Caleb" was much the more dif

difficult to act effectively. This, he went on to explain, was because of the difficulty of keeping out of the sight of the audience the inherent improbability that the old peddler could have sustained so long his entire deception of his daughter as to her surroundings and the pitiful lot of her poor old father. When the interviewer ventured to ask why the same difficulty, but in much greater degree, did not appear in portraying the character and career of "Rip," Mr. Jefferson replied very promptly and with fine animation. It was, he said, because with "Rip" the appeal was always to the *imagination* and never to the *reason*; if the audience were permitted to *reason* for a second about "Rip," and, of course, more especially about his adventures, naturally the illusion would be instantly dispelled; but inasmuch as the story appeals at the very outset to the imagination, and as that appeal becomes stronger as the story develops until the listener is at last actually confronted by *goblins* and *mystic potions* and like ideas, his power of reasoning is taken captive by his imagination.

To create and to *sustain* an illusion, Mr. Jefferson continued, is the essence of effective acting. Probably, he said, this deception was never quite complete in the mind of a mature person, but unless some degree of illusion has been established the acting may be said to have failed. So far as his acting was concerned, he added, he had known of but one *perfect* illusion created by himself, and that was the case of a little girl, whose mother took her to see him play "Rip." The child was highly imaginative, and was deeply absorbed in the play from the first, and when "Rip" awoke in the mountains, after his twenty years' sleep, and had trouble with his joints, and wondered about his long white beard, and looked around for "Schneider," she turned to her mother with an awestruck expression, and whispered:

"Why, mama! He thinks it's only *over-night!*"

"That," said Mr. Jefferson, with his wonderful smile, and his fine eyes lighting splendidly—"that, you see, was an instance of a *perfect* illusion."

But Mr. Jefferson ought to have been told, as doubtless he often was, that there were many grown-ups in every one of his audiences to whom this scene did not seem to be merely *acting*; and many more who had lumps in their throats when Rip was driven

out into the storm, and yet thousands more who never could quite bring themselves to believe that it wasn't actually *Rip Van Winkle* who was saying:

"Here's to your goot health und your families', und may dey all live long, und broswer."

#### The Carnegie Fund for Pensioning Teachers

The theory of old-age pensions received a very substantial indorsement when Mr. Andrew Carnegie announced that he had established a fund of \$10,000,000, to provide "retiring pensions for the teachers of universities, colleges, and technical schools in our country, Canada, and Newfoundland." Mr. Carnegie remarks that the consequences of failure to provide for superannuated or otherwise partially disabled teachers in most of our colleges, are grievous. "Able men," he says, "hesitate to adopt teaching as a career, and many old professors whose places should be occupied by younger men cannot be retired." The fund is to be for the benefit of all institutions, "without regard to race, sex, creed, or color," excepting those entirely or mainly supported by State or colonial governments, and "such as are under control of a sect or require trustees (or a majority thereof), officers, faculty, or students, to belong to any specified sect, or which impose any theological test." Although the age limit has not been definitely established, and doubtless never will be made a hard and fast rule, the scheme which Mr. Carnegie has outlined provides that any professor may be retired at the age of sixty-five, provided he wishes to be, and the trustees of his institution approve. And it is also intended that the widows and orphans of deserving teachers shall be provided for when a real need exists. It seems probable that \$2,400 will be the largest pension granted to any individual, and generally speaking the amount paid will be equal to one-half the regular salary of the beneficiary, with the provision that the pension shall never be less than \$1,500 a year. The administration of the fund (which is to have the corporate name of "The Carnegie Foundation") is to be entirely in the hands of the trustees; Mr. Carnegie prefers to have nothing to do with the actual disbursements. But every effort is to be made to make the undertaking a thoroughly dignified one, and to avoid any method of procedure which could offend the sensibilities. It is possible



that the system may be extended to include persons of marked scholarship, who have not been associated with the teaching profession. The trustees appointed by Mr. Carnegie include the presidents of twenty-one universities and colleges, together with Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York City; Mr. T. Morris Carnegie, and Mr. R. A. Franks. The market value of the United States Steel Corporation bonds set aside for this fund is \$11,000,000, and the income, \$500,000, it is believed will be sufficient to carry out the plan in a liberal way. Of this great benefaction, the New York Evening Post says:

No one with the slightest acquaintance with college life can have failed to note the numbers of professors worn out in the service, and long past their highest usefulness, who continue on sufferance, simply because without their salary their provision for old age is inadequate. The handling of such cases is one of the most difficult points of college management, for kindness to the superannuated professor frequently means lowering the whole tone of instruction. Mr. Carnegie's fund, which he places in the hands of a large committee of college presidents, aided by a handful of financiers, changes the situation completely. The terms of Mr. Carnegie's letter show that, while he had efficiency chiefly in mind, he was by no means oblivious to the pathos of lives broken in the drudgery of the classroom, and maintained in relative penury by salaries no longer earned.

#### The Revival of an Anachronism

Prompted probably by President Roosevelt's recommendation that the whipping-post be revived for the punishment of wife-beaters, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature introduced a bill providing for the establishment of that archaic institution in the Bay State. The best argument against the whipping-post is that it doesn't work. Statistics to this effect are supplied by Warden Meserve of the county workhouse at Wilmington, Del., a State which enjoys the proud distinction of legalizing the only whipping-posts in this country. Mr. Meserve reported recently that in the past year he had thrashed 461 offenders of various kinds. Of these, fifty-four were whipped twice, fourteen three times, four four times and one five times, and Mr. Meserve remarks: "Men who have been whipped are never as good prisoners as before." Furthermore, during the thirteen years that the whipping-post has been used in Maryland its prison population "increased in a higher ratio than that of the whole country." That is to say,

during that period one person in every 725 of the population of Delaware was in prison, while in all other States the ratio was one prisoner to every 850 persons not in jail. Five States had actually a larger percentage of their population in jail than Delaware, but "these five are States having large cities and a great foreign population."

Any government has two good reasons for punishing law-breakers: first, in order to protect society, and second, in order to reform the offender; and the reform idea is coming to be more and more emphasized in all civilized systems. It does not appear that either of these purposes has been subserved by the Delaware whipping-post. It is pertinent also to ask why this form of punishment has been so generally discontinued in this country, unless it be that it is ineffectual, or worse. Russia, England and Delaware are the only civilized governments that legalize it. Until about the beginning of the last century, there was more punishment of this kind in Scotland than in England, but now no person above the age of sixteen may be whipped in that country. An act, not applicable in Scotland, prescribes whipping for several offenses in England, but public opinion is against this form of punishment for adults in both countries. As a matter of fact, both experience and sensible theory dispute its efficacy. The spectacle of a woman bringing blankets and pillows to make comfortable the man who has been locked up for having beaten her most brutally, is so common that it arouses little comment in any city police station. And it is certain that this poor creature would often suffer in silence rather than to have the lash applied to the brute she loves. As to the brute, it is very doubtful if mere physical suffering will bring forth fruits meet for repentance in him. On the contrary, his character being what it is, the punishment is more likely to enrage him and to prompt him to wreak vengeance, sooner or later, upon the miserable woman on whose behalf he has been brought under the lash. Altogether, the whipping-post is at best a grotesque anachronism, for, as the Boston Evening Transcript says, "It would mean violence as a corrective of lapses in individual conduct, and when that idea finds lodgment in a community or Commonwealth, it is the fruitful mother of dangerous expedients wherever serious social friction arises. To drop back to such a revolting penalty would

be to confess ourselves unequal to a civilized solution of the problems that are pressing upon us."

**Encouraging  
Socialism and an  
Income Tax**

Leaving dishonesty, not to say meanness, entirely out of the question, if there is one class of men more *stupid* than employers who band themselves together under an oath never, never to employ a "union" workman, they are the millionaires who deliberately evade their personal taxes. From employers of the kind mentioned we often hear loud cries of alarm about the menace of Socialism—that is, what they understand to be Socialism. Of course, this alarm is often the result of dense ignorance of what Socialism is; but however that may be, such ignorance seems actually less dense than the stupidity which fails to comprehend that bigoted and uncompromising hostility to labor-unions will prove to be not only a most prolific breeder of real Socialism, but of an element likely to become restless, or even dangerous. In the same way, evasion of personal taxes (if not actual mendacity about the amount of personal property owned) is certain, sooner or later, to intensify the demand for that dreadfully unjust institution, the income tax. For example, the tax assessor's books for New York City at present show the names of only about twenty persons who are assessed on \$500,000 or more in personal property. Who can doubt that this represents evasion or deliberate lying, on the part of hundreds of wealthy men—many of them immensely wealthy. Discussing this subject of perjury in an article in Harper's Weekly, a writer who signs himself "Satan," but who is presumed to be none other than Mark Twain, remarks that "there isn't a man in your vast city who doesn't perjure himself every year before the tax board. They are all caked with perjury, many layers thick. Iron clad, so to speak. If there is one that isn't, I desire to acquire him for my museum, and will pay dinosaur rates. Will you say it isn't infraction of law, but only annual evasion of it? Comfort yourself with that nice distinction if you like—for the present. But by and by, when you arrive, I will show you something interesting: a whole hellful of evaders! Sometimes a frank lawbreaker turns up elsewhere, but I get those others every time."

We have been told that the income tax

is "iniquitous," and the fact that one judge changed his mind overnight made it also "unconstitutional." If, as the years pass, its iniquity seems less and less pronounced in the light of certain other practices, and if, in some form, it should get before a Supreme Court which did not find it unconstitutional, the members of the class from whom it will draw the bulk of its revenue will have themselves to thank for the change.

**Commercializa-  
tion and the  
Real "Yellow"**

The "commercializing" of European newspapers, and its consequences, have been the subjects of considerable discussion recently. For example, Dr. Theodor Barth, writing in the Berlin Nation, calls attention to the suspension on the first of the year of National Zeitung, long recognized as one of the ablest and most influential journals of Germany. And this passing, he declares, is the more significant in that it bespeaks the obsolescence of the notion that a newspaper should uphold and promulgate definite and fixed ideals in politics, art and literature. "Along with the cigarette guaranteed free from nicotine and the wine which is without alcohol, we have the newspaper which is guiltless of any convictions," says Dr. Barth. Again, a London correspondent of the New York Evening Post describes the recent upheaval in Printing House Square and the rapid growth of the half-penny newspaper frankly conducted according to a general "policy" which strongly resembles that of the sensational American press. Even the historic Times is not free of these taints, says this writer, for although its literary and news departments retain much of their peculiar excellence, "it is not the Times of other days. Its inspiration seems to spring rather from the counting house than the editorial sanctum. Its pages, once so rigorously closed against the display advertiser and the quack medicine man, are now as accessible to him at a price as are the pages of Ally Sloper and Tit Bits . . . and each day in the Times now, set in bold news type over two complete columns, you may read cleverly disguised advertisements of this restaurant and that drapery establishment. Only the other day I had placed in my hands a circular letter evidently sent broadcast by the Times manager, seeking suggestions from readers for the improvement of his

journal. Oh, shade of Delane, what anguish must be yours! The omnipotent editor is no more; these competitive times have killed him, and the day of the manager has come."

Considering the infinite gulf fixed between the most "commercialized" of the English journals and the veritable rats' nests of crimes and monstrosities uncovered almost every hour of the day, and far into the night, here in New York City, one wonders how this correspondent would write about the real thing in "yellow" newspaper methods. "Cleverly disguised advertisements of this restaurant and that drapery establishment" may be very shocking to some minds, but what of giving columns of the most valuable news space daily to minute and mawkish description of the trial of a gambler's mistress on the charge of having murdered her paramour? For of such was the filth that was supplied in a never-ending and steadily more sickening stream to the American people throughout the Christmas holidays, and again last month. When English editors have begun to make such concessions to mere morbid curiosity, with the result that the objects of it cease to be criminals and become martyrs, the kind of "commercialization" lamented by our critic, will seem innocuous enough.

#### The "Mother of Corporations"

The right of the State of New Jersey to be called the "Mother of Corporations" will not be disputed by any of her sister States, but there may well be some difference of opinion as to the tenability of Governor Stokes' propositions that the title is entirely to the State's benefit and credit—so much so, in fact, that the national Government has been impressed and is about to follow her beneficent example. These were propositions advanced by Governor Stokes in his inaugural address. He viewed, apparently with alarm, the prospect of the opposition provided for by Commissioner Garfield's report, for of this project he said:

The recommendations of the Department of Commerce and Labor for the regulation of State corporations by the National Government are by many regarded as the preliminary steps to national incorporation, anticipating that capital will seek incorporation under Federal law rather than deal with forty-five independent States. All these elements seem to threaten the revenues of New Jersey.

He calls attention to the balance in the State treasury of about \$3,000,000, and accounts for it by such transactions as the following:

One of the business companies filed its articles of incorporation in this State, paying the Treasurer for this service \$221,000, and has been paying \$57,000 annually since. This same company could have gone to another State, secured a more liberal charter, under lax laws, for less expense, and have done business in New Jersey by paying the small sum of \$10.

It seems just barely possible that before giving this industry general commendation, an appreciable number of foolish and unbusinesslike persons in New Jersey will want to know whether, perchance, any of these corporation customers have taken out their charters in that State in order to avoid the Sherman anti-trust law. Also, and incidentally, just what proportion of such corporations are actually doing, or ever intended to do, any appreciable percentage of their business in that State. As to Commissioner Garfield's plan, the Baltimore Sun remarks that "there are many indications that the day when corporations can be chartered to do things in violation of Federal law, or of the laws of most of the States, is drawing to a close. The 'Mother of Corporations' may in the not distant future be bereft of all her children." And the Springfield Republican, referring to this part of Governor Stokes' message, says:

When, however, the new governor says that the federal government is also about to follow the New Jersey example, he says what is not true, and what the great majority of those who heard him knew to be untrue when he said it. The movement for federal incorporations is indeed stimulated by what New Jersey is doing, but the object is to rescue the country from the New Jersey practice and example and not to follow them. It is New Jersey—and now Massachusetts also—which is forcing along this national incorporation movement, whose purpose is to restore such standards of corporation restriction as Massachusetts knocked down under the demoralizing influence of the New Jersey practice. If the plan is ever adopted, as it probably will be, of putting the states out of the business of incorporating companies to engage in interstate commerce, what New Jersey has been doing, and what Massachusetts has now done in discreditable imitation of New Jersey, will prove to have been the principal moving cause.

#### Various Views of the Kansas Campaign.

There has been very general discussion of the Kansas movement against the Standard Oil Company in the press throughout the country, and frequently the idea is set forth that, whether or not

everything the Kansas people have done was well advised, excuses for heroic measures, were not lacking. It is remarked, too, that several other States, notably Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Texas, have instituted various forms of anti-trust legislation since the Kansas excitement began. "All of this shows," says the Kansas City Star, "that the country is thoroughly aroused to the magnitude of the problem presented by Rockefellerism in its various forms. People have become convinced that something must be done to check the aggressions of great combinations of capital. The rapidity with which the agitation has spread ought to suggest to the gentlemen in control of the Standard that in the long run it perhaps does not pay to use methods that arouse the bitter antagonism of a whole country." And the same paper, in another editorial, says:

Competition is the great essential to fair play. And when men engaged in one line of industry or commerce persistently combine and advance prices, the temptation to resort to state or Federal competition, or to public ownership in general, becomes so strong as to endanger the fundamental principles of the United States government. The best course, therefore, is to enforce the laws against extortion and the restraint of trade and to make such additional laws as may be necessary to this end. And above all, the criminal clauses of such laws should be strengthened and enforced. When the government becomes so determined in its fight for the people that it will not hesitate to put extortionists in prison, be they mere agents or the multi-millionaire beneficiaries of extortion, then and only then will the practice of organized robbery cease.

The Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye seems to be dubious about the constitutionality of some of the laws which have been "railroaded" through the Kansas Legislature, and adds that "there is question whether legislation born of the passion of the moment may not go too far and do more harm than would laws enacted after more deliberation." As

to the State refinery proposition, the same paper says:

Private enterprise—Kansas enterprise—might well be encouraged—as was the sugar beet and other industries—but it is at least questionable whether a state can legitimately go into commercial activities. It is true that in so far as it is necessary to provide employment for convicts in the penitentiaries the state not only may, but ought to, make adequate provision for prison labor. And convicts may be as legitimately employed in refining oil as in any other industry. There is no escape from the reasonableness of the proposition. But it is well known that is not the real, or first, object of the Kansas state refinery law. And that will be its weakness. Based upon a false premise, its future is put in peril. It may temporarily effect a beneficent result; its final outcome is doubtful. The true field for legislation would seem to be in restraint of monopoly, boycott and inequality of opportunities, leaving to private enterprise its rightful sphere of activity.

Commenting on "the difference between the way the political elements of Kansas and those of Pennsylvania act when that calmly progressive organization [the Standard Oil Company] proceeds to absorb an oil industry in the respective States," the Pittsburgh Dispatch says:

On clinical demonstration of the process in Kansas the politicians of that State rush into extreme measures, pass a bill for a State refinery, enact regulative measures whose extreme quality may defeat their purpose and raise trouble generally. Under similar circumstances our Pennsylvania politicians, as a rule, calmly let things slide until the Standard had something for them to do. The latter course may be more philosophical, but we cannot help thinking that the Kansas attitude, though wild and woolly, has rather more about it that is representative of the popular interest. . . . It requires an extreme optimism to expect Kansas to win this fight; and even that quality can hardly foresee a brilliant future for a State oil refinery. But the progress of that measure illustrates anew that the most powerful stimulant to socialist notions is furnished by the steady advance of the absorption of industries by the great combinations.

## Chronology

(April 15 to May 15.)

### Political Events—American

April 17.—The New York law prohibiting employees of bakeries from working more than ten hours a day, or sixty hours a week, is declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

April 18.—The hearing of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee on railroad rate regulation begins at Washington.

April 26.—Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, denies the charges of official misconduct while he was American minister to Venezuela, brought by his successor, Herbert W. Bowen.

April 28.—Mayor McClellan of New York vetoes the bill taking the power of granting franchises away from the aldermen, and declares incidentally that Pennsylvania Railroad agents have told him that the Legislature would not be "permitted" to adjourn until it had passed the bill over his veto.

April 29.—Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Loomis files counter-charges against H. W. Bowen, minister to Venezuela, accusing him of invoking the aid of a newspaper in an effort to discredit him. President Roosevelt orders Mr. Bowen's recall.

May 1.—The Assembly Judiciary Committee



unanimously recommends the removal of Supreme Court Justice Warren B. Hooker, having found him guilty of abusing his appointive power, and of various other offenses and improprieties.

May 2.—The New York State Senate passes over Mayor McClellan's veto the Elsborg bills, introduced, it is said, at the instigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and transferring from the New York Board of Aldermen to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment the power to grant franchises.

May 4.—The New York Senate defeats the Stevens bill fixing the price of gas for consumers in New York City at 75 cents a thousand feet.

#### Political Events—Foreign

April 16.—Employees on Italian railroads strike because of the clause in the pending railway nationalization bill making them State officials, and providing that employees who hamper the service shall be considered to have resigned their positions.

April 18.—During riots incident to the railroad strike at Foggia, Italy, the troops fire on the mob, killing three. One soldier was killed and several were wounded.

April 18.—Ivan Kolaieff, who assassinated the Grand Duke Sergius, is condemned to death by the Senate and law courts at Moscow.

April 18.—M. Possoff, chief of police at Czenstochow, Poland, is reported to have been assassinated by poison.

April 21.—It is officially announced at St. Petersburg that M. Witte has resigned his post of President of the Council of Ministers.

April 21.—The Italian Senate passes, and the King signs the bill for the government ownership of railroads, making it a law.

April 25.—The new Transvaal Constitution is issued at London as a parliamentary paper. General Cronje characterizes it as a breach of the treaty of peace between England and the Boers.

April 29.—The Czar's Easter ukase, intended, it is said, to offset the reform agitation, cancels the peasant's indebtedness to the Government for assistance to village communes; opens altars to adherents of the Old Faith and provides that converts from the Orthodox Church shall not be punished, and that non-Christian subjects excepting Jews (to whom nothing is conceded) shall have equal rights.

May 1.—At Warsaw troops fire on a May Day procession of workmen and other street crowds, killing about seventy, and wounding many more.

May 2.—In consequence of the bloodshed at Warsaw yesterday, a general strike is declared.

May 5.—Joseph Chamberlain, while speaking in Birmingham, again shows symptoms of an overtaxed brain. His condition causes his friends serious apprehension.

#### International Affairs

April 20.—The Cretan Chamber of Deputies votes the union of Crete and Greece.

April 26.—M. Pokotiloff, director of the Russo-Chinese Bank, is appointed Russian minister to China to succeed the late Paul Lessar.

May 6.—Sarrion de Herrera, representing the Republic of Cunani, is arrested at Madrid on the

charge of conspiring against the Brazilian Government.

May 9.—Sarrion de Herrera, the Cunanian representative arrested at Madrid, is released by the Spanish authorities, no evidence having been produced to show that he was a conspirator against Brazil.

#### Various Events

April 16.—The troops fire on striking porcelain workmen at Limoges, France, killing one and wounding several.

April 17.—Striking sugar plantation employees at Ponce, Porto Rico, are reported to have trampled upon the American flag.

April 19.—The right of the owner of the land upon which stand the famous ruins of Stonehenge to build a fence around the ruins has been confirmed by an English court.

April 21.—A nun and fourteen pupils lose their lives in a fire at the St. Genevieve convent, near Montreal.

April 23.—Two sharp earthquake shocks are felt in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, England, but little damage is done.

April 24.—Congressman John M. Pinckney, Thomas Pinckney, his brother, and J. N. Brown, a prominent lawyer, are killed at Hempstead, Texas, during a free fight at a mass-meeting called to petition the governor to send Rangers to enforce the local-option liquor law. One other man was fatally injured and several more were wounded. Congressman Pinckney was born in Grimes County, Texas, in 1845.

April 24.—Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank of Milwaukee, Wis., confesses defalcation to the extent of \$1,300,000, as the result of speculation in wheat.

April 25.—The New Jersey Stock Exchange is incorporated with an authorized capital stock of \$250,000.

April 26.—It is announced that the shortage of Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank, of Milwaukee, Wis., will reach \$2,500,000.

April 27.—Andrew Carnegie announces that he has created a trust fund of \$10,000,000, the income of which is to be used to pension college professors in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, who have become incapacitated by old age or disability.

April 27.—Ignace Paderevski, the pianist, is stricken with neuritis while playing in a concert at London, Ontario, and is obliged to cancel the remainder of his American engagements.

April 27.—Thirteen men are killed by an explosion in a mine at Eleanora, ten miles south of Dubois, Pa.

April 29.—About thirty persons are reported to have been killed by a tornado in the town of Laredo, Texas.

May 4.—The International Railway Congress is opened in Washington, D. C.

May 6.—The protected cruiser, *St. Louis*, is launched at Philadelphia.

May 8.—The Joy Line steamship, bound from New York to Boston, sinks as the result of a collision with a barge off Pollock Rip lightship. One woman passenger was drowned; the other

sixty-five passengers and members of the crew were rescued in lifeboats.

May 8.—Private telegrams report serious outbreaks against the Jews at Zhitomir (Government of Volhynia), Russia, with attendant massacres.

May 8.—Twenty-four persons are killed and many are injured by a tornado at Marquette, Kan.

May 11.—Twenty-two persons are killed and many are injured by the collision, at Harrisburg, of a Pennsylvania express train with a freight train, one car in which contained dynamite which exploded.

May 11.—The town of Snyder, Okla., is demolished by a tornado, and about 100 persons are killed.

May 12.—Seven men are killed in an explosion in the Corra mine, at Butte, Mont.

#### Events of the War

April 20.—Japan asks France for a formal expression of neutrality, because of the continued stay of the Russian Baltic fleet in Kamranh Bay.

April 22.—The Russian Baltic Squadron leaves Kamranh Bay.

May 11.—France enters a formal denial of any violation of the laws of neutrality incident to the movements of the Russian vessels off the coast of Cochin-China.

May 12.—It is officially announced at Paris that Rear-Admiral Niebogoff's squadron has joined Rojestvensky's fleet.

May 13.—It is understood that Japan will accept France's explanation and will not press the charge of the violation of neutrality by the Russian fleet.

#### Obituary Mention

April 21.—United States Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, dies at his summer home in Washington, Conn., where he was born July 19, 1827.

April 20.—Mr. Paul Lessar, Russian minister at Peking, dies there.

April 22.—Hedwig Niemann-Raabe, a noted German actress, dies in Berlin. She was born in Magdeburg in 1845.

April 23.—Joseph Jefferson, the veteran American comedian, dies at his home at West Palm

Beach, Fla. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 20, 1829.

April 24.—United States Circuit Judge Amos Madden Thayer, who wrote the decision against the Northern Securities merger, dies in St. Louis. He was born in Mina, Chautauqua County, N. Y., in 1841.

April 23.—President Henry H. Goodell, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, dies on a Savannah line steamship. He was born in Constantinople, Turkey, May 20, 1839.

April 23.—Col. Charles Smart, ranking Assistant Surgeon-General of the United States Army, dies in St. Augustine, Fla., aged sixty-four years. He was born in Scotland.

April 26.—Julius Kniese, for many years trainer of the choruses and some of the soloists at Bayreuth, and an intimate friend of Wagner, dies in Berlin. He was born in Roda, near Jena, in 1848.

April 28.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the noted Confederate veteran, former Governor of Virginia, major-general of volunteers in the war with Spain, and a retired brigadier-general in the United States Army, dies in Washington, D. C., of apoplexy. He was born in Clermont, Fairfax Co., Va., November 19, 1835.

April 27.—Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, an artist widely known among the older American painters dies at his home in Yonkers, N. Y. He was born at Livesly Hall, near Liverpool, Eng., in 1819.

April 30.—Alden B. Stockwell, a daring operator in stocks in the early '70s and called "Commodore" because of his Pacific Mail deals, dies in New York City, aged 72. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio.

May 1.—Commodore Somerville Nicholson, U. S. N., retired, who served with Admiral Perry in Japan and Admiral Farragut in New Orleans, dies in Washington, D. C. He was born in New York City, January 1, 1822.

May 12.—Herbert D. Croker, third son of Richard Croker, dies of opium poisoning on a train near Newton, Kan.

May 13.—Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, dies at his home at Dunbrook, N. Y., aged 105. He was born in Frankfort, Herkimer County, April 29, 1800.

May 14.—Jessie Bartlett Davis, widely known as a singer in light opera, dies at her home in Chicago. She was born near Morris, Ill., in 1859.

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## The Autobiography of Andrew D. White\*

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NO more interesting book has been published in many decades than the "Autobiography of Andrew D. White." It tells, in a clear, straightforward and in every way attractive literary style, of a life worthily lived—the life of a man who set before himself high ideals and, favored

\*AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW D. WHITE. *The Century Company, New York, 1905. \$7.50 net.*

by fortune and endowed with great ability, with energy and with enthusiasm, did not prove recreant to them; of a man who has rendered valuable services to education, to religion, to politics and who, at the same time, has been eminent, as a diplomatist, as a public speaker, and as a writer. The author has no story to tell of struggles against poverty; of these his inheritance of worldly goods

relieved him. Born on the 7th of November, 1832, in a little village in western New York, to which a zealous but misguided classicist had affixed the name "Homer," he was educated in public schools, in Geneva College, now known as Hobart College, from which, dissatisfied and braving parental displeasure, he broke away, and at Yale, where he graduated as a member of the famous class of 1853. He early conceived a passion for history, and continued his studies in that subject in Germany and France. Subsequently his career was varied, being by turns academic, political and diplomatic. Thus he was for seven years, from 1857 to 1864, Professor of History at the University of Michigan, and from 1867 to 1885 was the first president of Cornell University, having shared with Ezra Cornell the honor of being the founder of that institution; he was an active member of the New York Senate from 1863 to 1867; and he was an *attaché* of the United States legation at St. Petersburg in 1855-56, one of the special commissioners sent by President Grant to inquire into the condition of Santo Domingo in 1871, the United States minister to Germany in 1879-81 and to Russia in 1892-94, a member of President Cleveland's Venezuelan commission in 1896-97, the ambassador of the United States to Germany from 1897 to 1902, and in 1899 the president of the American delegation to the Peace Conference at The Hague. It will thus be seen that his life, besides being one of exceptional usefulness, has also been one of exceptional privilege, for it has brought him in contact with all sorts and conditions of men in many countries; indeed, probably no living American has had such an extensive and cosmopolitan list of friends and acquaintance. Though never ceasing to be an eager student, especially of history, he has by no means been a cloistered student, but, throughout a man of the world, he has everywhere been a close observer of men and things, with the result that in this book we find innumerable anecdotes and character sketches, as well as numerous discussions, in the light of the author's experience, of educational, social, political, and religious questions. In a brief review only a hint, at best, can be given of what the book contains.

In the first place a word should be said about its admirable arrangement; indeed, so varied have been Dr. White's interests and activities that only such an arrangement would enable the reader to get a clear under-

standing of his life as a whole. The book is divided into eight parts, as follows: (1) Environment and Education, (2) Political Life, (3) As University Professor, (4) As University President, (5) In the Diplomatic Service, (6) Sundry Journeys and Experiences, (7) Miscellaneous Recollections, (8) Religious Development. It is difficult to decide which of these parts contains most of interest; the interest of the whole can perhaps best be indicated by mentioning that there are anecdotes, character sketches, and recollections of such men as Presidents Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt, of Roscoe Conkling, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, Gerrit Smith, Samuel J. May, John Sherman, George Bancroft, Agassiz, Lowell, Longfellow and George William Curtis in this country; of the Emperors Nicholas I, Alexander III and Nicholas II, of De Witte, Pobedonostzeff, Delyanoff, Mendeléeff, Princess Radziwill and Tolstoi in Russia; of the Emperors William I, Frederick III and William II, of Bismarck, Baron von Bülow, Lepsius, Curtius, Gneist, Von Sybel, Droysen, Herman Grimm, Knaus, Anton von Werner, Adolf Menzel, Mommsen and Harnack in Germany; of Thiers, Levasseur, Pasteur, Drouyn de Lhuys, Duruy, Meissonnier, Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, De Lesseps, President Grévy, and Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire in France; and of Thomas Hughes, Freeman, Lecky, Seeley, Sir Henry Maine and Browning in England. The list could be almost indefinitely expanded.

Perhaps the character of these reminiscences and sketches will be best shown by a quotation, and, merely as an example, the author's estimates of Tolstoi, of Emperor Alexander III and of Emperor Nicholas II may be given. "The question," he says, "has been asked me . . . whether, in my opinion, Tolstoi is really sincere. . . . To this my answer has always been, and still is, that I believe him to be one of the most sincere and devoted men alive, a man of great genius and, at the same time, of very deep sympathy with his fellow-creatures. Out of this character of his come his theories of art and literature; and, despite their faults, they seem to me more profound and far-reaching than any put forth by any other man in our time. There is in them, for the current cant regarding art and literature, a sound, sturdy, hearty contempt which braces and strengthens one who reads or

listens to him. It does one's heart good to hear his quiet sarcasms against the whole *fin-de-siècle* business—the 'impressionism,' the 'sensationalism,' the vague futilities of every sort, the 'great poets' wallowing in the mud of Paris, the 'great musicians' making night hideous in German concert halls, the 'great painters' of various countries mixing their colors with as much filth as the police will allow. His keen thrusts at these incarnations of folly and obscenity in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and especially at those who seek to hide the poverty of their ideas in the obscurity of their phrases, encourage one to think that in the next generation the day of such pretenders will be done. . . . Yet here comes in his unfortunate limitations. From his substitutions of assertion for inference, and from the inadequacy of his view regarding sundry growths in art, literature, and science arises endless confusion. . . . Nothing can be more genuine than his manner; there is no posing, no orating, no phrase-making; a quiet earnestness pervades all his utterances. The great defect in him arises . . . from a peculiarity in the development of his opinions; namely, that during so large a part of his life he has been wont to discuss subjects with himself and not with other men; that he has therefore come to worship idols of his own creation, and often unsubstantial idols, and to look with misgiving and distrust on the ideas of others. Very rarely during our conversations did I hear him speak with any real enthusiasm regarding any human being; his nearest approach to it was with reference to the writings of the Rev. Adin Ballou, when he declared him the foremost literary character that America has produced. A result of all this is that when he is driven into a corner his logic becomes so subtle as to be imperceptible, and he is very likely to take refuge in paradoxes. At times, as we walked together, he would pour forth a stream of reasoning so lucid, out of depths so profound and reach conclusions so cogent, that he seemed fairly inspired. At other times he would develop a line of argument so outworn, and arrive at conclusions so inane, that I could not but look into his face to see if he could be really in earnest. . . . As to the moral side, the stream of his thought was usually limpid, but at times it became turbid and his better ideas seemed to float on the surface as iridescent bubbles. Had he lived in any other country, he would

have been a power mighty and permanent in influencing its thought and in directing its policy; as it is, his thought will pass mainly as the confused, incoherent wail and cry of a giant struggling against the heavy adverse currents in that vast ocean of Russian life: 'The cry of some strong swimmer in his agony.' . . . we may see this man of genius denouncing all science and commending what he calls 'faith'; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, yet himself most happily married and the father of sixteen children; holding that Æschylus and Dante and Shakspeare were not great in literature, and making Adin Ballou a literary idol; holding that Michelangelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the greatness of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Händel, Mozart, Haydn, and Wagner were not great in music, but that some unknown performer outside any healthful musical evolution has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Koutousoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organized knowledge which has done more than aught else to bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a better world—and extolling a 'faith' which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression. The long, slow every-day work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoi. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia."

Of Alexander III the author says: "He was evidently a strong character, but within very unfortunate limits—upright, devoted to his family, with a strong sense of his duty to his people and of his accountability to the Almighty. But more and more it became evident that his political and religious theories were narrow, and that the assassination of his father had thrown him back into the hands of reactionists. At court and elsewhere I often found myself looking at him and expressing my thoughts inwardly much as follows: 'You are honest, true-hearted, with a deep sense of duty; but what a world of harm you are destined to do! With your immense physical frame and giant strength, you will last fifty years longer; you will try



by main force to hold back the whole tide of Russian thought; and after you will come the deluge.' There was nothing to indicate the fact that he was just at the close of his life. At a later period, I was presented to the heir of the throne, now the Emperor Nicholas II. He seemed a kindly young man; but one of his remarks amazed and disappointed me." At that time Russia was suffering from a severe famine, and the United States had liberally come to her assistance. . . .

"I therefore," says Dr. White, "spoke on the general subject to him referring to the fact that he was president of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering; that there was no famine worthy of mention; and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an off-hand, easy-going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so widespread, was more trying than during the year before. . . . In explanation, I was afterward told by a person who had known him intimately from his childhood, that though courteous, his main characteristic was an absolute indifference to most persons and things about him and that he never showed a spark of ambition of any sort. This was confirmed by what I afterward saw of him at court. He seemed to stand about listlessly, speaking in a good-natured way to this or that person when it was easier than not to do so; but on the whole indifferent to all which went on about him. After his accession to the throne one of the best judges in Europe, who had many opportunities to observe him closely, said to me, 'He knows nothing of his empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house, if he can help it.' This explains in some degree the insufficiency of his programme for the Peace Conference at The Hague and for the Japanese War, which, as I revise these lines, is bringing fearful disaster and disgrace upon Russia."

That part of the book relating to Dr. White's political career will attract attention, because of the new light it throws on various men and measures. One is tempted to endless quotation, but a single passage must suffice, a report of a conversation with General Grant concerning his motives for wishing to acquire Santo Domingo. "The annexation question is doubtless laid aside for the present," said General Grant, "but the time will come when the country will

have occasion to regret that it was disposed of without adequate discussion. As I am so soon to leave the presidency, I may say to you now that one of my main thoughts in regard to the annexation of the island has been that it might afford a refuge for the negroes of the South in case anything like a war of races should ever arise in the old slave States." "He then," says Dr. White, "alluded to the bitter feelings between the two races which was then shown in the South, and which was leading many of the blacks to take refuge in Kansas and other Northwestern States, and said, 'If such a refuge as Santo Domingo were open to them, their former masters would soon find that they have not the colored population entirely at their mercy, and would be obliged to compromise with them on far more just terms than would otherwise be likely.'"

Dr. White's account of American educational methods during his student days, and of his own work at the University of Michigan, and especially at Cornell University, should be widely read, for they show what progress has been made even in one lifetime and give an excellent idea of the obstacles which have been offered to that progress. The chapters on the early history of Cornell are particularly noteworthy, because at Cornell, under Dr. White's guidance, new educational methods were adopted, and were successfully carried out, in the face of rancorous and long-continued attacks and virulent personal abuse emanating chiefly from sectarian sources. It is this part of Dr. White's career, indeed, to which he attaches most value. "During my life," he says, "which is now extending beyond the allotted span of threescore and ten, I have been engaged, after the manner of my countrymen, in many sorts of work, have been interested in many conditions of men, have joined in many efforts which I hope have been of use; but, most of all, I have been interested in the founding and the maintaining of Cornell University, and by the part I have taken in that, more than by any other work of my life, I hope to be judged."

It is interesting to note, however, that Dr. White deliberately declares that if he were starting life anew, he would enter, not educational, or political or diplomatic life, but journalism. Speaking of the time of his graduation at Yale, he says; "There were indeed at that time eminent editors, like Weed, Crosswell, Greeley, Raymond, and

Webb, but few college-bred men thought of journalism as a profession. Looking back upon all this, I feel certain that, were I to begin life again with my present experience, that would be the career for which I would endeavor to fit myself. It has in it at present many admirable men, but far more who are manifestly unfit. Its capacities for good or evil are enormous, yet the majority of those at present in it seem to me like savages who have found a watch. I can think of no profession in which young men properly fitted—gifted with ideas and inspired by a real wish to do something for their land and time—can more certainly do good work and win distinction. . . . There is nothing so greatly needed in our country as an uplifting of the daily press, and there is no work promising better returns." In another place, referring to his service as *attaché* under ex-Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, then United States minister at St. Petersburg, he says: "During four years before coming abroad, I had read in leading Republican journals of New York and New Haven, denunciations of Governor Thomas Seymour as an ignoramus, a pretender, a blatant demagogue, a sot and companion of sots, and associate and fit associate for the most worthless of the populace. I had now found him a man of real convictions, thoroughly a gentleman, quiet, conscientious, kindly, studious, thoughtful, modest, abstemious, hardly ever touching a glass of wine, a man esteemed and loved by all who really knew him. Thus was first revealed to me what, in my opinion, is the worst evil in American public life—that facility for unlimited slander of which the first result is to degrade our public men, and the second result is to rob the press of that confidence among thinking people, and that power for good and against evil which it really ought to exercise."

In this connection another sentence, giving the author's opinion regarding America's needs, may be quoted: "As a result of observation and reflection during a long life which has touched public men and measures in wide variety," he says, "I would desire for my country three things above all others to supplement our existing American civilization: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any European country, save Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities,"

In conclusion, Dr. White's own summing up of his career may be given: "I may honestly plead before my old friends and students who shall read this book," he says, "that my life has been mainly devoted to worthy work; that I can look back upon the leading things in it with satisfaction; that, whether as regards religion, politics, education, or the public service in general, it will be found not a matter of unrelated shreds and patches, but to have been developed in obedience to a well-defined line of purpose. I review the main things along this line with thankfulness. First my work at the University of Michigan, which enabled me to do something toward preparing the way for a better system of higher education in the United States; next, my work in the New York State Senate, which enabled me to aid effectively in developing the school system of the State, in establishing a health department in its metropolis, in promoting good legislation in various fields, and in securing the charter of Cornell University; next, my part in founding Cornell University, and in maintaining it for more than twenty years; next, the preparation of a book which, whatever its shortcomings and however deprecated by many good men, has, as I believe, done service to science, to education, and to religion; next, many speeches, articles, pamphlets, which have aided in the development of right reason on political, financial, and social questions; and, finally, the opportunity given to me at a critical period to aid in restoring and maintaining good relations between the United States and Germany, and in establishing the international arbitration tribunal of The Hague. I say these things not boastingly, but reverently. I have sought to fight the good fight; I have sought to keep the faith—faith in a power in the universe good enough to make truth-seeking wise, and strong enough to make truth-telling effective—faith in the rise of man rather than in the fall of man—faith in the gradual evolution and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men." A reader closes the book with a hope that Dr. White may be able to carry out the various plans about which he tells us in his chapter "Plans and Projects, Executed and Unexecuted"; certainly, for instance, no one could be so well qualified to write such a history of Germany as he has here described.

C. C. W.

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# Confederate Reminiscences

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## Jefferson Davis           "Johnny Reb"

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### Johnny Reb and Billy Yank. The Civil War as the Private Saw It

THE books on the Civil War have been concerned chiefly with the leaders, the organizations, or the battles and campaigns. There are memoirs of officers, regimental histories by the score, eulogies or denunciations of generals, labored efforts to show how a battle might have been won, or excuses for failure. The private, particularly the Southern private, has been neglected. This book\* was written to show his daily life, his work, his hardships, his sports, his follies, his point of view; "to portray the soldier's life both in sunshine and shadow."

The author was a member of an old Virginia family which had large estates on the Potomac near Arlington. While in college he was swept away by the first rush of the war spirit, and enlisted in the Alexandria Riflemen, afterward Company A, Seventeenth Virginia Regiment. This "sixteen-year-old soldier of ninety-seven pounds fighting weight" served two years in the infantry, but in May, 1863, was transferred to the famous Black Horse Cavalry, where he remained, except when in hospital or prison, until the end of the war. A diary was kept and—"I was so fortunate as to save most of my notes made during the four years of conflict, and in 1865, having no fixed pursuit in life, I spent most of the time in arranging and writing up these incidents of camp life, while fresh in my memory."

Although these notes form the basis, the book is not a diary. In fact, it is somewhat difficult to classify. It is not a war history, though considerable use has been made of the Rebellion records and of other material. The view-point of the private soldier with a truly American lack of reverence for rank is always in evidence. The style is generally easy, and at times colloquial, though marred by occasional attempts at "fine writing." One instinctively feels, however, that it is a veracious chronicle and the desultory com-

ments and the personal note have a real charm. To give an abstract of the eighty-four chapters, dealing as they do with hundreds of subjects, is impossible. Only scattered bits can be chosen to illustrate the range of topics.

Although Alexandria was in sight of Washington, five companies of infantry, one of cavalry and a battery of artillery were enlisted before Virginia formally seceded. "These people (and Alexandria was but typical of the whole South) had talked of war, dreamed of war, and had simply become war mad. . . . There was no retrospection, no future, only the thrilling present. In those perilous times men's very natures were changed; when the stirring note of 'Dixie' or 'Maryland, My Maryland,' filled their ears the softer strains of 'Home, Sweet Home' found no responsive chord." The behavior of the volunteers while waiting to go into action for the first time at Manassas, is amusingly described. "One man declared that he repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over, about seventy-five times, having in his head the idea that the oftener he said the prayer, the better he would become. . . . He threw away a pack of cards, and made an oath never again to utter a profane word so long as he might be allowed to live; . . . determined to crush down his hasty temper, and carry all the canteens to the spring; to give the first sop of the skillet to his surviving comrades; to do his share of police duty thereafter without so much as a grumble; . . . thought that he would go to church, and give up his pipe, and if he got through safely would become a minister and preach the gospel. I know all this too well, for I was that guileless, innocent youth."

No attempt is made to picture the Confederate soldier as a paragon of virtue, a combination of Covenanter and Chevalier Bayard. The example and influence of Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson had great effect, "but the fear of death has a great deal to do with piety, and the less Johnny Reb feared

\*JOHNNY REB AND BILLY YANK. By Alexander Hunter. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Pp. 716. \$3.

death, the less he prayed. The soldiers naturally distrusted the efficacy of prayer when they found that the most devout Christians were as liable to be shot as the most hardened sinner, and, that a deck of cards would stop a bullet as effectively as a prayer book; then, too, death had become so common that it had lost its majesty."

The recklessness and the vices of the soldiers are told as freely as their amusements and their virtues. While in camp near Richmond, after Seven Pines, blockade whisky abounded; strict orders had been given to keep it out of the camp, but where money is, there also is found liquor; and no law, human or divine, though backed by the bayonets of all the military, could guide its flow or gauge its overflow; it would be carried on drill in musket barrels with a cork drummed tightly in the muzzle and a close cap on the nipple; . . . Humble-looking old negro men, who only wanted a chance to talk religion by the hour, when they brought baskets of fruit or fowls around always had a bottle somewhere. . . . The old black pie woman was famous for her jug, which in some manner known only to her feminine devices, she smuggled in upon her person."

"Very often in manœuvering in the field an old hare would jump up, shake his white tail by way of challenge and bound off. In that case good-bye to all discipline. Regardless of officers' commands the soldiers with one shout would start after him. True, some crack companies would keep firm so long as the rabbit did not run close to them but not a minute longer; for catching the contagion they too would start yelling and screaming on the chase. A strange characteristic of the Southern army was their insane desire to run a hare. Regiments that stood immovable under the severest fire, that never flinched while a charge of cavalry dashed in vain against them, would go all to pieces at the mere sight of a 'Molly Cotton-tail.' Nay, the cry of 'Old hare! old hare!' would set a camp in a blaze, and soldiers would drop everything to join in the pursuit."

The experiences of the author in Federal prisons are told in detail. The stay in Fort Warren in Boston Harbor was a pleasant relief after the hardships of the ranks. Food was plenty and good; the treatment was courteous and opportunities were given for bathing. Southern sympathizers in the

city presented each prisoner with a new uniform.

"Those were halcyon days, those days of July, 1862; light spots in a generally dark life. Our soldier prisoners, so inured to hardship, want and suffering, had now not a care on their minds, not a trouble in their hearts; they drew in long breaths of content and could only sigh sometimes at the thought of the dark future which was doomed to hold so marked a contrast to that perfect rest and satisfaction."

In striking contrast was the treatment at Fort Delaware and at Harper's Ferry. "Scores seemed to be ill; many were suffering from the scurvy, while all bore marks of severe treatment in their thin faces and wasted forms. They were in the dirtiest, filthiest condition imaginable, and not a face there looked as if it had been washed for weeks. Their clothes were torn and ragged; in fact some had not enough tatters to cover their nakedness. . . . It was curious to watch their delight as they touched Southern soil again. They would throw their caps into the air and dance about in an excitement of feeling that seemed impossible to control. . . . My comrade joined me that night; his residence in Fort Delaware had sadly changed him; . . . his voice was weak and faltering. I never again heard the laugh that once was ever ready to break from his lips. In short, a month's residence in Fort Delaware had changed him from the very picture of health and strength, of robust manhood, into a lame halting invalid, whose body and mind seemed to have received some great shock."

After escaping from the Old Capitol in Washington the author was recaptured and taken to Harper's Ferry.

"The food was insufficient, our treatment cruel and inhuman in the extreme. The guards were accustomed to strike and kick the men in their charge on the slightest provocation. Of course they were not Americans. The true Anglo-Saxon race has but little of the tyrant or bully in it. They were Dutch, but few speaking any English at all, though the regiment was known as the Ninety-third Pennsylvania. There was not a prisoner there who did not bear either upon his face or his person some legible scar or wound made by those Dutchmen. Because I would not give one of the guards my brierwood, I was knocked senseless and my head cut open by a brick, which the



Dutchman picked up and threw so quickly that I did not have time to dodge. I shall carry the scar of that ignoble wound to my dying day."

The hardships of the Southern soldier are incidentally recounted. Of the invasion of Maryland ending at the battle of Sharpsburg [Antietam], we read: "It may seem incredible but it is true, that owing to the failure of the Commissary-General to get his supplies up in time, Lee's army on the advance lived alone on green corn and apples; . . . still with splendid bravery, the army pressed onward. Every hundred yards or so some soldier would drop unquestioned from the ranks; indeed such had become the condition of their feet from walking over those rocky roads, that many who had been barefooted all along were obliged to fall behind." Quotation is made from Gen. D. H. Hill's official report to be found in the Rebellion Records. "For three days the men had been sustaining life on green food. In charging through an apple orchard at the Yankees, with the immediate prospect of death before them, 'I noticed men eagerly devouring apples.'"

When taken prisoner after this battle his costume is thus described: "When I left Richmond in August I had a good suit of underclothing, but as time passed my uniform got dirty, then ragged, and remained so; my shirt and drawers were so infested with vermin that I had to sink them in running water in the night, and at last they become so shredded that I threw them away.

. . . An old slouch hat, so worn that the brim had to be pinned to the crown, covered my head; a gray jacket with wooden buttons half concealed my bony form, and the skin, encrusted with several layers of dirt, showed through every slit of the jacket. I had bathed many times in the streams, but having no soap, the dirt remained. A pair of old blue breeches I had picked up off the battlefield completed the inventory, for I was barefooted these two weeks ago.

"By the Lord, Johnny," said a blue-coat, "if you Rebs dress like that, and fight naked, I'm going home."

"I could not help telling him that I was the most fashionably dressed man in the regiment; he just ought to see the others."

Conditions were not improved after his transfer to the cavalry, which spent much time in the "Debatable Land," occupied in

turn by both armies and "through which a crow must carry his own provisions."

"Very often the men would get no meat at all, only two crackers a day, which would be eaten in two minutes, and then nothing else would pass their lips until the next day. . . . Worse was to come. The hard bread was to be changed to a pound of meal a day; meal it was called, . . . but they dared not sift it, for there would not have been enough of pure meal to fill a cup. Full rations consisted of a pound of this acidulated dry bran and a quarter of a pound of fat pork, which served to grease the skillet."

When a prisoner after the skirmish at Brandy Station, the condition of the Federal troops thus impressed him:

"The private soldiers, too, in their winter quarters were more than comfortable; they were well housed and comfortably clad. With warm underclothing and uniform, a thick overcoat with a capacious cape, and oilcloth poncho for wet weather, and two great woolly blankets, he could bid defiance to every North wind which blows. . . . His rations were so abundant he could not use them. Hardtack, flour, real coffee, sugar, rice, hominy, beans, pork and beef hung around in the mess tent and ambulances were delivering boxes and parcels every hour, containing every luxury from friends, and presents from the 'Sanitary Commission.'"

Comments upon battles and criticisms, of wasted opportunities are freely made. Some, perhaps, are just, but due allowance for the lack of information, not always to be secured, is not always made. The author believes that Washington might have been taken after Bull Run, and by Early in his Valley Campaign. He also believes that Gettysburg, at which he was present though not engaged, might have been won on either the first or the second day. The account of the magnificent Pickett-Pettigrew charge on the third day is full, and in the main correct. Full credit is given to Heth's Division under the command of Pettigrew, though the author has evidently not seen the account of Hon. William M. Robbins, United States Battlefield Commissioner, which definitely settles the question.

Officers are freely praised or censured. President Davis and the civil officers are held responsible for many of the disasters. The almost superstitious reverence of the soldiers for "Stonewall" Jackson is in evi-

dence, and also their love and veneration for General Lee. Many anecdotes of the latter are told, showing his kindness of heart, his affection for the private soldier, and his readiness to assume blame.

"In every large army there are many rough, ribald wretches, who hold nothing sacred and have no reverence, and who hate all in authority, yet those very men were devoted heart and soul to Lee. What magic was that which attracted the undying affection of all who came in contact with him? . . . I had visited at his home at Arlington before the war, his son being a schoolmate of mine, and he was my boyish hero, but afterward when a reckless, careless soldier with not one atom of reverence in my make-up he subdued me by his very presence. . . . With all other generals of the army slander and gossip were rife, but not even Detraction whispered one word against Lee. It was not his name or family prestige, for there was his eldest son, W. H. F. Lee, who commanded a brigade of cavalry. I have heard the ragged Rebs

who served under him curse him up and down and all around."

These extracts can give no adequate account of the material contained within the seven hundred pages. Much is irrelevant, and judged solely as an artistic production it is crude, but notwithstanding, it will take its place as a valuable addition to war literature. Without bitterness, and without effort to excite sectional rancor, it tells what war is from the standpoint of the privates, the pawns upon the board.

"Johnny Reb did the best he knew how; he fought anything and everything, and never counted the odds; he labored and slaved for years without pay and without reward. There was no lust of conquest in his eye, no hope of domination in his heart; he fought on his own soil—he fought for principle and because he did not believe the men who came on his 'native heath' chasing him and shooting at him, were his friends, nor could he comprehend that he was being killed for his own good."

Holland Thompson.

### The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis

THE recent discussion in the House of Representatives of the treatment by the Federal authorities of Jefferson Davis during his imprisonment in Fortress Monroe, immediately after the Civil War, and the still more recent discussion between Mrs. Davis and Gen. Nelson A. Miles, the commanding officer at Fortress Monroe during the term of Davis's confinement there, may be considered to justify the reissue of Dr. Craven's well-known book\* on "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis." Moreover, attention has been called anew to the book by the use which Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in his novel "The Clansman," has recently made of certain incidents described therein. Dr. Craven, it will be recalled, served during a part of the Civil War as Medical Director of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, was the chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, and soon afterward retired, with honorable mention,

from the service. In 1866 he published this book, which caused an immediate sensation and met with a large sale. In the South, particularly, it was well received, and it unquestionably did much to restore Davis's waning popularity in that section and to establish him as a martyr of the Lost Cause. In the North, also, it elicited much sympathy for Davis, though in that time of unreasoning passion there were many good people who sincerely believed that the ex-President was not only largely responsible for the horrors of Andersonville, but also that, in the words of President Johnson's proclamation of May 2, 1865, "the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Saunders, William C. Cleary and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States harbored in Canada." Of course public opinion long ago recognized the injustice of these charges against Davis, and no sane man to-day would seriously reiterate them; but their being made and their

\*PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, embracing Details and Incidents in his Captivity, Particulars concerning his Health and Habits, together with many Conversations on Topics of Great Public Interest. By Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. John J. Craven, M.D. G. W. Dillingham, New York, 1905. \$1.20 net.

being made with sincerity and conviction at the time, is significant of the inflamed state of public opinion in the North immediately after the war, and goes far to explain the undoubted rigor of Davis's imprisonment. This book, as is well known, describes in considerable detail the treatment and the condition of the prisoner, besides reproducing many conversations between Dr. Craven and President Davis, in which Davis is represented as expressing his opinions on all sorts and conditions of subjects. These conversations are almost uniformly interesting, but as a rule they cannot be said to add much to our knowledge of the history of the Confederacy, whatever they may add to our knowledge of the personality of Davis. An extended account of the contents of a book which is perfectly well known to students of American history, and which has been accessible to readers for more than a generation, is of course superfluous; it may be of some interest, however, to inquire into the standing of a book originally issued some forty years ago.

From the outset the book naturally met with criticism in some quarters, just as it met with approval in others, and both its authenticity and its trustworthiness were immediately called into question. All the principal officers (except Dr. Craven) who were then on duty at Fortress Monroe signed statements approving of General Miles's treatment of Davis, and four of them, Col. James Curry, Lieut.-Col. Thomas G. Whytal, Brig.-Gen. H. S. Burton, and Lieut. James W. Piper, specifically referred to "the distorted statements of a portion of the press, and especially of Surgeon Craven's book." In an able review, republished in his collected works (1896), Mr. Severn T. Wallis, the eminent Maryland lawyer and author, while vigorously condemning the treatment of Davis, spoke slightly of the book as having been written merely to create a sensation, and added, "It relates conversations which must have been very strangely misunderstood—especially that in which Mr. Davis is made to express an impossible admiration of General Hunter." It is interesting, moreover, to note that Mrs. Davis in her biography of her husband denies the accuracy of the very chapter of which Mr. Dixon in the "Clansman" makes the most noticeable use, the chapter describing the placing of shackles on Davis. She says, "Of the dramatic account published in Dr. Craven's book he

[Mr. Davis] said that it could not have been written by any one who either knew the facts, or had such personal knowledge of him as to form a just idea of what his conduct would be under such circumstances." In fairness, however, it should be said that Mrs. Davis, though hardly an impartial judge in that connection, accepts as accurate the account given in the book of her husband's physical condition and treatment.

Not only was the book's general trustworthiness questioned, but a belief soon became current that Dr. Craven was not really the author, the actual writing of the book being attributed to Col. Charles G. Halpine, better known as "Miles O'Reilly," a friend of Dr. Craven. A circumstantial article in the Charleston (S. C.) "Mercury" for October 22, 186[7], after telling of Halpine's having pointed out to Dr. Craven his exceptional opportunity to write a popular book, Dr. Craven hesitating on the ground of his lack of literary ability, says: "Halpine asked him [Dr. Craven] where were his notes. He replied he had none and could not do it. 'Then,' said Halpine, 'Give me whatever materials you have, and I will write in your name, and we will share the profits.' This was agreed to. Craven furnished three letters of Mrs. Davis to him, and some notes written on the margin of a Herald by Mr. Davis touching the points he desired Reverdy Johnson to make in defending him for treason. This was all the authentic matter supplied. At the request of General Halpine, Craven also made out a list of the officers of the post, and their days for going on duty, and other little details of the post and garrison, and of Mr. Davis. Halpine then called to see several Confederates in New York, and among others Gen. Dick Taylor [a brother-in-law of Mr. Davis]. He pumped them as to Mr. Davis, his views and opinions on public matters; also in regard to leading Southern men, and Mr. Davis's relations and feelings towards them, etc. A Philadelphia publishing house now advertised that it was soon to put forth a life of Davis, and Halpine saw the importance of anticipating this publication by his book. It was arranged in New York to get it out immediately. He agreed to furnish his publishers forty pages of foolscap manuscript daily. And he sat down to write, and wrote forty pages daily for nine days, when the book was completed—the web of his fertile brain and accomplished

mind. The book was of great service to Mr. Davis, and General Halpine's share of the profits was \$7,000 last March, when he communicated to us the above facts from his own graphic and eloquent lips. This is one of the curiosities of literature and illustrates the talents of the man who could so plausibly manufacture, out of whole cloth, the 'Prison Life of Jefferson Davis' with his private views and opinions concerning men and things." This account has been quoted, not because it is necessarily true, but because of its being so definite and circumstantial, and more especially because it purports to give the substance of an interview with Halpine himself. Whether true or not, however, it calls to mind the verisimilitude of some of Halpine's fictitious narratives, particularly of the account which, to win a wager, he wrote, describing the resuscitation of the pirate Hicks, who had been executed on Bedloe's Island. The same assertion as regards the authorship of the book has been more recently repeated. For instance, General Miles, in his pamphlet "A Statement of the Facts Concerning the Imprisonment and Treatment of Jefferson Davis," published at Washington in 1901 and republished in large part in the "Independent" of February 23, 1905, says: "Sensational statements were made in certain papers of that period, intended to excite sympathy for Mr. Davis, and a book entitled, 'The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis,' purporting to have been written by Dr. Craven, but which was really written by Charles G. Halpine in twelve days, was also published for the same purpose"; and the well-known newspaper correspondent, George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"), in a signed letter published in the Boston Globe for February 12, 1905, says: "In the subject [the treatment of Davis] I had taken some personal interest because my editorial associate, Gen. Charles G. Halpine, wrote the book of Dr. Craven, the fortress doctor, on the ironing, etc., of Davis, the whole grossly exaggerated."

Enough has been said to give some idea of the extent to which a belief is held that the actual author of "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis" was Halpine and not Dr. Craven.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Craven's son, Mr. William D. Craven, who writes the preface to the present edition, does not discuss, or even mention, the matter. The preface, however, seems worthy of being quoted entire. "Owing to many inquiries," he says, "and a demand created by the recent controversy, it is found expedient to republish a new edition of my father's book. The facts contained in his work were carefully recorded and preserved by him while Chief Medical Officer at Fortress Monroe and published in 1866. *It is hardly necessary to say that the incidents related by the author were then recognized as authentic.* As a matter of history, this edition is now *graciously offered* to a new generation of readers." (The italics are ours.) The publishers, moreover, merely assure us that "the reissue of this work gives a correct account of the arrival of Mr. Davis, his incarceration, the placing of the shackles on his ankles, and sets forth a true version of all that has led up to the present controversy, and contains many truths not recently recalled." It seems unfortunate that either the publisher or Mr. Craven did not embrace the opportunity to meet the assertions calling in question the authorship and the trustworthiness of the book; but it is understood that friends of Dr. Craven have denied that Halpine did any more than merely to lend his assistance in the putting together of the book, the arrangement of chapters, etc., and that the original diaries and notes, on which the book was based, are still in the possession of Dr. Craven's family. At any rate, after a reading of the book, it is difficult for one to believe that it was altogether "made out of whole cloth," and moreover, all that is known about Dr. Craven would lead one to question the probability of his having deliberately sanctioned a fraud. The actual authorship of the book is not very important, though in the interest of historical accuracy it should be definitely determined; it is important, however, to know just how far the various statements in the book are true and are based on contemporary notes and diaries. Unless that is known the book can necessarily have small value as a historical document.

C. C. W.



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## The Woman's Book Club

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### "Pedagogues and Parents"

"PARENTS are so queer!" was the remark of a veteran pedagogue to one of the few of that erratic species whom he took into his confidence. "Teachers are so queer!" has probably been thought, if not said, by every parent with a child in the schools. To the parent the child is a uniquely precious individual; to the teacher, the child is a pupil who has to "come up to grade." The consequent clash of interests is inevitable; and yet the very foundation of a good education, for any child, is that its parents and teacher should act as one in educating it. Such a co-operation of parent and teacher is Mrs. Ella Calista Wilson's ideal in this breezy book.\* But she sets forth the lions in the way with especial breeziness. The parent who does not read this volume misses a treat. The pedagogue who reads it will recognize its cleverness and substantial justice, and perhaps agree with her when she says:

"We had in Boston a summer or two ago, and we have it somewhere every year, a most triumphant and successful Teachers' Convention. I cannot help hoping that in the not too far-away future, such gatherings will be called by a different name, and that laymen and laywomen will be in as full evidence as teachers. An unprejudiced looker-on at that convention might have imagined that he perceived just the same pedagogic atmosphere as one feels in the schools; an atmosphere generated in the study and the classroom. It savored of assurance. It had a strong note of self-congratulation. It was erudite. But it lacked completely the elements which a solid contingent of Parents would have imparted to it. Parents have little assurance. They hold their breath. They proceed cautiously, following their children somewhat. They have not erudition. They have instinct and practical sense. We ought to have been in it."

One feels sure that if Mrs. Ella Calista Wilson, as one parent, had been in it, she would have added to the gaiety of nations. Her keen comment on the "Natural Method,"

for example, would have enlivened any discussion of it.

"The difference in a child's point of view takes the naturalness out of many of our 'Natural Methods.' There was once upon a time an enthusiastic vender of 'Natural Method' maps who appeared in our neighborhood. He had a beguiling pictorial map of the United States, which showed at sight the various conditions of things all over our country. It was a very *speaking* map. There were pictures of mines, of ship-building yards, of factories, all located in their appropriate States. Scarce one of us in the vicinity but bought that map! We spread ours out triumphantly before our little girl and awaited comments. She looked at it long and speculatively. Calculation was in her eye as it traveled back and forth between Mexico and the picture of Brigham Young, with his family of wives and children, standing up in a row in Utah to represent Mormonism. She drew a sigh of contentment, and remarked, 'Well, I'm glad I've got a map, at last, big enough to show the people on it. It would take just about six men, taking hold of hands, to reach across Mexico!'"

The child is self-protected, Mrs. Wilson argues, from many of the pedagogue's, or even of the parent's points of view. This is a good thing, for it prevents the destruction of the childlike vision of things. A child's imagination, its growth, its free-heartedness, are thus not left entirely to the mercy of grown-ups. "We can nag, and bother and delay" a child, keeping it from its fullest development, but cannot take away its directness of vision and spontaneity. There is sound wisdom in this bit of practical psychology:

"Moral precocity is as dangerous a disease in childhood as mental precocity. Children ought not to *know* enough to be too good. When the ten-year-old son of a friend of ours announced to us that he meant to be a minister, we were pleased. But when, on being asked his reason for the decision, he replied with fervor, 'Because I love religion,' I felt that there was no hope

\*PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS. By Ella Calista Wilson. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

for him in this world unless some gang of bad boys—of the T. B. Aldrich calibre, be it understood—should get hold of him and straighten him out into healthy boyhood."

One can see that with such a parental point of view, Mrs. Wilson is not going to approve of cut and dried methods of pedagogism. She doesn't. Her preface boldly begins by saying: "This little book is intended as a comment on Education and the present educational situation from the point of view of a Parent, and is, as they say in the colleges, primarily for Parents, but open to Pedagogues and others. It may be said that many Pedagogues are themselves parents. But in matters educational, Pedagogues are usually, and in the case of fathers almost surely, Pedagogues first and Parents afterwards. Students of educational history cannot fail to observe that distinguished Pedagogues have not always been brilliant successes as Parents, or even Parents at all. Elizabeth Peabody, New England's beloved 'Kindergarten Mother' was a spinster; John Locke was a bachelor; so was Herbert Spencer; Froebel was childless. . . . Pedagogues nearly always live at high nervous tension. An alert educator, if he finds time at all to attend to the education of his own children, is seldom sufficiently patient and reposeful to sit quietly by and see them enjoy the large amount of let-alone-ness which Nature plainly indicates to be their birthright."

The grade system, with its well-nigh universal regulation by arithmetic, receives a great deal of the author's attention. "Machine-made" scholars are the things the average teacher believes in, and the average parent submits to. It has always been thus, it seems, for Mrs. Wilson gives a brief history of education from Alcuin in the Dark Ages to Rousseau and his marvelous "Émile." Milton's idea of a course of study for tender minds, and the Jesuit system, are not forgotten. The vexed question of overstudy, and of an overloaded curriculum, is discussed. Parents ought to study education, this book contends. They ought to co-operate with and understand the pedagogues. Their criticisms do not help; their neglect certainly hinders. Few parents visit the schools, or have any idea either of the physical or mental conditions which surround their children's school hours. The teacher is hampered by ignorance of the child's home

conditions, in the same way. Each needs the other: the Parent cannot educate without the Pedagogue, the Pedagogue without the Parent. The half-educated pupil is the deadly result. "Whoever indulges in the luxury of children enters the teaching profession," and parents cannot safely shift their responsibility to pedagogues. The chapter on "Individuality" should be particularly interesting to the American mother, where cult of individuality is so great. The quotation that heads it is delicious:

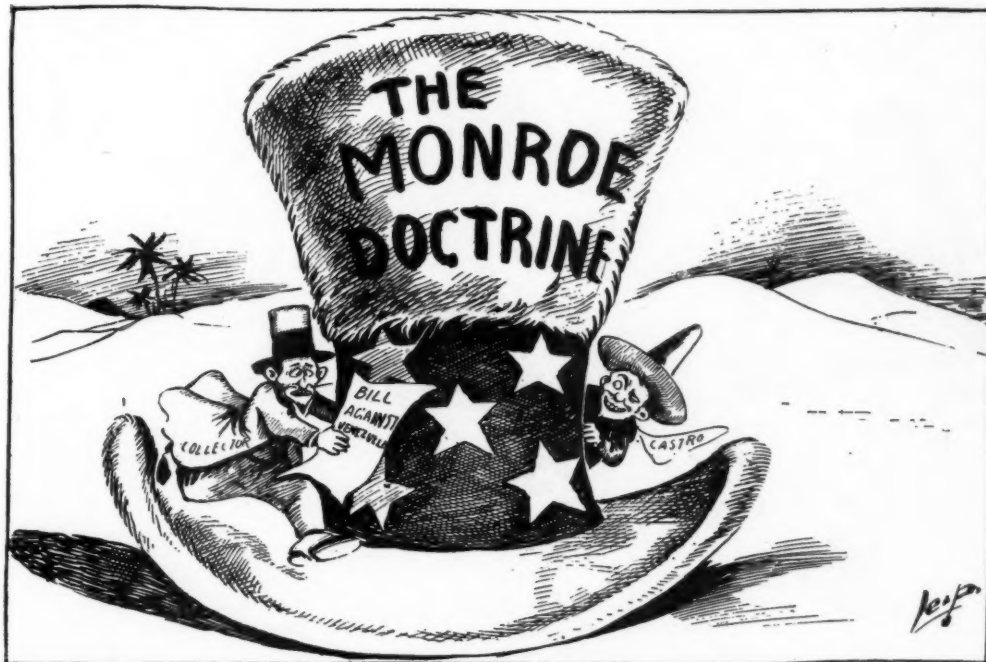
A farmer in Bungleton had a colt  
That couldn't be taught to moo,  
And he left his cow under lock and bolt  
Till the smith could make her a shoe.  
His ducks wouldn't gobble, his geese  
wouldn't quack,  
His cat wouldn't bark at all!  
"I'm clean discouraged" he cried, "Alack!  
I'll give up my farm in the Fall!"

The chapter on "Big Things" is inspiring. "Child Morality" will be comforting to many parents, and here is some of its wisest advice: "Childhood, in the very inexperience of it, is uncaretaking and irresponsible, yields to present impulse. Let us not fear too much; not too much nag children because of their frailties—we will not call them faults. Only of inherent cruelty or cunning would we make exception. These two vices should be regarded as diseases, and should have active warfare waged against them; even then it is doubtful if they ever get wholly eradicated. Many a child tells 'fibs'; many a one is often thoughtlessly cruel; but if you know a boy or a girl who sneaks through the world by 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' spare no pains to keep your child out of his company."

Mrs. Wilson's entertaining, earnest, wide-awake little book can be recommended to every pedagogue and every parent in the United States, with the certainty that whether they agree with it or not, it will set them thinking to the advantage of the party of the third part—the American child at school. If it sets them to reading "Émile," too, it will send them back to the fountainhead of modern educational theory—"the greatest educational classic in the world." "After 'Émile' read *anything* which will help you educate your children; but first read 'Émile'—at all events a good deal of it." Perhaps that is the wisest bit of educational advice in the whole clever volume.

Priscilla Leonard.

## Cartoons upon Current Events



THE COLLECTOR: "THE 'MONEY-YOU-OWE DUCK-TRINE' IS WHAT I WOULD CALL IT"  
—Leap in the Evening News (Detroit)



BEAR STORIES  
—Brinckerhoff in Toledo Blade



CAN YOU READ THE SMALL PRINT, MR. CASTRO?  
—Satterfield in Cleveland Press



"NOW, SIR, I'LL TRIM YOU UP"

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



LOOK OUT FOR AN EXPLOSION

France can't drop that dangerous cannon cracker any too quickly

—Bartholomew in The Minneapolis Journal, April 18, 1905.





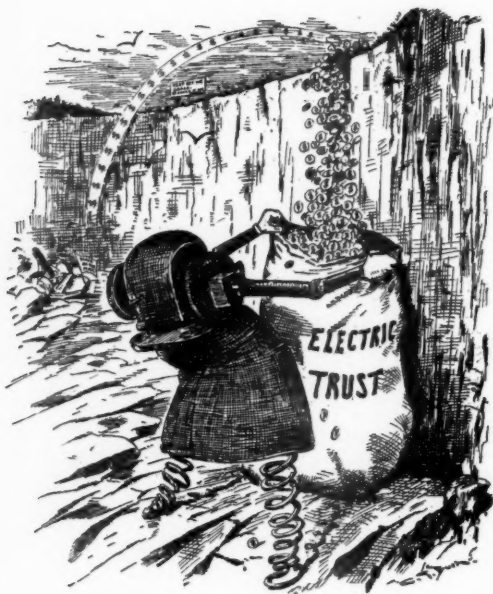
THE SPHINX HAS SPOKEN  
—Spencer in the *Commoner*



JAPAN'S STRONG LEFT  
—Naughton in *Minneapolis Tribune*



EACH TO THE OTHER—"SORRY, OLD MAN, TO SEE YOU HAVE SUCH AN UNRULY SUBJECT!"  
—Brinckerhoff in *Toledo Blade*



NIAGARA—A LONG WAY AFTER CHURCH  
AND GIGNOUX  
—C. G. Bush in *New York World*



AN UNEXPECTED CATCH  
—Naughton in *Minneapolis Tribune*



WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT?  
—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*



"HEY, YOU FELLOWS, QUIT ROCKING  
THE BOAT!"  
—Brinckerhoff in *Toledo Blade*

## People in the Foreground

**William  
Benjamin  
Smith**

Prof. William Benjamin Smith, author of "The Color Line," is a man of culture and scholarship of a type that modern times rarely produces. His thorough knowledge of the field of mathematics and of letters, both classic and modern, is nothing less than astounding. He is at home in the literature of Greece, Rome, Germany, France, Italy, and England, and has studied Dutch, Swedish, Hebrew, Syriac and Assyrian. By vocation he is a mathematician, and holds the chair of Mathematics in Tulane University. His first love was the divinity and his first writings were on ecclesiastical subjects. He has taken a hand in politics and has written pamphlets on tariff reform which were used almost as text-books during the campaign of 1892. In 1896 his writings on the sound-money principle attracted so much attention that he was invited to canvas the State of Missouri on gold for Palmer and Buckner. It was his keen understanding of the most active question of today that brought him to write the first article on the race question from which his present book developed.

He is a Kentuckian; a farmer's son who, during the war time and a few years after, managed the farm. His father had been assassinated because of his political views. The young man went to Kentucky University, and was graduated there. He was a close friend of James Lane Allen, to whom he suggested the character of David, the young student who finds it so hard to keep his old-time faith after having come in

touch with the works of modern philosophers in "The Reign of Law." Mr. Smith taught sacred history in Kentucky University, but after a time went abroad to Göttingen, where he obtained a Ph.D. He studied French in Paris, Italian in Rome and Florence, and came back to America, entered university, life holding important professorships at a number of Western and Southern universities. He is best known among mathematicians by his books, "Coordinate Geometry" and "Infinitesimal

Analysis"; among politicians by his pamphlets, "Tariff for Protection" and "Tariff Reform 1892"; among philosophers for his remarkable review of Weissman's "Essay upon Heredity," which drew from the author the remark, "He understands me better than the European critics."



WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH

**Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson** Of the "old guard," which formerly gave Boston an acknowledged right to call herself the literary center of America, before the present day of literature as gauged from the desk of the busi-

ness manager, but few remain to recall the higher standards of the past. Among these the figure most prominent is that of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number of Current Literature. In addition to many volumes of essays and historical writings Colonel Higginson has written a "Young Folks' History of the United States," and a larger "History of the United States," which, in a revised edition, has recently been sent out by his publishers. The work has been thoroughly revised and

brought up to date by the author, with the assistance of William MacDonald, Professor of History at Brown University. Professor MacDonald was previously Professor of History and Political Sciences at Bowdoin, and of History and Economics at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He has written several historical works, and is one of the authors of "The American Nation."

As a matter of personal history, not bearing upon his literary position in literary circles, the following account of how Colonel Higginson obtained his title is of interest:

"At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as captain of the Fifty-first Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and later was asked by Brigadier-General Saxton, of the Department of the South, to take control of the first regiment of emancipated slaves. This enterprise appealed very strongly to Captain Higginson, and he resigned his position in the Fifty-first Massachusetts to become colonel of the First South Carolina (Union) Volunteers, afterward the Thirty-third United States Colored Troops. A "nonsense verse," widely quoted in the newspapers at that time, always pleased Colonel Higginson:

"There was a young curate of Worcester,  
Who could have a command if he'd choose ter,  
But he said each recruit  
Must be blacker than soot,  
Or else he'd go preach where he used ter."

**Mary W.  
Findlater**

A literary copartnership entered upon by two persons who individually are quite able to stand each upon his own feet, argues much for the enjoyment both of their readers and for the friendship of the collaborators, especially if they be women. A recent case in point is that of Mrs. Riggs, better known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Miss Mary W. Findlater. They collaborated and even introduced a third member in the person of Miss Jane Findlater. The result of their work is already known, to the joy of many readers, and the friendship of the three authors ap-

pears to have survived the strain, as the following paragraph will show. It also enlightens us as to the title of Miss Mary Findlater's own book, which has been the object of appreciative notice, and which also has been more or less confused with Egerton Castle's latest story, "Rose of the World."

Mary Findlater, the author of the unusual novel of Scottish life, "The Rose of Joy" (McClure-Phillips), which appeared about a year ago, is in America with her sister, Jane Findlater, also well known as a writer in England. They are visiting Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs). The title of Miss Findlater's book has aroused a good

deal of curiosity. Miss Findlater points out that Americans should certainly be able to place it, since it comes from their own Emerson's works, and is to be found in the "Essay on Love" at the end of the third paragraph. "Everything is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth," says the sage. "But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are melancholy. The plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place, dwell care and canker and sorrow. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, 'The Rose of Joy'—Round it all the muses sing."

**Annie Payson  
Call**

Annie Payson Call, whose new book, "The Freedom of Life," is destined to be as widely read as her "Power through Repose" (which Professor James of Harvard termed the "gospel of relaxation"), discussed her life work recently. It appears that Miss Call, after a number of years' training in administrative work, first came to a clear consciousness of the principle of combined concentration and relaxation in connection with the art of acting. Since then she has developed this principle into a powerful means for relieving nervous distress.

She had practised amateur theatricals from childhood up, and had had difficulties of her own to overcome. The successful





meeting of these difficulties led her to the discovery that the true basis for acting is not to be found either in emotionalism on the one hand, or in cold intellectualism on the other; but that, by getting rid of all superfluous tension, both of mind and body, and by quietly filling the mind with the conception of the character to be presented, it is possible to act with the maximum of truth and the minimum of strain.

In teaching physical training in a college for young women this same principle de-

teachings of the New Testament; and the growth of her work therefore spontaneously demonstrates a point of contact between material and physical well-being and practical spiritual truth.

Her first book, "Power through Repose," has passed through twenty-eight editions, and has brought rest and strength to thousands of nervously exhausted men and women. In her new book, "The Freedom of Life," she preaches the gospel of orderly living with equal success.



ANNIE PAYSON CALL

veloped into a wider application—namely, that of nervous and physical health; and, with every new case of nervous difficulty treated, her conception of the principle involved grew in clearness and strength, and, at the same time, the means of applying it in a wise and discriminating manner, with due moderation and common sense. After years of experience it became more and more clear that what she was practising was nothing else than a more than usually practical and thorough interpretation of the

Henry Smith  
Williams

"The Historians' History of the World" has been so extensively advertised that few, if any, persons who follow the drift of literary matters can remain ignorant of at least the name. A notice of the history may be found in another department in this number of Current Literature. We are glad to print here a brief account of the scholar under whose direction this unusual undertaking has been brought to so successful a conclusion.

The editor-in-chief of the work is Henry Smith Williams, LL.D., who has made a reputation by that excellent work, "The Story of Nineteenth Century Science," by his monumental "History of the Art of Writing," and by many books and magazine articles on history, science and civilization. It is well known that during all his working life Dr. Williams has been gathering material for a history of civilization. He spent four years in Europe planning the present work. He has been

Dr. Williams was born in Durand, Ill., was educated at the Iowa State University and Chicago Medical College, and afterward pursued special studies for four years in Berlin, Paris, and London.

Agnes and  
Egerton Castle

Mr. Egerton Castle comes from a family in which, on both sides, there are traditions of literary and philosophical pursuits. Mrs. Castle, on the other hand, knows of no writers among her ances



HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

assisted by many contributors and editorial revisers in Europe and America, including scholars of eminence.

The editor and his assistants, it is apparent, have spent years of patient delving among dusty tomes in the British Museum, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Berlin, and the other great libraries of Europe. They have unearthed a wealth of historical material in all languages that has hitherto been inaccessible to the general public.

tors, though in her own generation she can find two, and of distinction. Her sister, Mrs. Francis Blundell (under the *nom de plume* "M. E. Francis"), is the author of many novels, and a little play by her and Mr. Sidney Valentine, *The Widow Woos*, based on one of her short stories, was acted recently at the Haymarket. Another sister, Miss Elinor Sweetman, has already published some notable books of verse. Mrs. Egerton Castle passed her childhood in an

Irish country house. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Michael Sweetman, of Lamber-ton Park, Queen's County. Her purely Irish blood may account for much of her special brightness in the use of words. After a few years spent abroad with her family for the cultivation of art and languages, she was married on the threshold of her first season.

Mr. Egerton Castle, on the contrary, an only son, spent all his first youth (albeit he comes from purely English stock) in Paris. Returning to England at the age of sixteen, he began hard work at science, first at Glasgow University and later at Trinity, Cambridge. After taking his degree a sudden change of tastes took him to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, whence, being over the regulation age, he had to pass into a West India regiment. This he accepted in the hope of a transfer, a hope which the cast-iron rules of the War Office concerning age-limits never permitted to be realized. Then, out of conceit with the army as a profession, no doubt also in view of his coming marriage, he threw up his commission, and in course of time found his true vocation to be that of a man of letters. For many years he was on the staff of the old "Saturday Review," but he gradually relinquished journalistic occupation for the novel and the romance.

Closely allied as Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle are intellectually, it is well known to the many readers of their books that it is impossible to detect the line of cleavage in their collaboration.

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine a more ideal literary collaboration than that of man and wife. Under such conditions the sense of labor which can at times be heavy enough, even in "mere fiction," all but disappears. To some minds the notion of partnership in literature seems inconceivable. The fact is that true collaboration—the convergence of two minds upon the same distant objective, the complete sympathy as to motives, and the same critical delight in certain effects only—must be exceedingly rare. These

united workers seem, oddly enough, to reach their goal from different starting-points. Mrs. Egerton Castle declares she finds her greatest incentive to new ideas in music, while Mr. Castle believes that inspiration lies for him in scenery, in certain effects of light and sunset, or, again, in old dwellings, in buildings associated with history.

However different the origin, the methods of the authors are always harmonious. In the first composition, and also for the final revision, they work in each other's company—a couple of hours in the morning, when the writing is in full cry. The whole of the mechanical part, as well as the intermediary business, Mr. Egerton Castle takes upon himself to spare his wife the fatigue. Not seldom they astonish themselves by the extraor-

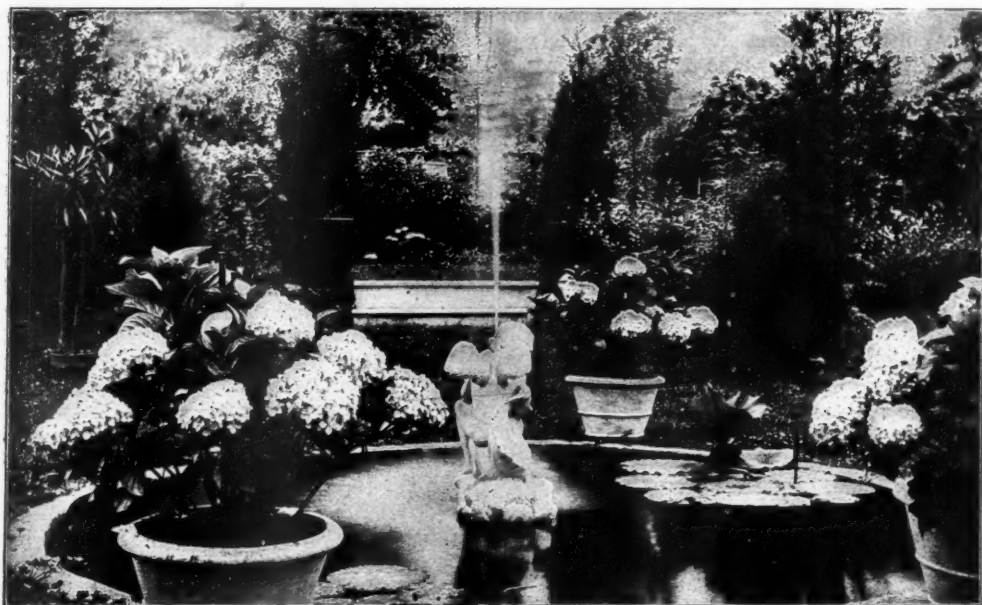
dinary frequency with which they come, through dissimilar paths, simultaneously to the same phrase in the development of an idea. To the maturing of schemes and of characterization, as well as to the preliminary talking-over of the plot, they devote considerable time, and their work often remains complete in their minds, no doubt gathering strength meanwhile by what philosophers would call "unconscious cerebration" for a long while before they begin to write a single line. Their method is the same whether for novel or for play; the scenario is

complete, and all the great scenes with their "curtain" carefully agreed upon before the work of final shaping is undertaken. Play or book? It is not always certain which will come first. "The Secret Orchard" was first written for the stage, as the admirers of Mrs. Kendall will remember; "The Pride of Jennico," on the other hand—the first romance of the authors to achieve a wide popularity—appeared primarily as a novel, but when subsequently converted into a play it ran for three seasons in America. "The Bath Comedy," again dramatized by the authors and Mr. David Belasco, under the name "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," was one of the greatest theatrical successes of many seasons in New York.



EGERTON CASTLE

## The Second "Hardy Garden" Book



THE POOL

ANY flower-lover who has read Mrs. Ely's first book will want her second volume\* on the hardy garden. The novice finds the most enticing and intelligible directions as to beginning things; the veteran finds suggestions as to finishing touches. This time the vegetable garden has its chapters as well as the flower-borders. "The æsthetic side of nature has always appealed most strongly to women. Most men who care for gardening devote themselves rather to the utilitarian side of the craft. They are deeply interested and generally successful in producing the finest vegetables and fruits, while flowers come as a secondary consideration. A woman's heart in gardening is with her flowers and shrubs and the raising of vegetables is often a propitiatory offering to the other members of the family, who might otherwise accuse her of too much attention to the merely ornamental and beautiful. . . . In taking

women through my flower garden, I have never heard one ask about the vegetable garden, but I do not remember a single instance of showing the flowers to a man who failed to inquire with a strong note of interest about the vegetable garden." Mrs. Ely has therefore planned this new book with reference to Adam's garden preferences as well as those of Eve; and the volume opens with directions how to sow and grow all possible ordinary varieties of vegetables, and even, in some cases, how to cook them. From artichokes to tomatoes the list runs, arranged alphabetically for the reader's convenience, and interspersed with such asides as the following:

"Beans are so easy to produce, that gardeners are apt to raise a larger quantity of them than of any other vegetable. A friend who has a large garden and employs several men, told me recently a story of his experience last year with beans and gardeners. He asked his head-gardener about mid-April if he had begun the vegetable garden, and the man replied, 'Not yet; it is too cold

\*ANOTHER HARDY GARDEN BOOK. By *Helena Rutherford Ely*. The Macmillan Co. New York. \$1.75.



and wet.' To a similar enquiry in mid-May the reply was, 'It is too warm and dry. As a result, little else but the prolific bean was raised that summer, all the other vegetables being sent out from town; but beans large and beans small, in great quantities, were brought in by the gardener, till finally not a member of the household would partake of them any longer. . . .

"If you want success with mushrooms, it is absolutely essential to follow the directions accurately. Few people are patient enough to do this, but will insist on making mushroom beds with various modifications of their own, and in consequence raise no mushrooms. They even say, 'It is all a matter of luck,' or 'Raising mushrooms is very difficult,' although it is simply a matter of absolutely following the rules which experience has proved to be essential. . . .

"A friend once sent me from Charleston a great basket of okra, so fresh that it seemed impossible for it to have been more than two days en route. With it she sent her colored cook's receipt for gumbo soup. It will readily be seen that it is almost a meal in itself. Put into a kettle two pounds of lean soup beef, one-half a chicken which has been jointed, a small ham bone, or a good-sized slice of lean bacon, a slice of green

pepper, and a square inch of onion. Add three quarts of water and boil, or simmer gently; skimming often for two hours. At the end of this time, add a quart and a half of okra which has first been cut into slices and fried lightly in the smallest quantity of batter possible, and add also a large potato cut into pieces, which gradually breaks and thickens the soup. An hour later, after frequent skimming, add a full quart of tomatoes and the corn cut from two large ears, and also the cobs; and continue to boil gently for yet another hour. Then remove the piece of beef, or whatever is left of it, and also the corn cobs, cut the meat from the chicken bones, returning the chicken to the soup. Add a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to flavor, and the soup is ready. Some rice boiled very dry should be served at the same time, that those who wish it may add a spoonful of it to their soup. I have been told that the Creoles usually take the gumbo at the midday déjeuner, having first some fruit, then the soup, afterwards a salad, followed by cheese and coffee, which is certainly an ideal meal for a summer's day. It is a pity that so few housekeepers in the North know okra either as a vegetable, stewed, or in gumbo soup,



THE LILY GARDEN IN AURATUM TIME

for it is a delicious dish. There are full directions not only how to grow peas, in this same chapter, but how to cook them in the French way, concerning which the author says, that "if they have once been eaten as the French cook them, the American boiled peas will never again be seen on the table."

Mrs. Ely "comes down to dots" on her

room, of course. But after reading what Mrs. Ely has to say about vegetables, the reader wants them all, even Brussels sprouts, which she herself considers "horrid things," and grows "only as a concession to a certain member of the family who adores them." It is a pity that there are no photographs of the vegetable garden or the fruit-trees; but the text about them is delightfully interesting even by itself.



THE PINK EGYPTIAN LOTUS

vegetable garden advice. She computes that all the seeds (excepting potatoes) for a vegetable garden capable of supplying a family of eight or ten can be bought for ten or twelve dollars; and that a plot of ground twenty feet by thirty will yield enough tomatoes, cauliflowers, eggplants, peppers, lettuce, and parsley for eight persons; corn and potatoes and asparagus take more

would be cherries in June and apples in October, and always, but particularly in winter, the two sturdy evergreens would be a daily joy." Grapes and berries and melons are all treated of in a practical way for the home garden.

As in the "Woman's Hardy Garden" lists of satisfactory and hardy flowers are given, so in this book such lists of fruit-trees, berry-

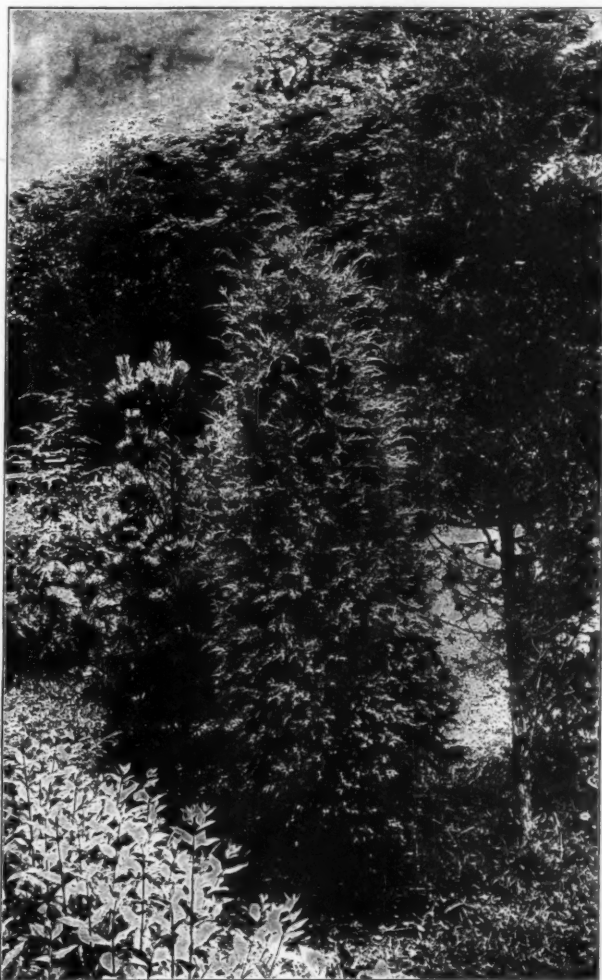
"I have always believed," says Mrs. Ely, in her chapter on fruits, "that a woman, thrown on her own resources, could make a living from a few acres of land, by the culture of asparagus, for which there is always a demand exceeding the supply, and of small fruits. If she had also a cellar where mushrooms could be raised, and would cultivate them, first in a small way until she had gained the necessary knowledge and experience for their extensive culture, she would make a gratifying addition to her income." Orchards are not dealt with, in this book, but only fruit-trees for the home garden, which, it is comfortingly remarked, "are more likely to be free from disease than where they are grown by thousands in great orchards. A man can easily spray all the trees in a home garden in a forenoon, and the other necessary work in in caring for them takes but a short time. I have often thought that if he had room for but six trees, one of them should be an apple tree, one a red cherry, and the others would be a locust, a catalpa, a white pine, and a hemlock spruce. The four deciduous trees would give us blossoms in May and June, with cool shade throughout the summer; there

bushes, trees, and vines fill some of the pages, and will be welcomed even by gardeners of experience as summing up things. "Six trees comparatively free from the attacks of insects, living to great age, and giving fine shade," "four of the best hardy tall growing evergreens," "six of the hardest vines that will withstand very low temperature," and so on, are among them. The six vines are comparatively easy to remember, as having only one strictly botanical name among them (if the reader is of the type of the despairing woman who said she "never in her life had been able to remember but two botanical names—one of them was *Aurora Borealis*, and the other *Delirium Tremens!*") and are bittersweet, *Clematis paniculata*, *Euonymus radicans*, sweet-scented wild grape, Virginia creeper and wistaria.

Veterans and novices alike will find the suggestions as to flower-borders of one color valuable and inspiring. Hollyhocks form the background of the white, the pink, and the red borders. As there are no blue hollyhocks, pale yellow ones are planted behind the blue border. In this latter are to be four or more clumps of blue columbines, with four to six in a clump; German and Japanese iris, in the same proportion; Larkspur, which, being cut down the moment the bloom is over, will produce three crops of flowers during the season; blue Canterbury bells, platycodon, *Veronica* and monkshood, and *Verbena venosa*. With these perennials, blue ageratum, asters, and centaurea should be planted in annually. Mrs. Ely does not mention the tiny sky-blue commilena, which might edge such a blue border, and which is one of the most valuable plants for such a purpose. Its pretty leaf and profuse flower are dear to all who have ever had it in their gardens, and it is as hardy and persevering as possible.

A pink border requires *Spirea palmata*

*elegans*, pink phlox in various shades, rubrum lilies, agrastema, carnations, asters, pink balsam, *Phlox Drummondii* and pink gladioli. (Why not tulips and peonies, one wonders?) The white border asks for *Boconia cordata*, foxgloves, white Canterbury bells, *Hyacinthus candidans*, white platycodons, Japanese iris, white rockets, phlox, asters, album lilies, white balsam, sweet sultan and gladioli. In the red border, scarlet lychnis, cardinal flower, rel



THREE EVERGREEN TREES DUG FROM THE WOODS

penstemon, *Spnea palmata*, tritomas, scarlet phlox, poppies, salvia, cannas, red asters cockseomb, and gladioli are advised. Ye'

low and purple borders are suggested, but no list of plants given—the reader wishes there had been.

One thing Mrs. Ely insists upon as much as in her first book is the preparation of the soil, thoroughly and deeply. "In this lies the great secret of success in gardening. Make it deep and rich and light, giving to

put the enrichment on top of the ground?' If you make a garden with the beds but a foot in depth, the plants may struggle along for a year. But look at them the second year, and see their stunted condition and poor bloom, and in comparing such a garden with one properly made, the answer is found."



A SINGLE BLOSSOM OF WHITE JAPANESE IRIS

the plants the food they require, and with weekly cultivation and an occasional soaking to the roots if the garden be dry, you cannot fail to have a successful garden. People continually ask me 'What is the use of making the beds deep?' and 'Why not

The directions as to transplanting trees, shrubs and vines from country road and farm and woodland to one's garden are full and useful. How many ordinary gardeners know, for instance, that the young cedar has at first a tap-root out of all proportion



to its height? "A cedar five or six feet in height will be generally easier to transplant than one of but three feet, for the tap-root will have been absorbed, in the larger tree." Trees and plants, of course, from the countryside near the garden are apt to flourish in it because they are native to its climate and soil. "I care infinitely more," says Mrs. Ely, "for the trees, deciduous and evergreen, the rhododendrons and other things that I have had transplanted from the woods and fields, and succeeded in making happy in their new home, than for anything we have bought from nurserymen. When you have once acquired the taste for transplanting from the country side, there is no overcoming the desire. You become more observant, and when walking or driving you look upon the trees, vines, shrubs, and flowering plants along the road or in the fields with an eye to bringing them home some day."

One of the most charming chapters is on "A Garden of Lilies and Iris," and the planning of the pool; the beds, the wall and drain, the choosing of the bulbs, etc., is fascinating reading, while the picture shows the completed result. For those who can have no pool or pond, there is yet hope, for a kerosene barrel sawed in half and sunk in the ground to the rim, in some sunny spot directly in front of shrubbery or evergreens, will make a home for the nelumbium or pink Egyptian lotus, or the pond lily, not at all to be despised. It must be half filled with soil, the lilies planted two inches deep,

two inches of sand added, then the barrel filled up with water, and replenished from time to time. The only objection to this appears to be that mosquitoes might be raised in greater quantities than the lilies—but perhaps the kerosene barrel is designed to repel them. A truly feminine touch is given in speaking of the English ivy growing close around the pool, "which, as it grows, is fastened down with hairpins, those most valuable implements." In the pool, the goldfish are expected to devour the mosquito larvæ, so that it has none of the possible disadvantage of the barrel.

With the two hardy garden volumes side by side on the shelf, there is very little the ordinary gardener wants to know that is unprovided for. Yet we hope Mrs. Ely will go on writing garden books—she does it so well, and gets so much of the atmosphere of her bounteous, sunshiny garden into the pages. She has created her own circle of readers, and started thousands of hardy gardens over the land by her advice and teaching. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor, what of the woman who makes a dozen flower-borders start up where no flower-border ever was thought of. Is not to strew the country with gardens almost as praiseworthy as to stud it with libraries? One certainly learns more from a garden than from the ten best selling books of the year. So "here's hoping" that Mrs. Ely will find more in her inkstand before she gets through.

E. P. B.





*Courtesy of the National Magazine*

THE LATE LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPANESE DRESS

## When We Two Walked in Arcady

When we two walked in Arcady  
 How sweet the summers were!  
 How thick the branches overhead,  
 How soft the grass beneath our tread,  
 And thickets where the sun burned red  
 Were full of wings astir, my dear,  
 When we two walked in Arcady  
 Through paths young hearts prefer.

Since we two walked in Arcady  
 (How long ago it seems!)  
 High hopes have died disconsolate;  
 The calm-eyed angel men call Fate  
 Stands with drawn sword before the gate  
 That shuts out all our dreams, my dear;  
 Since we two walked in Arcady  
 Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady  
 The little brooks are dry.  
 The brown grass rustles in the heat,  
 The roads are rough beneath our feet,  
 Above our heads no branches meet,  
 And yet, although we sigh, my dear,  
 Beyond the woods of Arcady  
 We see more of the sky!

*Caroline Duer in Scribner's.*

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## Lafcadio Hearn: a Dreamer\*

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By Yone Noguchi, Tokio, Japan

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So little is definitely known of the personality of the late Lafcadio Hearn, one of the shyest and most retiring of literary characters, that any details concerning him are of interest and value. The following article, reprinted by permission from the April number of the "National Magazine," is in the nature of a personal reminiscence by one of his countrymen by adoption, and is accordingly a valuable contribution to the meager knowledge of this unusual man.

HE was like a figure painted by a French impressionist. He was a man who found his joy and love in stars. He was a dreamer. If he had written poetry! His fancies always wandered among the roads of the heavens. He had a distinguished passion and a genius clear like a looking-glass, which enabled him to express things in more exquisite form and with more crystal touch than was in reality in themselves. He had a pen few writers, indeed, could handle. His work for Japan and the Japanese was greater, doubtless, than Sir Edwin Arnold's, than Professor Chamberlain's or Professor Aston's, all of whom have done work for which Japan is grateful eternally. But what a hermit was Lafcadio Hearn! He was never what is termed sociable. All of his thoughts and fancies cannot be said to have been wholesome, nor was his judgment altogether fair. But the influence he had upon his students—those more close to him than any else in Japan—was great and inspiring. He taught

\*Copyright, 1905, by the "National Magazine."

them to love the beautiful and the good, and above all to have warm sympathies with the world of men. Prof. S. Uchigasaki of the Waseda University in Tokio, was one of Hearn's students when the poet-writer was teaching at the Imperial University. "I studied under him from 1898 to 1902," said Professor Uchigasaki. "He lectured between nine and twelve hours a week and not one of us felt that his hours were ever too long. On the contrary, we always grieved that they could not be longer. It was universally known that he hated to see anyone at his home, but he was another person in his lecture room, being most exceedingly kind and diligent. He never missed in his duties as a professor at the university, attending every day and never being late for even one hour. He usually carried a small note-book in the classroom, which had in it, however, only some name of a book or author, the date and a few other simple things, and he gave us the lectures—such remarkable lectures that we will not easily forget—entirely from his

memory. His memory was indeed wonderful. Sometimes there were a few written lectures, criticism on poetry, the history of English literature, the outline of European literature and others, most beautifully written in themselves and full of interest and charming with a grace of style. He taught us to see the creation of Almighty God."

It was some fourteen or fifteen years ago—in the summer of 1890, I believe—that Lafcadio Hearn first landed in Japan. And he became a teacher at once in the Matsue Middle School in the Province of Izumo.

He was a man of silence and meditation. Nobody was told why he came to Japan. He had, however, a certain Eastern blood, since his mother was a Greek. He naturally wished to be in the real East and study it. And then, too, he was ambitious to make of Japan his own field, as Stevenson made of Samoa, as Charles Warren Stoddard did of Hawaii. He was most fortunate to find himself in the province of Izumo to begin his Japanese study, for, as everyone knows, Izumo is supposed to be the oldest place in Japan, and it is the seat of Oyashiro, the greatest Shinto shrine. It was the original place of the Shinto religion, so in the study of old Japan Lafcadio Hearn could not have chosen a better place. He was supremely glad to be in Matsue; that was his first love—of Japanese places. And it is beautiful there, for the Great Bridge river, Ohashi Gawa, runs through the center of the town to the lake. And there by the lake shore are giant old pines and cedars, thick as laurel tangle, and over their summits is seen the roof of an ancient castle.

So here Lafcadio Hearn stayed and studied every phase of Japan, closely, sincerely, minutely, as was his way. The fruits of his Matsue and Izumo wanderings appeared in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." When these sketches were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* he became recognized as one of the best descriptive writers of the English-speaking world.

It was while he was a teacher at Matsue that he married the daughter of an ancient samurai family, Setsu Koizumi, and he adopted the name of his wife; thus he is spoken of always in Japan as Mr. Koizumi. From the Matsue school he removed to the Higher Middle School of Kumamoto, in the province of Higo. Here it was that his oldest boy, Kazuo, was born. Upon leaving Kumamoto some time later, Mr. Hearn became the

editor of the *Kobe Chronicle*. And soon after he came to Tokio to occupy a chair of English literature at the Imperial University, and from the Imperial University, two years ago, he resigned to take a position in the Waseda University, which position he held at the time of his death in September last.

His history is tumultuous and sad. He was born at Leucadio, on Santa Mora island, one of the Ionian group, of Greece, on June 27, 1850. It was the home of Sappho. Lafcadio, Mr. Hearn's Christian name, was the Greek pronunciation of Leucadio. His father was a military surgeon, an Irishman from Dublin in the service of the British army. He had been ordered to Greece when occasional troubles there demanded the presence of European armies. He fell in love with a Greek girl whose parents and relations would not recognize him, and who planned to break off their communication at any cost. The story is told—I do not know how true it is—that her brothers waylaid him by a mountain road and attacked him, nearly killing him. He fell, from the sudden blow on his head, and was left there. But later he escaped. Some have said that the Greek girl found him and nursed him back to life. However it be, the two were married secretly on the eve of his departure for Leucadio, where he was ordered. And from that union sprang Lafcadio Hearn. He used often to say that he had one younger brother, but did not know where he was, nor even whether or not he was alive.

When Lafcadio Hearn's father was called back to Dublin he took his wife, so young and beautiful, and his two boys. The young wife was extremely shy and dreaded to meet strangers. Our Lafcadio Hearn inherited his sensitive temperament from his own mother. She rarely went out and disliked to learn English. The little boys she dressed always in the Greek style and they even wore earrings, Mr. Hearn said. They attracted much comment and attention, and on the street wherever they went they were stared at. So also was their mother. She carried a Greek atmosphere wherever she went, but she acted very like an Englishwoman. She was lovely to her husband and to the two old ladies who were his aunts, and there were some sweet years.

Then there happened a catastrophe which abruptly broke up the family.

We are not told what it was nor how it



happened, but only that Lafcadio Hearn never forgave his father because he divorced the Greek wife and married an Englishwoman. Later Lafcadio's father was sent to India by the government, where he died from fever. The two little boys were left in the care of their great-aunts. Their own mother married the Greek lawyer who had advocated her case, and left Great Britain forever.

The two gentle old ladies were devout Catholics, and they decided to educate Lafcadio Hearn for the priesthood. As there were no other heirs by the second marriage of his father, considerable money was left. Lafcadio was sent to Paris when he was fourteen years old, to a Catholic school. Here it was that he learned how to write and speak French in so masterly a manner. But he disliked the Catholic education and the Catholic temperament. He secretly decided that he would not become a priest. More than that, he became radically opposed to Christianity and conceived some striking repugnance to western world education. And he leaned toward the old, sweet customs of Japan. All this in secret. He did not speak out to the two old ladies because they were so earnest and so pious. But in his nineteenth year he suddenly received news that the guardian of the Hearn property had failed and everything was swept away. There was not one cent left for him, he was told. However, he was glad for this for one reason, that he could be free like a butterfly.

He sailed to America to find his fortune. He landed in New York and wandered from there to Cincinnati, and from there to New Orleans. He became a printer by trade, and

later a reporter and editor. Many interesting stories of his life are told among the American newspaper men, but Lafcadio Hearn seldom spoke of his experiences, only to speak of America, the northern portion, as the "bitter mother." His Greek temperament and French culture became frost-bitten as a flower in the North. He could not possibly stand the severity. So he sought and found comfort in the southern cities, and for some years he settled in New Orleans. Here he began to make his translations from the French authors, Daudet, Pierre Loti and others. Some of these were published by Brentano of New York. They were said to be almost equal to the original in the true meaning. Then he was sent to the West Indies by Harper's, and his studies there were considered remarkable in descriptive power and delicacy. His name became speedily recognized. Long before we had him in Japan Lafcadio Hearn was well known as a literary artist. He was given a richness in passion and imagination from a Greek mother and an Irish father. And he was educated in France and he lived in the sweet old South of America. And his temperament and fancies became richer and more luxuriant. What a soft wind blows in the South! Such a passion! Such an imagination! One in the South will not fear the sublimity of the Universe, perhaps, but he will be eternally drunk in mystery and sacredness of God's creation.

He will cry—touched by the secret of humanity. He will laugh loud by the music of the Southern seas.

So—Lafcadio Hearn!

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## The Wonders of Life

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"THE Wonders of Life"\* is not a work complete in itself, but is supplementary to Professor Haeckel's "The Riddle of the Universe." So the author states in the preface. In fact, however, it may be regarded as also supplementary to the "General Morphology" (1866), "The History of Creation" (1868), and the "Anthropology" (1874), for constant reference is made to these volumes, and

\*THE WONDERS OF LIFE. By Ernst Haeckel. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

the reader cannot well follow the argument unless he is more or less acquainted with these previous works of the biologist of Jena. The present volume has also another point of interest. In it the author takes leave of the field of philosophy, saying: "It is not only a necessary supplement to the *Riddle*, but at the same time my last philosophic work. At the end of my seventieth year I would supply some of the defects of the *Riddle*, answer some of the most stringent criticisms directed against it, and, as far as

possible, complete the philosophy of life at which I have worked for half a century." No one, whether he agrees with all Professor Haeckel deduces from his investigations or not, can deny the magnitude and importance of his work, or decline to wish him more years in which to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*.

The interest with which the reading world has regarded the philosophy of life formulated by Haeckel may be gathered from the fact, which is stated in the preface to this book, that ten thousand copies of the first German edition of "The Riddle of the Universe" were sold, one hundred thousand copies of the first popular and cheap edition in German, and an equal number of the cheap popular English edition. Even popular fiction has found this abstruse philosophy a formidable rival. From the widely spread readers of the work the author received no less than five thousand letters, evidently of sympathy, approval and inquiry, while there was a flood of adverse criticism expressed in books, lectures and pamphlets. In the "Wonders of Life" we have Professor Haeckel's answers to the letters and the criticisms.

It is not probable that the present work will be as popular as the one which it supplements. It is necessarily scientific, for proofs must be scientific, and scientific investigations and inductions cannot well be described in popular language. "The physical basis of life," as Huxley called protoplasm, can only be discussed in scientific terms, and the philosophy of the ultimate must perforce involve much that is scholastic. The reader, therefore, must be prepared for excursions into regions far beyond the limits of the senses—in fact, into those of purely scientific hypotheses. Whether he will care to follow the author there is a matter for him to decide; but if he does not, he should clearly understand that the "popular" tendency to accept as truths new and startling statements simply upon the "authority" of the one who makes the statements is not scientific. It seems necessary to say so much, because of certain inferences of vital interest to each one of us, which the author of "The Riddle of the Universe" and "The Wonders of Life" claims to make legitimately from his philosophical reasoning. At present, there are only Professor Haeckel's conclusions, liable at any moment to be controverted.

To say the truth, Professor Haeckel is not

always as clear as he might be. Thus, he says that "the problem of substance" is the "riddle of the universe." This is certainly a striking, and true, way of expressing the matter; but that word "substance" is a strange one. Around it have raged all the wars of philosophy ever since the rise of philosophic teaching. There are several definitions, or, rather, descriptions, of it, and Professor Haeckel does not tell us what he means by it. All that we can gather incidentally from the book is that "substance" here is an entity standing behind phenomena. Now, this "substance" is either subject to law or imposes law, for: "Substance alone is eternal and unchangeable, whether we call this all-embracing world-being Nature, or Cosmos, or God, or World-spirit. The law of substance teaches us that it reveals itself to us in a variety of forms, but that its essential attributes, matter and energy, are constant. All individual forms of substance are doomed to destruction." If I understand this aright, and I have my doubts, it means that a form of the eternal "substance," possessing the essential attributes of "substance," is doomed to *destruction*. But "matter and energy are constant."

Again, "The two knowable attributes or inalienable properties of substance, without which it is unthinkable, were described by Spinoza as extension and thought; we speak of them as matter and force. The 'extended' (space-occupying) is matter; and in Spinoza "thought does not mean a particular function of the human brain, but energy in the broadest sense. While hyloistic monism conceives the human soul in this sense as a special form of energy, the current dualism or vitalism affirms, on the authority of Kant, that psychic and physical forces are essentially different; that the former belong to the immaterial and the latter to the material world."

Does the professor adopt Spinoza with the change of "thought" to "force"? Does he substitute "soul" for "thought"? and if so, what does it matter what Kant says?

The attitude of the mind of the reader toward "The Wonders of Life" would under any circumstances be a peculiar one, for the monism of Haeckel is well understood to be a new philosophy. If the author of "The Wonders of Life" had contented himself with stating more fully that monism, with his remarks on cell structure and cell func-

tion, the volume would have been treasured by the biologist and evolutionist. But he has imported other matters into it. There would have been no objection to his having one good fling at Kant and his school, but he knocks them down only to set them up again to have the pleasure of knocking them down once more. "The personality of God, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will" and the "categorical imperative" haunt him. He seems never able to close his eyes to them, but must fight them over and over again. This is a blot on the book and robs it of much of its scientific and philosophical value.

Let us, however, look at the scheme of philosophy. The treatment of the problem of life comprises four sections: (1) Methodological section: Knowledge of Life, dealing with Truth, Life, Miracles, the Science of Life, and Death. (2) Morphological section: Nature of Life, treating of Plasm, Unities of Life, Forms of Life, and Monera. (3) Physiological section: Functions of Life, including Nutrition, Reproduction, Movement, Sensation, and Mental Life. (4) Genealogical section: History of Life, covering its Origin and Evolution, its Value, the Nature of Morality, and the two philosophies of its explanation, Dualism and Monism. It would be difficult to imagine a better scheme for the discussion of a Philosophy of Life.

The main idea of the whole is monism, of which Professor Haeckel says: "The form of monism which I take to be the most complete expression of the general truth is called hylozoism. This expresses the fact that all substance has two fundamental attributes: as matter (hyle) it occupies space, and as force or energy it is endowed with sensation." This "sensation," however, is not our psychological sensation, for it is "unconscious." "The basis of it is the mutual relation of the chemical elements which we call chemical affinity." Now, no one can deny that matter has extension—that is, it occupies space; and science demonstrates that various forms of matter have affinities in varying degree for other forms. But, from the way in which Professor Haeckel has conducted the discussion, we have a right to ask: How comes it that "substance" reveals itself in a variety of forms as matter, which, when brought into the presence of each other manifest their energy of affinity? Is "substance" the First Cause? Monistic philosophy only an-

swers that "substance" is eternal and has attributes.

It is true that we can analyze albumin and can form a satisfactory hypothesis about the conditions under which it was formed upon the earth's surface from its several compounds. We may even form it synthetically. But until we can synthetically produce "aqueous living plasm," not merely colloids which are devoid of essential vital functions, we cannot safely say that life is merely the result of matter exercising monistic "sensation." To deny the existence of a vital principle which is distinct from the two attributes of substance, matter and energy, because matter under certain conditions produces the inorganic and non-vital organic, and to assert that vital action in its essence, instead of in its manifestation, is dependent upon matter, are, in the present state of knowledge, to say the least, premature. We can neither assert nor deny scientifically that a vital principle exists functionally only in those forms of matter which are known to our present means of investigation. How, then, can we absolutely deny that the soul is capable of existence apart from the form of matter which has made it manifest?

From the very dawn of history, and possibly for ages previously, certain individuals of the human race, by exercising volition toward this or that line of conduct, by seizing the opportunity at the critical moment, have towered above the average of their fellows as marvels of human evolution. Individualities of surpassing grandeur have thus borne testimony to the power of one function of life—the will. Have we the right or the knowledge to say that the volition which achieved such results was compulsory and not free, that it was "fated"? It may be true that "it is only the complicated mechanism of the advanced brain structure in the higher animals, in conjunction with the differentiated sense-organs on the one side and the muscles on the other, that accomplishes the purposive and deliberate actions which we are accustomed to call acts of will." "Mechanism!" But what affords the motive power to the mechanism? Monism only refers us to matter and energy, attributes of "substance."

I have tried to be fair in this criticism. I have not selected passages because I thought them assailable, but because they appeared to me to be suggestive of the tone, the object and the manner of arriving at con-

clusions of Professor Haeckel's book. The work is not a good specimen of philosophical writing, for it is too aggressive, too prone to dogmatic infallibility. Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and many another mentioned in the work *may have been mistaken*; but we must still italicize the "*may have been*." I have carefully avoided bringing in religious belief, for the scientist does not regard this as within the scope of his investigations. Professor Haeckel tells us that he lost his when

only fourteen, simply because he did not realize what many hold to be an error. There are scientists, however, who still hold that science and faith will find a reconciliation some day. Haeckelian philosophy does not tend in that direction. Adherents, however, of more conservative philosophies which, so far, explain the riddle of the universe will continue to hold them as provisionally adequate, until we find one that is all-sufficient.  
Robert Blight.

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## E m m a n u e l      B u r d e n

### A      S a t i r e      o f      M o d e r n      B u s i n e s s

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THE M'Korio Delta Development Company, into which Mr. Emmanuel Burden was drawn, largely by his son Cosmo, the tool of Mr. Barnett, foreign Jew, may be regarded as the symbol of the madcap enterprises in colonial development with which England has often been afflicted. In essence, as a literary device, it is very like the schemes of American promoters, the house lots in the Florida Everglades, the gold-mines in Maine, railroads in unsettled parts—merely an enterprise of faith, backed by splendid offices and control of the press, but owning nothing of value.

Mr. Hillaire Belloc's book\* is like a breath out of another century. A satire in fact, a biography in form, it is surely a book which deserves success, and one, too, which should gratify such as deplore our present reading tastes. Probably it will never go widely in the United States, which opens a curiously interesting phase of the Anglo-American relation.

The book of the hour in America is often little noted abroad, and with us, though always published hopefully, a successful English book is likely to find small favor. The two countries have many books in common. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Shakespeare, are read with equal love on both sides of the Atlantic. Poe and Cooper are even more popular in England than in America.

\*EMMANUEL BURDEN, MERCHANT OF THAMES STREET, IN THE CITY OF LONDON, EXPORTER OF HARDWARE. *A Record of His Lineage, Speculations, Last Days and Death.* By Hillaire Belloc. With Thirty-four Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

An American editor sojourning in a north county found Sheldon's "In His Steps" the only known American book. "David Harum" made little progress abroad, comparatively speaking, and "Emmanuel Burden," called "the hit of the season" in London, has not received one-quarter of the recognition it deserves here. Our American magazines have some sales in England, and at least two popular English monthlies are reproduced in special form here with success. Yet, broadly speaking, the same language does not make for a like taste in reading. Nor does an extended examination of the rank and file of English novels show any elevation of reading taste over and above our own.

Aside from such natural incongruities as when an English publisher tried to issue a popular robin story only to discover that the British robin is a very different bird, there seems to be no real reason for this. Too many books enjoy equal popularity in both countries to make any establishment of a reason possible; for surely local interest can play little part. No books could be more absolutely local in plot, color and aim than those of Thackeray and Dickens.

Mr. Belloc's book is equally so, yet, like them, so general in its underlying purpose as to make it readable to a Turk. If it were not a book so worthy of reading, so clever in its satire, and yet so astonishingly pleasant with all of its hard blows, the fact need not be deplored. That "Emmanuel Burden" is not widely popular as yet is unfortunate.

Satire is so rare nowadays, and when it comes it so usually reveals the prejudice and



hatred of its author as to make it fail in its purpose. Swift, an Irishman with a club, hitting every head in sight, avoided this reaction from the very interest of his tale. Children read parts of "The Voyage to Lilliput" and the other travels with the interest of fairy stories, yet when Swift measures human vices and folly by these imaginative standards we see his contempt and hatred of man. Thackeray, mounting his pulpit, preaches frankly, as if the moral of his satire were not evident enough, and the majority of us skip a page now and then. Mr. Belloc thrusts with the delicacy of an expert fencer, yet with all the effectiveness, too. He runs the wildcat business man through and through and never loses his identity as a stodgy British biographer.

His is the method of frank and straightforward praise, such as might veil the true meaning from the sleepy reader, until you find him praising a harelip in the same pleasant terms. There are descriptions of men, too, which never reveal anything but pleasant feeling until a slow consciousness is somehow induced that when Mr. Belloc says "The contour of his nose was not accentuated" he means more than is writ, and the caricature stands out as clearly as in Chesterton's thirty-four drawings which accompany the text. Somehow, though, these caricatures are necessary, when you have once seen them, yet without them the mind would not go astray. It is a subtle and very difficult method of satire, yet splendidly done.

Though Emmanuel Burden is the main character of the story, Cosmo is the life of it. Cosmo was a son, who "had never enjoyed such health as his sisters. The first months of his life had been marred by the use of an artificial food improper to the sustenance of infants, but honestly recommended by the old family doctor, who had so firm a faith in its virtues as to have accepted an interest in its sale. One effect of the nutriment was to make the child large and heavy beyond his years, a physical characteristic which he preserved throughout his life. It had also, however, the result of weakening his heart, and permanently impairing his digestion."

Thus Cosmo is handled, with only a friendly word of reprimand now and then, just to break the monotony of the praise of his father's biographer, but the whole picture is of a boy grown into as selfish, lazy, over-

confident a young fool as ever was given to the world. Yet Mr. Belloc never tells you this.

The M'Korio Delta was a marshy, fever-stricken African port which the promoters held to be the "gate-way to Africa." These men, proud of the destiny of the British Empire and deploring the conservatism of "Little England," found Emmanuel Burden, Merchant of Thames Street and a lover of "Little England," in control of the trade there and Mr. Abbott, of the Abbott Line, of the only steamers that touched at the port, and that under government subsidy.

Mr. Barnett, heavy with flesh, an aged Jew, yet a man in whom "the destiny of the Empire seemed to rest," gained intimacy with Cosmo, son of Emmanuel Burden. Through Cosmo, and by patient processes, Mr. Burden became a member of the M'Korio Delta Development Co.

When this germ of the "Empire dream" had fertilized, Mr. Burden, in due course, approached his intimate friend, Abbott.

Perhaps it is well, in order to understand the method of Mr. Belloc's satire, to give here this interview. Emmanuel Burden was the conservative type of English business man who gains and increases an old and established business, who does it without noise and advertising, who simply plods along methodically yet shrewdly. We hear more in this country, as in England, of the successful business gamblers and jobbers of the stock market, men whose very daring, crowned with success, appeals to us. But we know in our hearts that our business stability rests on the many conservative (some call them old-fashioned) offices of long-established and most prosperous firms. Mr. Burden was such a man, and Mr. Abbott, fighting the steamship trust, was another. Yet it is characteristic of Mr. Belloc's method that Mr. Burden, unconsciously aiding a gigantic swindle, is painted as a shrewd and advanced man, while the biographer deplores the "coarseness of mind" and other brutal qualities of Abbott.

Mr. Burden went to Mr. Abbott to discuss the company and to gain Mr. Abbott's support. With such support the scheme, already catching in England like a prairie fire, would be without important opposition.

"I have come to ask you what you think of the M'Korio," said Mr. Burden.

"It stinks," said Mr. Abbott decisively.

"He shut his mouth upon the words like a gin; put his hands firmly upon the desk, as does a man upon a rudder bar, and looked up to Mr. Burden.

"'Whole country stinks. You've known places that stink. Barking level stinks. Out there, by God, the whole place stinks. Big as Yorkshire—I've been there, mind you, and you haven't. Not a square yard but stinks!'

"Mr. Burden, crossing his arms, and tapping the oil cloth with his left foot, answered, with quiet dignity, that Mr. Abbott's words implied an insult to his friends, to himself, and he might add, to the Empire.

"Mr. Abbott's only reply was to draw his forefinger rapidly across his nose—a gesture to which he was most unfortunately addicted—to clench his fist, and to strike the table before him.

"'The Empire?' said Mr. Abbott, just as a man might say 'the giant Blunderbore?' then he continued, more quietly: 'Burden, you're going mad.'

"'Perhaps you do not know that they have found gold?' (This Mr. Burden said, for it was one of Barnett's theories that there was gold there, even in the marshes.)

"'GOLD!' roared, bellowed, thundered Mr. Abbott. He blew out a great breath, and whispered at the end of it: 'Oh Lord in Heaven!'

Practically Mr. Abbott alone retained his head in the mad whirl of English popular enthusiasm. The stock rose tremendously. It had setbacks, some of which Abbott caused, and this brought the wrath of the syndicate down on Abbott and the Abbott Line. They hounded and crippled him as best they could in the "interests of Empire." And then he wrote to Burden. This was the first Mr. Burden knew of the methods of his associates. He broke with them, but he chose the first day after a long illness, and the strain caused his immediate death. Only by hints do we know that the affair prospered thereafter, but how long is left to conjecture.

It was just before the boycotting process that the magnificent Cosmo went to Mr. Abbott, on a fearfully hot day, to drive him in. Here is Cosmo facing the angry Abbott, and here, too, is the biographer's method; for somehow there is never a doubt but what

Abbott is right, though you cannot find how Mr. Belloc tells you of it.

So Cosmo faced the lion. He looked him straight in the eye, an effort which cost him pain, and said, "'I think you know why I have come.'"

Mr. Abbott parried him with trivialities, but Mr. Belloc tells us that Cosmo held himself in hand magnificently, until at length he resolved upon the masterly method, this poor overgrown Cosmo, of giant stature and weak heart, of lumbering body and clumsy mind—he resolved to tame the man by fear.

"'Mr. Abbott,' he said, 'it is twenty-five minutes past eleven; if I do not know before half past that you are coming in, I shall go, and our plans will be made accordingly.'

"'And then the band played,' answered Mr. Abbott with exquisite vulgarity.

"It was his theory (a theory which had so far controlled him in this change of views) that a man should never lose his temper. He gave way to passion as little as possible. Three times a week, perhaps, or five at the utmost. Upon this occasion he struggled with himself; in less than a moment came what is inevitable with men of Mr. Abbott's hopeless type; he exploded.

"'And then the band played,' he repeated somewhat inconsequently, 'And then the —! —! —! band played!' With each repetition, his face got redder and redder and his voice rose, not very loudly, but souging as do the boughs of trees at the beginning of a storm.

"'And then by —! the —! —! —! —! band played!' (Every adjective was varied.) 'Oh Lord' (striking the desk), 'If you weren't his son! and if I hadn't—well, known you ever since you were a little whining prig of a boy, I'd throw you out of this little window; I would! Out of this little—side window. This dirty little, —little —, —, side window. As it is, I'll do nothing more than throw you down the stairs!'

Cosmo retained his strength enough to back away to the door, not daring to turn, and in the words of Mr. Belloc:

"As a light gun, retreating, fires one last, sharp, angry shell: 'Then we will freeze you out.' With the last syllable of that final phrase he slammed the door and rippled down the stairs."

The picture of this flight and the wrath of the old steamship man are splendidly drawn. But you must read the book to appreciate them.

Martin M. Foss.

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## "The Lengthened Shadow of a Man"

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I  
**T**HE recent and very earnest discussion of whether the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions ought to accept Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000, because of the repeated denunciations of his administration of the Standard Oil Company; the probability that this discussion will be revived during the session of the General Congregational Council in September, and the likelihood that the Federal investigation of that company's business methods will reveal facts which will provoke still further controversy—make timely an extended consideration of the most recent account of the development of the Standard and of Mr. Rockefeller's business policies. This account is embodied in Miss Tarbell's "*History of the Standard Oil Company*."\* Of the honesty of Miss Tarbell's purpose to write *history*, in the accurate sense of that term, we believe that her fair-minded readers will be convinced. The personal touch appears on her pages very infrequently, and then only in the form of the kind of interpretation which illuminates, without distorting facts. She has made discriminating use of much material already published in other ways, and she has enriched this material by much original and painstaking research. With unusual literary skill she has welded this mass of statistics, facts and statements into a convincing and readable narrative, which certainly deserves the careful consideration of every thoughtful American. All this matter bulks so large, and its importance and interest are so considerable, that we shall divide our review of it into two instalments, treating only the first volume of the "*History*" in this number of *Current Literature*, and the second in our July issue. But even under this arrangement we shall be unable to do more than to sketch some of the chief and most striking results of Miss Tarbell's investigation.

There is an interesting opening chapter entitled "*The Birth of an Industry*," which tells of the first uses made of petroleum—

"first a curiosity and then a medicine"—and of the development of the means of getting it from the earth (in the "*Oil Regions*" of northwestern Pennsylvania) once its value as an illuminant came to be well understood. In the next chapter, "*The Rise of the Standard Oil Company*," there are interesting glimpses of Mr. Rockefeller's character and of his business mind. In his own words (as quoted by Miss Tarbell) this is how he learned the value of saving money: "Among the early experiences that were helpful to me that I recollect with pleasure was one in working a few days for a neighbour in digging potatoes—a very enterprising, thrifty farmer, who could dig a great many potatoes. I was a boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, and it kept me very busy from morning until night. It was a ten-hour day. And as I was saving these little sums I soon learned that I could get as much interest for fifty dollars loaned at seven per cent.—the legal rate in the State of New York at that time for one year—as I could earn by digging potatoes for 100 days. The impression was gaining ground with me that it was a good thing to let the money be my slave and not make myself a slave to money." Farther along the author gives us these additional side-lights on Mr. Rockefeller's character; "'John always got the best of the bargain,' old men tell you in Cleveland to-day, and they wince though they laugh in telling it. . . . To drive a good bargain was the joy of his life. 'The only time I ever saw John Rockefeller enthusiastic,' a man told the writer once, 'was when a report came in from the creek that his buyer had secured a cargo of oil much below the market price. He bounded from his chair with a shout of joy, danced up and down, hugged me, threw up his hat, acted so like a madman that I have never forgotten it.'"

It was in 1855 that Mr. Rockefeller got his first position, that of a bookkeeper in Cleveland, whence his father had moved (from a farm in Tioga County, N. Y., in 1839), and, says Miss Tarbell: "He proved an admirable accountant—one of the early-and-late sort, who saw everything, forgot nothing, and

\*THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.  
 By Ida M. Tarbell. McClure, Phillips & Co.,  
 New York. 2 vols., \$5.

never talked. In 1856 his salary was raised to twenty-five dollars a month, and he went on always 'saving a little money to put away.'" In 1858 he formed a partnership with an Englishman, M. B. Clark, and they started what proved a profitable commission business under the firm name, Clark and Rockefeller. As early as 1862 these men saw possibilities in the oil business, and invested some money in it, and in 1865 Mr. Rockefeller sold his interest in the commission business and put all his money into the oil industry. "Finally, in June, 1870, five years after he became an active partner in the refining business, Mr. Rockefeller combined all his companies into one—the Standard Oil Company. The capital of the new concern was \$1,000,000."

It appears that within a few years the Standard's competitors had begun to entertain definite suspicions that even the extraordinary business ability of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates could not account for the remarkable success and growth of the concern. "He might make close contracts for which they had neither the patience nor the stomach. He might have an unusual mechanical and practical genius for a partner. But these things could not explain all. . . . Where was his advantage? There was but one place where it could be, and that was in transportation. He must be getting better rates from the railroads than they were." And very soon thereafter the fact that secret rebates were being granted by the railroads to the Standard, thereby putting its competitors at a hopeless disadvantage, was sufficiently established. There was nothing *illegal* in this practice at the time, but its *fairness* as a business policy was questioned, and these questionings were not long in developing into emphatic and general protests from the injured competitors. The excuse made by the railroads generally was that the Standard was entitled to better terms, to rebates, in short, because it could guarantee larger shipments than any of its competitors. As to this excuse, Miss Tarbell remarks: "It was a plausible way to get around the theory generally held then, as now, though not so definitely crystallized into law, that the railroad being a common carrier had no right to discriminate between its patrons."

Next came the organization of the remarkable Southern (usually called the "South") Improvement Company, the purpose of which was to reduce the system of

rebates to a fine, and at the same time, an occult art—since from the first the company's operations had been conducted with all possible secrecy. To quote our author, the gist of the scheme was "to bring together secretly a large enough body of refiners and shippers to persuade all the railroads handling oil to give to the company formed special rebates on its oil and drawbacks on that of other people." So the "blanket" charter granted by the State of Pennsylvania to a concern named the "Southern Improvement Company," and which was then (1871) about to go into liquidation, was bought, and "with this charter in hand Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Watson and their associates began to seek converts," demanding everywhere pledges of secrecy. The company most heavily interested in this new scheme was the Standard, as indicated by the amount of stock held by its stockholders. And in further explanation of its general scheme, Miss Tarbell says: "For example, the open rate on crude to New York [from the Oil Regions] was put at \$2.56. On this price the South Improvement Company was allowed a rebate of \$1.06 for its shipments; but it got not only this rebate, it was given in cash a like amount on each barrel of crude shipped by parties outside the combination. . . . Again, an independent refiner in Cleveland paid eighty cents a barrel to get his crude from the Oil Regions to his works, and the railroad sent forty cents of this money to the South Improvement Company. At the same time it cost the Cleveland refiner in the combination but forty cents to get his crude oil. . . . An interesting provision in the contracts was that full waybills of all petroleum shipped over the roads should each day be sent to the South Improvement Company. This, of course, gave them knowledge of just who was doing business outside of their company—of how much business he was doing, and with whom he was doing it. . . ."

"It was on the 2d of January, 1872, that the organization of the South Improvement Company was completed. The day before the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland increased its capital from \$1,000,000 to \$2,500,000. . . . Three weeks after this increase of capital Mr. Rockefeller had the charter and contracts of the South Improvement Company in hand, and was ready to see what they would do in helping him carry out



his idea of wholesale combination in Cleveland. . . . To the owners of these refineries Mr. Rockefeller now went one by one, and explained the South Improvement Company. 'You see,' he told them, 'this scheme is bound to work. It means an absolute control by us of the oil business. There is no chance for anyone outside. But we are going to give everybody a chance to come in. You are to turn over your refinery to my appraisers, and I will give you Standard Oil Company stock or cash, as you prefer, for the value we put upon it. I advise you to take the stock. It will be for your good.' Certain refiners objected. They did not want to sell. They did want to keep and manage their own business. Mr. Rockefeller was regretful, but firm. It was useless to resist, he told the hesitating; they would certainly be crushed if they did not accept his offer, and he pointed out in detail, and with gentleness, how beneficent the scheme really was—preventing the Creek refiners from destroying Cleveland, ending competition, keeping up the price of refined oil, and eliminating speculation. Really a wonderful contrivance for the good of the oil business. . . . Under the combined threat and persuasion of the Standard, armed with the South Improvement Company's scheme, almost the entire independent oil business of Cleveland collapsed in three months' time. Of the twenty-six refineries, at least twenty-one sold out," several of them, we are told, at great loss to their owners.

Such, according to Miss Tarbell, was the policy of the South Improvement Company, in which the most heavily interested concern "was the Standard Oil of Cleveland, J. D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller and H. M. Flagler, all stockholders of that company, each having 180 shares—540 in the company. O. H. Payne and J. A. Bostwick, who soon after became stockholders in the Standard Oil Company, also had each 180 shares, giving Mr. Rockefeller and his associates 900 shares in all"—out of a total of 2,000. As to the statements that the South Improvement Company represented the larger part of the oil-refining business of the country, our author says that in 1872 the business "in the aggregate amounted to a daily capacity of about 45,000 barrels . . . and the stockholders of the South Improvement Company owned a combined capacity of not over 4,600 barrels. In assuring the railroads that they

controlled the business, they were dealing with their hopes rather than with facts."

It was the operations of this company which brought on "The Oil War of 1872," which is most graphically described by Miss Tarbell. Rapidly advancing freight rates, affecting especially the producers, aroused the suspicions of those men, and the question was, "Why should the railroads ruin the Oil Regions to build up a company of outsiders?" Soon mass-meetings were being held everywhere throughout the region, and a powerful organization of producers, the Petroleum Producers' Union, was formed. "Curiously enough, it was chiefly against the combination which had secured the discrimination from the railroads—not the railroads which had granted it—that their fury was directed. They expected nothing but robbery from the railroads, they said. They were used to that; but they would not endure it from their own business. . . . Bad as the charter [of the South Improvement Company] was in appearance, the oil men found that the contracts which the new company had made with the railroads were worse. . . . Not only did it ship its own oil at fully a dollar cheaper on an average than anybody else could, but it received fully a dollar a barrel 'rake-off' on every barrel its competitors shipped. . . . It is hardly to be wondered at that when the oil men had before them the full text of these contracts they refused absolutely to accept the repeated assertions of the members of the South Improvement Company that their scheme was intended only for 'the good of the oil business.' The Committee of Congress [appointed to investigate the scheme] could not be persuaded to believe it either. 'Your success meant the destruction of every refiner who refused for any reason to join your company, or whom you did not care to have in, and it put the producers entirely in your power. It would make a monopoly such as no set of men are fit to handle,' the chairman of the committee declared."

From the the first, the producers had refused to have any dealings with the company, but they brought tremendous pressure to bear upon the railroad men, who, says Miss Tarbell, "failed utterly at first to comprehend that the Oil War of 1872 was an uprising against an injustice, and that the moral wrong had taken so deep a hold of the oil country that the people as a whole

had combined to restore right." Under this pressure the railroad men finally yielded, revoked their contracts with the South Improvement Company, and signed an agreement with the independents providing for "a basis of perfect equality to all

character whatever." The repeal of the charter of the South Improvement Company followed.

"It was the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, so the Oil Regions decided," says Miss Tarbell, "which was at the bottom of



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IN 1904

shippers, producers and refiners, and that no rebates, drawbacks or other arrangements of any character shall be allowed that will give any party the slightest difference in rates or discriminations of any

the business, and the 'Mephistopheles of the Cleveland Company,' as they put it, was John D. Rockefeller. . . . If Mr. Rockefeller had been an ordinary man, the outburst of popular contempt and suspicion which sud-

denly poured on his head would have thwarted and crushed him. But he was no ordinary man. . . . His geographical position was such that it cost him under these new contracts fifty cents more to get oil from the wells to New York than it did his rivals on the creek. . . . By his size he should have better terms than they. What did he do? He got a rebate. . . . Of course the rate was secret, and Mr. Rockefeller probably understood now, as he had not two months before, how essential it was that he keep it secret. . . . Mr. Rockefeller must have known that the railroad was a common carrier, and that the common law forbade discrimination." But—"Mr. Rockefeller probably believed that, in spite of the agreements, if he did not get the rebates somebody else would; that they were for the wariest, the shrewdest, the most persistent."

Of the chapter, "An Unholy Alliance," we can give but a passing glimpse. It tells of the unsuccessful effort of Mr. Rockefeller's agents to form an "open" combination with the producers in the Oil Regions, and of their refusal to go into the scheme because it seemed to them simply a variation of the South Improvement Company plan and had the rebate as its central feature. A few months afterward we find Mr. Rockefeller at the head of the "National Refiners' Association," and making an agreement with the producers' union to buy oil of them, and of them alone, for \$4.75 a barrel. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. Liberal translation—Mind your eye when the Cleveland refiners get generous", said the Oil City Derrick, the cleverest and most influential newspaper in the Oil Regions. But the voluntary cessation of drilling, in order to bring the refiners to terms, and the generally demoralized condition of the market, had caused such distress among the producers that the compact was finally entered into. The result which had been predicted by the more far-sighted of the producers was realized in about a month, for on January 14, 1873, "it was suddenly announced that the refiners had refused to take any more of the contract oil! There was a hurried call of the Producers' Council and a demand for an explanation. A plausible one was ready from Mr. Rockefeller. 'You have not kept your part of the contract—you have not limited the supply of oil. . . . We can buy all we want at \$2.50 and oil has sold within the

week at two dollars.'" Although this apparently was true enough, Miss Tarbell adds in a foot-note that the producers' agency had bound themselves only through a verbal understanding to limit the supply of crude oil: no clause of that character appeared in the contract which Mr. Rockefeller now declined to live up to. However that may have been, the producers' organization went to pieces, and the producers were again at the mercy of the refiners led by Mr. Rockefeller.

In the meantime there was much suspicion that the Standard Oil Company had continued to get rebates from the railroads which carried the bulk of its oil, despite the agreement of March 25 (1872), which has already been described. "Indeed," says Miss Tarbell, "there was among certain intelligent oil men a conviction when the agreement was signed that the New York roads would not regard it—that if they did it would ruin the refining business in Cleveland." So widespread was the belief in the bad faith of the agreement that even independent producers attempted to get the forbidden rebates, and some of them succeeded. Yet in the summer of 1874, according to our author, Mr. Rockefeller began to plan an extensive absorption by his company of important refineries in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and he next got control of the New York plant of Charles Pratt and Company. All this was done secretly, and under the name of the "Central Association," the separate plants in the meantime retaining their names and, ostensibly, their independence. "The lease allowed the owner to do his own manufacturing, but gave Mr. Rockefeller's company 'irrevocable authority' to make all purchases of crude oil and sales of refined, to decide how much each refinery should manufacture, and to negotiate for all freight and pipe-line expenses." A ten per cent. rebate was very soon obtained by the Association from the Pennsylvania road, and "the work of acquiring all outside refineries began at each of the oil centers. Unquestionably the acquisitions were made through persuasion when this was possible. If the party approached refused to lease or sell, he was told firmly what Mr. Rockefeller had told the Cleveland refiners when he went to them in 1872 with the South Improvement contracts, that there was no hope for him. . . . Those who felt the hard times and had any hope of weathering them, resisted at first. With many of them the resistance was due simply

to their love for their business and their unwillingness to share its control with outsiders. . . . To Mr. Rockefeller this feeling was a weak sentiment. To place love of independent work above love of profits was as incomprehensible to him as a refusal to accept a rebate because it was wrong!

. . . . He applied underselling for destroying his rivals' market with the same deliberation and persistency that characterized all his efforts, and in the long run he always won."

To quote one of the many instances given by Miss Tarbell, there was a Cleve-

They paid about \$15,000 for what cost \$41,000. He said that he had facilities for freighting and that the coal-oil business belonged to them; and any concern that would start in that business, they had sufficient money to lay aside a fund to wipe them out—these are the words."

Space limitations forbid more than bare reference to the remaining two chapters of this volume. The one entitled "The Crisis of 1878" takes up such interesting and characteristic matters as the blockade in the export trade, the trouble of the independents in getting cars, the Ohio and Hepburn com-



THE DRAKE WELL IN 1859—THE FIRST OIL WELL

land firm, Morehouse and Freeman, which was dealing in lubricating oils. Encouraged by Mr. Rockefeller—Mr. Morehouse said to the Hepburn Commission in 1879—the firm built a new plant which cost \$41,000. Mr. Rockefeller agreed to supply the firm eighty-five barrels of residuum daily, but this supply after a time was suddenly cut to twelve barrels, the price was put up and long contracts were demanded. "I saw readily what that meant," said Mr. Morehouse, "that meant squeeze you out, buy your works. They have got the works and are running them; I am without anything.

mission investigations, the evidence that the Standard Oil Company was virtually a continuation of the South Improvement Company and the indictment of Mr. Rockefeller and eight of his associates for conspiracy. The closing chapter, entitled "The Compromise of 1880," shows how the Standard used the suit against Mr. Rockefeller and his associates to protect its interests, and how that suit was repeatedly postponed, and was finally withdrawn in return for the "agreement" of the Standard to discontinue its practices against its rivals. Everywhere there is



the same keen and minute appreciation of every condition having to do with the oil business, the same wonderful fertility of

resource in meeting every situation, and over all the same relentless determination to crush and annihilate all competitors.

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## Recent Notable Poems

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### The Wind . . . . . Harper's Magazine

The Wind that made the meadows dance  
Came whistling through the glade,  
And all the little birch-trees laughed  
And twinkled in the shade;  
He tossed a red leaf in my hair,  
Caressed each slim young tree,  
And left the garden all agog  
With gay expectancy.

To-day the Wind came back again—  
He marched like men at war,  
And dust and leaves and frightened birds  
Came hurrying before;  
He tramped the meadows under foot,  
He whipped the trees to shreds,  
And oh, the havoc that he wrought  
Among my garden beds!

Next time the Wind comes whistling by—  
So airily polite—  
I'll run and tell my lady trees  
To bind their tresses tight;  
I'll send a warning to the brook,  
I'll bid the rainbow shout,  
And every garden sentinel  
Shall hang storm signals out!  
*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

### Tomb of the Unknown . . . . . Lippincott's

There was a battlefield, where myriads lay,  
Some deadly wounded, many thousand dead;  
And with a hurrying dust through all the  
land  
Sprang the hot couriers: many a name they  
bore,  
Spoken by Victory in her trumpet-breath,  
Crowned by the crimson Hour for deathless  
fame.  
The mother gave her son: he lay forgot;  
The wife her husband: in the cannon's path  
Oblivion tossed him; and the maid be-  
trothed  
Sent her beloved: the earthquake of the  
bomb  
Was the fierce sexton at his sudden grave.  
Their names the couriers bore not. Far be-  
hind

The vulture hovered, seeking such, and  
found.  
When the long death-list came at last, it  
brought  
The nameless names that break a myriad  
hearts.  
The conquering leader rides in history;  
The conquering army sleeps anonymous.  
*John James Platt.*

### A Western Wife . . . . . National Monthly

She walked behind the lagging mules,  
That drew the breaker through the soil;  
Hers were the early rising rules,  
Hers were the eyes of wifely toil.  
The smitten prairie blossom'd fair,  
The sod home faded from the scene;  
Firm gables met the whisp'ring air,  
Deep porches lent repose serene.  
But with'ring brow and snowy tress,  
Bespeak the early days of strife;  
And there's the deeper wrought impress—  
The untold pathos of the wife.  
O western mother! in thy praise  
No artist paints nor poet sings,  
But from thy rosary of days,  
God's angels shape immortal wings!  
*Will Chamberlain.*

### A Song . . . . . Living Age

Lovely is good news told;  
But good news guessed  
Hath yet more zest—  
Then, flower, do not unfold.

Happy is love expressed;  
But love untold  
Is purer gold—  
Lock fast the treasure-chest.

*Mary Scott.*

### Prodigality . . . . . The New Age

Be frugal if thou wilt  
Of wage earned in the mill  
And treadmill hard of toil,  
Yea, hoard thy shining store.—

Withhold, if 'tis thy will,  
The aptly spoken word  
Whose sympathy had stirred  
Some stranger soul with hope—

Dole out thy stinted praise  
To guest or sometime friend,  
And, like the niggard, lend  
To these thy finger tips—

Yea, play the miser here,  
If miserly thou art  
In things that reach the heart,  
And make life worth its pain—

But unto those who lean  
Their lives and hearts on thine,  
Whose faces bear the sign  
Thy ownership hath wrought,

Be prodigal of love!  
Not thy cold finger tips—  
Thy two hands and thy lips  
Yield them in touch that clings.

Be prodigal of love  
To these, or strong or weak;  
For lo! they may not seek  
Such sweetness elsewhere.

If so thou fail, they pine;  
Their fate is thine to carve,  
And easier 'tis to starve  
A heart than thou may'st dream!

*Sara Beaumont Kennedy.*

**The Lilies.....Metropolitan Magazine**

There's a path I know where lilies grow  
Golden and white,  
And a flower red droops its head  
In sunset light.  
Fades now the day; from the sainted way  
The sun has fled;

Yet through the night a shining light  
Is o'er me shed.

The lily of gold is the wealth untold  
Which the Father gave;  
The lily of red is the blood Christ shed  
Man's life to save;  
And the pure white flower is the Spirit's dower,  
Cleansing and power.

The path is the way of life I walk  
Closely shut in;  
The lily drooping upon its stalk  
Is the price of sin;  
While I walk in hope which shines more bright  
Above my head,  
Till the dawning light breaks golden and white  
And red.

*Frederick Wolcott Jackson, Jr.*

**The Scott Monument, Edinburgh. . Lond. Sat. Review**  
Here sits he throned, where men and gods  
behold

His domelike brow—a good man simply  
great;  
Here in this highway proud, that arrow  
straight  
Cleaves at one stroke the new world from  
the old.  
On this side, Commerce, Fashion, Progress,  
Gold;

On that, the Castle Hill, the Canongate,  
A thousand years of war and love and hate  
There palpably upstanding fierce and bold.

Here sits he throned; beneath him, full and  
fast,

The tides of Modern Life impetuous run.  
O Scotland, was it well and meetly done?  
For see! he sits with back turned on the  
Past—

He whose imperial edict bade it last  
While yon gray ramparts kindle to the sun  
*William Watson.*



## Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife



MRS. CHARLES KING

THE numbers of people who enjoyed "The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" will welcome Mme. Waddington's new volume,\* which is quite as interesting as its predecessor. The book contains two sets of letters, with an interval of twenty-four years stretching between them. The first set was written in 1880, thus preceding the Russian and English letters by about three years. M. Waddington had just resigned the French Premiership and, declining the London Embassy, which he was to accept three years later, went, with his wife, to Italy for a three months' visit.

It was M. Waddington's first visit, but Mme. Waddington had lived there before her marriage (her father, President Charles King

of Columbia College, died at Frascati in 1867), and these letters, written to her mother and sisters in Paris, are full of a reminiscent quality that make them doubly interesting.

Mme. Waddington had a large acquaintance in Rome and she and her husband saw everything and everybody worth seeing, frequenting "Black," as well as "White" circles. Among other notabilities visiting Rome while they were there was the Crown Princess of Germany, afterward the Empress Frederick. M. Waddington had met her when he was Minister Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Berlin, and admired her very much. The Waddingtons were invited to dine informally with the Crown Princess, and Mme. Waddington, who had expected to find her both formal and German, was delighted with her. "She has the Queen's beautiful smile, and such an expressive face. . . .

\*ITALIAN LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE. By Mary King Waddington. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

She is naturally a Protestant, but very liberal, and quite open to new ideas. She was much interested in French Protestants—had always heard they were very strict, very narrow-minded, in fact, rather Calvinistic. . . . She has an extraordinary charm of manner.

She dines quietly at the British Embassy to-morrow night, and when Lady Paget asked her who she would have, said: "Cardinal Howard and Mr. Story."

In one of the letters Mme. Waddington describes from memory a trip to Naples and Capri, made thirteen years before. Vesuvius was in a mild state of eruption, and the young people of the party decided to make a night ascent, as they were assured there was no danger. Half-way up Miss King, as she then was, became so very nervous that she decided not to finish the ascent but to go back to a little sort of half-way house on the mountain and wait there for the return of the party. The others went on and she returned to the little inn, where the only people to be found were two men, much like brigands in appearance, but peaceable enough in reality. While Miss King was sitting with them by the fire a party of Americans arrived, also on their way to the top. They were much alarmed at Miss King's situation and urged her to come with them, but she was utterly unnerved and declined. She told them that the rest of her party had gone on and would stop for her on the way down, so the Americans left her, most unwillingly, and soon after, meeting a party on the way down, asked one of the gentlemen if he were not Mr. King, and urged him to hurry back to his sister. "Years after my brother William was travelling in America, and in the smoking-room all the men were telling their experiences either at home or abroad—many strange adventures. One gentleman said he had never forgotten a curious scene on the top of Mount Vesuvius in eruption, when he had met an American girl, quite alone, at night, in the dark and rain, in a miserable little shanty with two great, big Neapolitans, 'looking like brigands.' . . . When he had finished William said: 'That story is perfectly true. The young lady is my sister, and I am the Mr. King to whom you spoke that night on the mountain, in the dark, begging me to hurry down, and not leave my sister any longer in such company.'"

It was during their visit to Capri at this time that the Kings encountered the beautiful fisher-girl who had married a son of Mrs.

Norton, the poetess: "The girl was lovely, an absolute peasant, who had walked about with bare feet like all the rest, but that she had been over to England, was taught there all that they could get into her head, and was quite changed; had two children. . . . She was willing and anxious to learn to read and write, but her ambition and her capability of receiving instruction stopped there—when they wanted to teach her a little history (not very far back either) and the glories of the Sheridan name, she was recalcitrant, couldn't interest herself, and dismissed the subject saying '*ma sono morti tutti*' (they are all dead). She always kept her little house at Capri." One day they passed her house, and as they stopped a moment to rest, Mrs. Norton came out and asked them to come in. "She showed us pictures of all her family, her husband, . . . her mother-in-law, Mrs. Norton, and her children. She seemed very proud of her son, said he was at school in England and didn't care very much for Capri. I asked her if she liked England, and though she said 'very much,' I thought I detected a regret for her old home."

The letters which form the second part of the book were written during a visit made to Rome in 1904, after M. Waddington's death. During the intervening twenty-four years great changes had taken place in Rome. A new Pope was at the Vatican, a new sovereign on the throne. Mme. Waddington had an audience with Queen Elena, who, she said, "talked very prettily and simply about her own children, and the difficulty of keeping them natural and unspoiled; said people gave them such beautiful presents—all sorts of wonderful mechanical toys which they couldn't appreciate. One thing she said was rather funny—that the present they liked best was a rag doll the American Ambassadors had brought them from America." Mme. Waddington also paid a visit to Queen Margherita, who is much beloved by the people. "She had read 'The Lightning Conductor' and was much amused with it. We talked a little about the great changes in Rome. . . . I had the same impression that I had twenty-four years ago—a visit to a charming, sympathetic woman, very large-minded, to whom one could talk of anything."

A curious light is thrown upon the state of things in the country near Rome by an incident that occurred during Mme. Waddington's stay in 1904. She went with a party of friends on a picnic to Tusculum. While they



were walking about they noticed two mounted carabinieri who seemed to be keeping near them. "We asked them what they were doing up there. They promptly replied, 'taking care of the society.' We could hardly believe we heard rightly; but it was quite true, they were there for us. They told us

dred inhabitants, four hundred and fifty of whom had been in prison for various crimes, and that people were constantly robbed in these parts.

Mme. Waddington's different sojourns in Rome cover a period of forty years, during which time the political and papal situations



PRESIDENT CHARLES KING OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY

that when it was known that a number of people were coming up to Tusculum (there were two other parties besides us) they had orders to come up, keep us always in sight, and stay as long as we did. . . . They told us . . . that at Rocca di Papa, one of the little mountain villages quite near, there were five hun-

dred inhabitants, four hundred and fifty of whom had been in prison for various crimes, and that people were constantly robbed in these parts. At the time of her visit to Naples in 1867, Garibaldi was in arms against the Pope, and it was evident that the days of the temporal power of the papacy were numbered. She alludes to the horrors of the Austrian occupation and the awful life led by the Italians under it. "A despotic.

iron rule, police and spies everywhere, women even making their way into the great Italian houses and reporting everything to the police—the children's games and little songs, the books and papers the family read, the visits they received. . . . No young man allowed to leave the city—no papers nor books allowed that were not authorized by the government—and when arrests were made, the prisoners, men or women, treated most cruelly. The Austrian must have felt the hatred and thirst for vengeance that was smouldering in all these young hearts."

Particularly interesting are Mme. Waddington's reminiscences of the three popes whom she had seen. When Pius IX used to go into the streets "it was a real royal progress. First came the 'batta strada' or 'piqueur' on a good horse, stopping all the carriages and traffic; then the Pope in his handsome coach, one or two ecclesiastics with him, followed by several cardinals in their carriages, minor prelates, members of the household and the escort of 'gardes nobles.' All the gentlemen got out of their carriages, knelt or bowed very low; the ladies stood in theirs, making low curtsies, and many people knelt in the street. One saw the old man quite distinctly, dressed all in white, leaning forward a little and blessing the crowd with a large sweeping movement of his hand. He rarely walked in the streets of Rome, but often in the villas—Pamphili or Borghese. There almost all the people he met knelt; children kissed his hand, and he would sometimes pat their little black heads. . . . He had a kind, gentle face (a twinkle, too, in his eyes), and was always so fond of children and young people. The contrast between him and his successor is most striking. Leo XIII is tall, slight, hardly anything earthly about him—the type of the intellectual, ascetic priest—all his will and energy shining out of his eyes, which are extraordinarily bright and keen for a man of his age."

In speaking of those old days in Rome the author quotes Mr. Hooker, the well-known Roman banker, who says that "the present busy, brilliant capital is so unlike the old Rome of his days that he can hardly believe it is the same place. It is incredible that a whole city should have lived so many years in such absolute submission to the papal government. In those days there were only two newspapers, each revised at the Vatican, and nothing allowed to appear in either that wasn't authorized by the papal court; also

the government exercised a paternal right over the *jeunesse dorée*, and when certain fair ladies with yellow hair and elaborate costumes appeared in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio, exciting great admiration in all the young men of the place (and filling the mammas and wives with horror), it was merely necessary to make a statement to the Vatican. The dangerous stranger was instantly warned that she must cross the frontier."

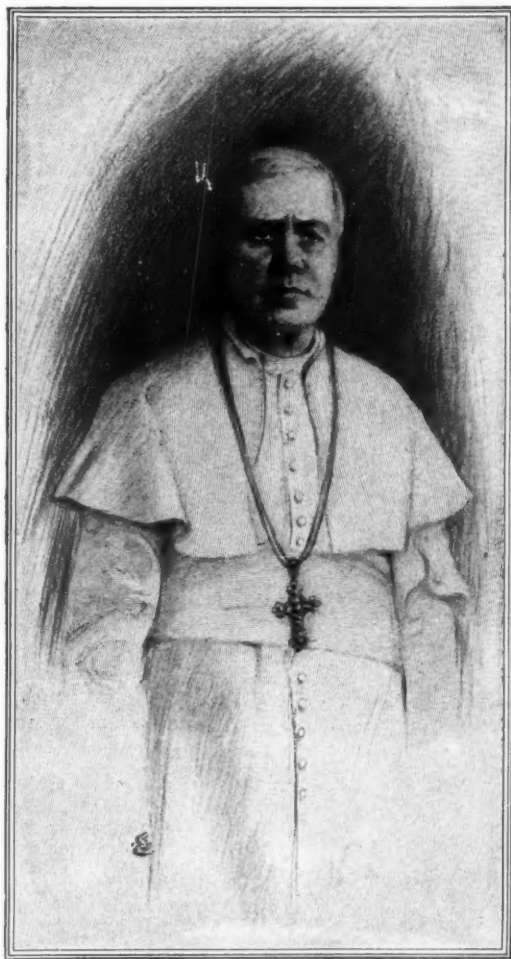
M. and Mme Waddington were received by Leo XIII, who is described thus. "He is a very striking figure; tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono, the only Pope I had ever approached. . . . He asked W. all sorts of questions about home politics and the attitude of the clergy, saying that as a Protestant his opinion would be impartial (he was well up in French politics, and knew that there were three Protestants in W.'s ministry: himself, Léon Say and Freycinet). W. was rather guarded at first . . . but the Pope looked straight at him with his keen bright eyes, saying: 'Je vous en prie, M. Waddington, parlez sans réserves.' . . . I shouldn't think he took as much interest in the social life of Rome as Pio Nono did. They used always to say he knew everything about everybody, and that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a visit from Odo Russell, who used to tell him all sorts of 'petites histoires' when their official business was over."

During her stay in Rome in 1904 Mme. Waddington had an audience with the present Pope, Pius X: "We made low curtsies—didn't kneel nor kiss his hands, being Protestants. He advanced a few steps, shook hands, and made us sit down, one on each side of him. He was dressed, of course, entirely in white. He spoke only Italian—said he understood French, but did not speak it easily. He has a beautiful face—so earnest, with a fine, upward look in his eyes; not at all the intellectual, ascetic appearance of Leo XIII, nor the half-malicious, kindly smile of Pius IX, but a face one would remember. . . . He was much interested in all Bessie told him about America and the Catholic religion in the States—was rather amused when she suggested that another American cardinal might, perhaps, be a good thing. . . . He gave me the impression of a man who was still feeling his way, but who, when he had found it, would go straight on to what he considered his duty. But I must say that is not the gen-

eral impression; most people think he will be absolutely guided by his 'entourage,' who will never leave him any initiative."

Both the Pope and Cardinal Mery del Val were much interested in the Catholic Church in America. "They must be struck with the American priests and bishops whom they see in Europe, not only their conception, but

life out West, near California, and the difficulty of getting any hold over the miners. (He started a music-hall, among other things, to have some place where the men could go in the evenings, and get out of the saloons and low drinking-shops.) Our friend perfectly appreciated the practical energy of the monsignor, but said such a line would be impos-



POPE PIUS X

their practice of their religion is so different. I had such an example of that one day when we asked a friend of ours, a most intelligent, highly educated *modern* priest, to meet Monsignor Ireland. He was charmed with him—listened most intently to all he said, particularly when he was speaking of the wild

sible in France. No priest, no matter how high his rank, would be allowed such initiative, and the people would not understand."

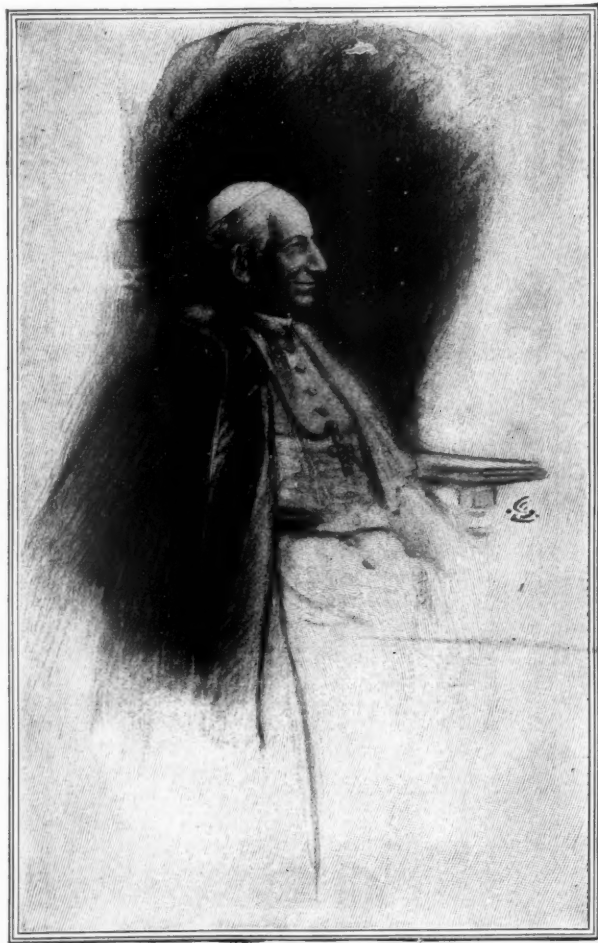
The substitution of Gregorian chants for the more secular style of music, hitherto permitted in the churches, was causing a good deal of comment in Rome, as it has in this

country. Mme. Waddington considers it a difficult question for, while a reform of some kind was sadly needed, she finds the severity of the Gregorian chant thin, disappointing and inadequate.

Mme. Waddington is the first of recent writers upon Rome to speak of the great change of feeling between the Clerical and

of his temporal power and content himself with his tremendously important position as the earthly head of the great Roman Catholic Church.

The book is a delightful one, and if it prove a little less absorbing than the author's former volume it is probably because to most Americans England and London society are



POPE LEO XIII

National parties. Formerly Roman society was divided into two camps, the "Blacks" and the "Whites," and the two seldom met. Now, happily, the lines are much less sharply drawn, and it is possible a time may come when the Pope will resign himself to the loss

more interesting than Rome, while to those readers who enjoy the leisurely atmosphere of a volume of correspondence it will be a reassuring proof that that form of literature has not entirely disappeared before the inroads of the telephone.

Mary K. Ford.



# Newspaper Verse

## Serious and Otherwise

Rough Rider O'Neill.....New York Times

[This poem was read by Mr. Clarke at the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in New York City, on the evening of Saint Patrick's day.]

When the cresset of war blazed over the land  
And a call rang fierce thro' the West,  
Saying, "Rough Riders, come to the roll of the drum,"

They came with their bravest and best,  
With a clatter of hoofs and a stormy hail;  
Sinewy, lean tall, and brown;  
Hunters and fighters and men of the trail,  
From hills and plains, from college and town;  
With the cowboys' yell and the redman's whoop,  
Sons of thunder and swingers of steel;  
And, leading his own Arizona troop,  
Rode glad and fearless "Bucky" O'Neill.

In the ranks there was Irish blood galore,  
As it ever is sure to be  
When the Union flag is flung to the fore  
And the fight is to make men free.  
There were Kellys and Murphys and Burkes and  
Doyle—

The Colonel owned an O'Brien strain—  
And the lift of the race made a glow on each face  
When they met on the Texan plain.  
But the man of them all with the iron will,  
Man and soldier from crown to heel,  
A leader and master in games that kill,  
Was soft-voiced Captain "Bucky" O'Neill.

On the watch in the valley or charging the height,  
In a plunge 'cross the steep ravine,  
San Juan or Las Guasimas, battle or fight,  
Or a rush thro' the jungle screen,  
Where the wave of the war took the battling host,  
The Rough Riders fronted the storm,  
And their dead on the rocks of red glory tossed  
Amid spray with their life blood warm,  
What wonder, then, holding his chivalrous vow  
To stoop not, nor crouch not nor kneel,  
That Death in hot anger struck full on the brow  
Of the dauntless "Bucky" O'Neill.

O, battle that tries out the hearts of the strong,  
To your test he had answered true,  
Who bent not his head and balked but at wrong,  
Nor murmured what billet he drew.  
In the cast of the terrible dice of doom  
It came fair to his hand as well  
To mount the high crest where the great laurels  
bloom

Or to die at the foot where he fell.  
And of such are the victors, and these alone  
Shall be stamped with the hero seal  
And stirrup to stirrup they'll ride to the throne,  
From the Colonel to "Bucky" O'Neill.

J. I. C. Clarke

Autocracy.....Boston Transcript

There was something throned on a throne of gold,  
Hid with a hedge of steel;  
And the people groaned, as they groaned of old,  
Held with an iron heel:  
The bloody knout cut crimson blows,  
Leaving a scarlet track;  
And, ever, a lonely man arose,  
And—smiling at death—struck back.  
Bertrand Shadwell.

Beautiful Living....Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

Keep the sunshine in your heart,  
Wear a smile;  
Live a happy, hopeful life  
All the while;  
Do some helpful work each day  
As God's leading lights the way.  
Ask for calmness from above;  
Keep your place;  
Let the Master's mind and thought  
Help you trace  
Heaven's purpose, day by day,  
In a noiseless, tender way.

Days will come and days will go.  
Yet 'tis well;  
For in joy or sorrow's hour,  
Life shall spell  
God's dear message, line by line,  
In this life of yours and mine.

I. Mench Chambers.

Daffodils.....Kansas City Star

Fathered by March, the daffodils are here.  
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,  
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray  
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made  
cheer,  
Fluted the last unto the budding year;  
Now that the wind lets loose from orchard spray  
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping  
way  
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they  
rear.

Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass  
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,  
Long-stemmed ones flame behind the palings bare  
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.  
Scarce here, soon will it be—oh, sweet and  
fleet!—  
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.  
Lizette Woodworth Reese.

The Tale of the Green Lights....New York Times

Grim and sombre, our watch we keep—  
Eyes of a power to rule addressed—  
Over the night that knows no sleep,  
That flares with a pain but half-confessed  
Hear ye the voice of the deep!

Like the flowers that bloom by meadow and stream

And die in the cities of men,  
We have seen them rise and flourish and wane  
And come and go, again and again,  
To and fro in our halo of pain—  
The shapes of a horrible dream!

We have seen her come through the blinding drift,

Her shivering children by,  
Weeping for those she fain would save  
From the blow that a maddened tyrant gave  
To a love that could suffer and die!

We have seen him come to the jailer's shrift,  
And, stung with the sense of shame,  
Plead like a cur the plea of "men"  
Till she remembers a little one's name.  
But—soon they will come again!

We have seen men reel through the orgied night  
To whine of the wrongs they bred.

We have seen men bear beneath our eyes  
The nameless forms of Mammon's dead.  
We have heard to the spangled heavens arise  
The cry of a world's affright!

But, hush! The dawn hath night abreast,  
Cometh our rest.

*Stephen Chalmers.*

**O Fickle Spring.....New York Evening Sun**

Winter having taken wing,  
We of course expected spring,  
With its budding floral bowers, with its balmy  
April showers and the robins on the wing;  
But to take a sudden spring  
Into summer heat—by jing!  
Quite harshly did it jerk us, like the loop gap  
at the circus—

Aye, it gave us quite a bing!  
And that is why we sing  
This ode to recreant spring:  
To a strayed and vagrant season that has  
skipped us without reason, without giving us a  
fling.

Oh, beauteous vernal spring!  
Why give our hearts this wring?  
Why did you duck from under without a glance  
we wonder—

Thou fair but fickle thing!

**A Common Kind of Convert.....Houston Chronicle**

In theory I do not care for quail on toast one bit,  
But still when people hand it out I have to swallow it;

The fault should not be blamed on me, but rather  
on their cooks,  
For I'm very much in favor of the simple life—  
in books.

Your titles and your coronets do not appeal to me;  
Of course, whenever I meet a duke I have to  
pleasant be,  
But they who say I love a lord speak little truth,  
gadzoos!  
For I'm very much in favor of the simple life—  
in books.

I little care for vulgar wealth, and as for hand-  
some clothes  
On principle I frown them down, and everybody  
knows  
'Tis not through pride I spend each day six hours  
upon my looks,  
For I'm very much in favor of the simple life—  
in books.

*Will S. Adkin.*

**A Thought of Summer.....Exchange**

'Tain't hot enough in summer  
For any one to melt,  
An' that blue sky  
That's up on high  
Wears rainbows for a belt!

**A Revival Hymn.....Atlanta Constitution**

It ain't so far ter de golden gate  
But the road is rough, and the night is late,  
An' Satan holler: "Yo' chance is slim;  
Yo' lamp won't burn, kaze yer lamp ain't trim!"

O, believers,  
What you mean?—  
Fill yo' lamp  
Wid de kerosene!

*Frank L. Stanton.*

**A Mean Man.....Kansas City Times**

A maiden named Josephine King  
Dropped dead while attempting to sing,  
Then a neighbor next door,  
Whom her songs had made sore,  
Bowed his head and said: "Death, where's thy  
sting?"

**It All Depends.....Philadelphia Public Ledger**

The smart things that our children say  
Arouse our merriment;  
The same things in our neighbor's kids  
Are pert and impudent.



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## Educational Questions of the Day

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### The Harvard Technology "Merger"

It is self-evident that, with certain limitations, the larger the resources at the disposal of an educational institution are the more efficiently can it carry out its purpose. Harvard University, having accepted a most munificent benefaction for the furtherance of industrial training, rightly decided that it could best carry out the intention of the benefactor by amalgamating with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the special purpose of encouraging the work in which the institute has for so many years held a prominent position. The terms of the amalgamation are thus briefly stated by "The Searchlight:"

After being considered in secret for several weeks, the articles of agreement under which it is proposed to combine the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University have been made public. They provide for a joint school of industrial science, to be known under the present name of the Institute of Technology, to be governed by an executive board of nine members, of which three shall represent Harvard, and to be maintained by present institute funds, augmented by the income of all the funds of the Lawrence Scientific School, by three-fifths of the net income which may accrue from the Gordon McKay bequest, amounting to several millions, and by the income of all property which Harvard may hereafter acquire for the promotion of instruction in industrial science. The new institute is to occupy a site on the Cambridge side of the Charles River, near the present Stadium. Male students of the institute are to have the same privileges as students of Harvard in the use of playgrounds and museums and the full use of the libraries of the university.

There seems to have been at first some opposition to the combination from alumni of the Institute of Technology. They were afraid that the identity of the institution to which they owe so much would be lost in that of the university. In connection with this the "Boston Weekly Transcript" aptly remarks:

An educational alliance between equals is proposed. There is no suggestion of a "merger," or an absorption. The educational field is divided. Harvard takes the liberal arts and pure science; Technology has industrial science. Each will be supreme in its own field, unhampered by the competition of the other. Remaining distinct institutions, with distinct executives, faculties and plants, each will continue to control its own resources. This will be necessary since

neither institution possesses the right to transfer its funds to another, especially such funds as have been received through legacy. This does not prevent, however, an arrangement by which the income of such funds can be turned over by the one to the other; and just that is contemplated. . . .

The tremendous importance to the Institute of this great accession to her resources for industrial education needs no emphasis. With the diversion to the Institute of all the income of Harvard University devoted to industrial education in its various forms, the Lawrence Scientific School will be discontinued, vanishing with its income and field. In fact, the only "absorption" in the plan—which has been much feared by the Technology alumni—would seem to be this merging of the resources and work of the Lawrence School in Technology.

The salient feature of the alliance, never to be lost sight of in the discussion, is the division of the field. Academic education for Harvard; technical education for the Institute; each free and independent in its own province; competition replaced by cooperation; concentration of educational energy and conservation of financial resources instead of the diffusion of each—these are the ends sought in the alliance.

It is difficult to decide whether to congratulate the Institute of Technology on the splendid addition to its utility or Harvard on the getting rid of the industrial element from her university curricula. Wise educators think that industrial training has no place in the university proper; but, however that may be, it is clear that Cambridge will be the seat of a combination of educational privileges unequaled, we venture to say, in this or any other country. It is this which makes the amalgamation of such surpassing importance.

### Trade Schools and Their Value

In "The Independent" of April 13 there is an article on this subject by the Governor of Massachusetts which calls for the attention of educators and economists. The matter of trade schools is one in which this country has failed to keep pace with some of her European commercial rivals. Governor Douglas says:

The method of conducting trade schools in Germany and the thoroughness of the education are the best in the world. Germany saw the need of such schools many years ago. Trade schools were organized, graduates were sent out, and the effect was so marked on the industrial situation that other countries were attracted by the prog-

ress made, and finally realized that Germany was distancing them in the excellence of her manufactured goods. Germany with her technical schools and army of educated workers has demonstrated that great economic principle that finer and better goods can be manufactured at a less cost than by uneducated and unskilled labor. Throughout the empire of the Kaiser trade schools are to be found in all the cities, towns and large villages. New factories are springing up everywhere, and Germany is increasing her export trade wonderfully. In Berlin as well as in most German cities, trade schools for shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, metal workers, masons, etc., are being conducted with friendly relations with the labor unions, and in many cases the boards of inspection have upon them members of trade unions.

There can be little doubt that the immense strides Germany has taken in supplying the world's markets are in no small measure, due to this policy. The urgent need of consideration of this question is well set forth by Governor Douglas, thus:

Trade schools have been made necessary to the community by the great changes that have taken place in the last generation in processes of production. Formerly the master gave time to the young men in order to bring them up in his business. He could give his personal attention to the young man, who was accordingly apprenticed to him to learn the trade. The system of apprenticeship properly belonged to a condition of production where the young man could meet his employer and be taught. Under the present system of production it is impossible for the employer to give personal care to the young man who wishes to learn a trade.

The apprenticeship idea cannot meet the requirements of the present factory system. It has been outgrown. We must find a broader, larger way to assist the young man who desires to learn. The school for the many who may learn at once must take the place of the master who formerly taught his apprentices.

The following remarks of Governor Douglas deserve special notice, for it has long been held that the success of the modern system of production has been due to the "subdivision of labor," the very thing which the governor says has introduced an element of weakness.

The specialization by which one worker learns but a minute part of the whole process in manufacturing any commodity tends to narrow his capacity and prevent his obtaining a complete knowledge of his art. The extent to which the present factory system has limited the range of the workman can only be appreciated by those who have given the matter careful examination; but it is undoubtedly true to-day, and each year is becoming more true, that the introduction of machinery, supplanting handwork and a general knowledge of the business, and introducing in place of it a special knowledge of one minute part,

has caused a weakness in our industrial system which should be properly compensated for.

Governor Douglas says that "in Geneva, where the best watches are made, a young man must serve a five-year apprenticeship in order to get his education. He must make five or six of the best watches, make every part and put the watch together, before he can receive a diploma, which certifies that he is a practical, skilled workman."

### The Summer Vacation

The following passage from an editorial in "Education" for April will commend itself to many an anxious parent. For town and city boys the problem presents difficulties which country boys do not experience; but "where's there's a will, there's a way."

What to do with our grown up boys through the summer is in very many homes a most difficult question. The same problem may arise in the case of girls. But it is generally easier of solution by reason of their more quiet and domestic disposition and manner of life. In either case, where the question arises, it is well to bear in mind a few simple facts.

First, every live, active, healthy young person needs to have something to do or the best conditions of bodily, mental and moral health cannot be maintained. There is a lot of truth in the proverb that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." We might as well face this fact with and for our boys as just to drift on into the dangers of protracted idleness, which may mean irrevocable and irreparable injury to them and others.

Secondly, some healthful and regular employment can probably be found if earnest forethought is exercised in regard to the matter. The world needs just such fresh young energy as your boy possesses. It may not throw a "job" at his feet unasked. A wise Providence takes care for the exercise of our own choices and activities by which we are to get on in life. But if a boy is willing, not too nice and finical, and possesses a moderate amount of earnestness and push, he can usually find some honest and reputable employment that will bring him to the end of the vacation healthier, it may be richer, and it certainly will be happier far than if he just loafed away the summer months. And his parents should help him now to see and realize this.

Lastly, his next year's school work will not be hindered, it will be helped by such a use of the vacation. The body will have received a kind of natural manual training that will have developed nerves, muscles and brain cells. The judgment will have been cultivated. A certain manliness will have been acquired, along with new views of the dignity of labor and the meaning of life. He will take up his studies in the autumn with a new zest. The truth is idleness is one of the worst snares in the pathway of youth. It is well to take forethought of the special dangers of unemployed vacation energies, and to provide for their profitable employment.



# Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

## An International Chamber of Agriculture

Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, on the suggestion of Mr. David Lubin, an American, has taken the initiative in the formation of an International Chamber of Agriculture. The object which the body is to have in view is of world-wide importance, for it is no less than removing the obstacles of various kinds which have hitherto stood in the way of the prosperity of agriculturists. The proclamation which the King has issued is well worth reading and is here given:

A citizen of the United States of America, Mr. David Lubin, explained to me with that warmth which comes from a sincere conviction, an idea which seemed to me practical and valuable, and which, for that reason, I recommend to the attention of my Government.

The agricultural classes, generally the most numerous, and who exert everywhere a great influence on the destiny of nations, live disunited and dispersed, and consequently are unable to provide adequately for the improvement and rational distribution of the various forms of agricultural produce, and to safeguard their own interests on the markets, which, in the case of agriculture, are becoming every day more international.

For this reason an international institution, absolutely unpolitical in its aims, which would have before it the conditions of agriculture in the different countries of the world; which would notify periodically the quantity and quality of the crops in hand, so as to facilitate the production of such crops and render less costly and more rapid the trade in same and facilitate the attainment of a more favorable settlement of prices, would be most highly beneficial.

This Institution, acting in unison with the various national associations already constituted for similar purposes, would also furnish reliable information as to the demand and supply of agricultural labor in various parts of the world, so as to provide emigrants with a safe and useful guide; it would promote those agreements necessary for collective defence against diseases of plants and domestic animals which cannot be successfully fought by means of partial action; and, lastly, it would exercise a timely influence on the development of societies for rural co-operation, for agricultural insurance and for agrarian credit.

Such an institution, which would be an instrument of solidarity for all the components of the agricultural classes and which would consequently be a powerful influence for peace, would be capable of many beneficial developments. Rome would be a worthy and propitious seat, and there the representatives of the various

States adhering to the project, and the representatives of the principal associations of the parties interested, should meet, so that the authority of the various Governments and the free energies of the tiller of the soil, may work harmoniously together.

I have faith that the nobility of the end in view will enable the difficulties of the undertaking to be overcome.

Commenting on this, the Evening Post of New York says:

This International Chamber of Agriculture is plainly intended to do for Europe in particular and for the world in general what our own Department of Agriculture is doing for the United States. That this work is worth while, no one now dreams of denying. Our Federal organization has admittedly accomplished far more than forty independent State bureaus could accomplish; for it has undertaken researches, say, as to the cause of plant pests and the value of soils, beyond the scope of any one State, and it has united disparate and perhaps rival interests. . . .

Quite as significant as the economic side of this attempt at international co-operation on a vast scale is the moral side. The details of the scheme, which have been so fully elaborated by the King of Italy and his advisers, need not be discussed here. Enough to observe that the aim is to sink national jealousies in common action; to hold a sort of peace conference, not over such contentious subjects as disarmaments and treaty rights, but over a proposal to improve the condition of those agricultural classes who are, in no figurative sense, the foundation of society. To quote from the note issued by the Italian Government to diplomatic agents, "by tightening the bonds of interdependence which unite the different nations" a "new economic basis will be given to the ideal aspirations towards peace."

## Photographing Flamingos

Uncouth as they are, with their abnormally long legs and necks, there are few birds more beautiful than the flamingo to which Longfellow so often likens the setting sun. Eight species are known, four of which are found in the Western Hemisphere. In "Country Life in America" for May, Mr. Frank M. Chapman has an article, illustrated with some marvelous photographs, describing a visit to a rookery of flamingos in the Bahamas. The whole paper is worth reading as an instance of the way in which a skilful naturalist achieves his end, but the actual work done is described in the following excerpt:

As we approached the rookery the birds left it, affording me several opportunities for flock shots with the "Graflex" keyed to a 1-1000 second exposure—pretty high speed for a cloudy day! The blind was raised behind the bush and the side toward the rookery covered with branches and palm leaves. Without loss of time I entered it and my assistant returned to camp. The moment of which I had dreamed for more than two years had arrived. Would the birds return to their nests, or would their suspicions be aroused by the newly erected blind? They did not leave me long in doubt. As my assistant retreated across the swash they arose in a body, swept over the rookery, circled, returned to the lagoon, and a few minutes later began to walk back to their nests. Then followed an intensely exciting experience. Without hesitation, the birds, nearly 2000 strong, marched toward me, while I worked my camera like a machine gun, taking exposure after exposure as the red line came nearer. Paying no attention whatever to the blind, the birds proceeded directly to their nests, each bird apparently recognizing its own, stepped upon it, and after much honking settled on its eggs.

Assured that I was now safe from discovery, I proceeded to photograph at leisure the marvelous scene almost at my feet. Was a richer feast ever spread for a naturalist photographer? Each lens in my outfit was deliberately used in turn. The birds were pictured asleep and awake, standing and sitting, at rest and in motion. Every glance through the observation slit in my blind revealed some new condition or combination of poses which tempted an exposure and in a surprisingly short time I found that but few of my forty plates had not shared my unique experience. Fearing that my sudden appearance almost in their midst would so seriously alarm them that they might permanently leave their home, it was arranged to have my assistant return at a certain time. As the hour approached I watched them closely. Many were sleeping, some were idly toying with bits of debris near their nests, others sparring with a near neighbor, when, suddenly, the honking alarm note was uttered and in an instant each bird was at "attention." Soon they stood up, waving their black, scarlet-lined wings; all were calling; the uproar was tremendous. The confusion increased as they took wing, flying almost into my blind, and within three minutes the rookery was deserted.

The following morning the blind was moved to a bush near the centre of the rookery. Even here, it did not, apparently, attract the attention of these shy, suspicious birds, and without evincing the slightest fear they returned to their nests, some of them actually sitting on their eggs within six feet of me. If the experience of the previous day had been surprising, that of this day was astounding. With the tripod camera focussed on two close-set nests, each of which contained a single snowy-plumaged flamingo chick, and the "Graflex" in my hand, I was prepared to picture in detail the events occurring about me. The parent turning the hatching egg in the nest, feeding or brooding the young, preening, sleeping, poised on one foot, the other suspended in mid-air; the chick eating the shell whence it had lately emerged, climbing back into the nest from which it had jumped at my approach, these

and a dozen other incidents were photographed, and each exposure I knew recorded a scene which man had never looked upon before.

The following days added to my series of flamingo pictures and knowledge of the bird's habits, and I left the locality with the single regret that through my presence there the bird's secret would become known to the negroes of the inhabited portion of the island, who would visit the place to catch the young birds for food. This fear, as I have subsequently learned, was unfortunately fully warranted, the rookery being largely destroyed before the breeding season was finished.

This, indeed, is doubtless the fate of every flamingo rookery in the Bahamas the whereabouts of which becomes known to the always half-starved negroes. Thus harassed, these magnificent birds are steadily decreasing, and unless some steps be taken to protect them, their extinction is assured. A statement to the administrator met with such ready response that it is proposed to introduce proper protective measures at the next meeting of the Bahama Parliament.

#### The Protection of Birds

It may not be unpardonable for half-starving negroes to take from the nest a young flamingo, for these young birds have been esteemed delicacies among Greek and Roman epicures; but what shall we say about those who, from slavery to fashion, cause the death annually of thousands of song and plumage birds? Fortunately, law is stepping in to put a stop to this worse than vandalism, and it seems as if the administrators of law really meant to see that it should be observed. The Boston Evening Transcript says:

The Fish and Game Commissioners are experiencing some difficulties in enforcing the laws prohibiting the sale of song birds or their plumage by milliners.

Two deputies have reported 2107 cases of violations of the statutes by milliners in New Bedford, Taunton and Fall River. In a report to the commission they give a list of names of the firms in those cities, with the number of cases discovered against each. They say also that the birds are sent from Boston, New York and other cities, and that the wearing of plumage of song birds is a common thing among the women in that section of the State.

The board has notified the millinery dealers and the trade papers that they will immediately take steps to carry out the law, which provides a fine of \$10 for each violation. The Millinery Merchants' Protective Association has agreed to abstain from the importation, manufacture, purchase or sale of gulls, terns, grebes, humming-birds, song birds, and the plumage of egrets or herons, and of American pelicans. The law expressly forbids the possession or sale of these birds, irrespective of the country in which they may have been killed or captured, and the deputies are instructed to carry out the law in regard to the possession of the skins or feathers of these

birds. There is no law, however, that affects the buying or selling of ostrich feathers.

#### Wild Flowers in a City Yard

The love of wild flowers is so firmly fixed in the mind that, no matter how richly we are supplied with the flowers of cultivation, we feel an unspeakable pleasure in possessing a bouquet of the earliest wildlings of spring. The temptation to take up roots in our early rambles is strong, but if we would show that consideration for wild flowers that their beauty deserves, we ought to be sure that they shall have at least a chance for life when removed to the garden. There is an excellent article on this subject in "The Garden Magazine" for May, from which we cull the following:

The natural thing for everyone to do in beginning a wild garden is to start in the spring when everyone feels an impulse for gardening. When hot weather comes, the desire for gardening wanes, and many wild gardens contain nothing but the delicate shade-loving flowers of May and June. It would be better if we all began with the summer and autumn blooming wild flowers which are generally more robust and sun-loving. These require less care than the spring wild flowers, and few of them are in danger of extermination. Naturally everyone who begins a wild garden wants to start with lady-slippers, and all the rare and delicate things. These are precisely the things that are in danger of extermination, and people ought not to take them until they have had some experience in gardening.

The second commonest mistake is to bring in the plants with insufficient balls of earth. It is only fair to others that when we remove rare plants from the wild to our gardens we should take pains to duplicate natural conditions as far as possible. Lady-slippers and other orchids almost never thrive permanently in gardens. Most of them require a combination of shade and leaf mold and more moisture than it is convenient or possible to give. Moreover, it is likely that there are undiscovered elements in the cultivation of hardy orchids. It is a great deal better to leave the orchids in the wild and join the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, than to bring lady-slippers into a garden where it is impossible to duplicate natural conditions.

The glory of our garden was in the trillium blossoms. Roots of white ones (*Trillium grandiflorum*) were carried home year after year, until several fine clusters adorned the bed. One clump, though seemingly planted in the worst possible place, close up against the board fence, increased in size until last year it bore forty blossoms. When these were in bloom, all at once, the plant was a beautiful sight. Most of the flowers were of very large size and of the purest white. The red-flowered trilliums (*T. erectum*) flourished also, making a pretty contrast to the white ones, and the dark-red fruit made the plants attractive after the blossoms had withered. Trilliums are so beautiful and so deserving of cultivation, that

it is a pleasure to note that several dealers in native plants catalogue them. They flourish better if transplanted after the bulbs have ripened than when taken up in bloom, and then require two years to become really well-established.

The lady-slippers, or cypripediums, were the choicest occupants of the garden. The greatest pains were taken in transplanting them from their native homes, a ball of earth being lifted with them and care being exercised not to injure the roots. Leaf mold and sand were mixed with the common soil, and for several years they flourished finely. They did best in a partial shade, and with *C. spectabile* it was found necessary that the ground should be kept moist all the time. After a few years they gradually failed.

Clumps of Bloodroot cheered us early in the spring with their pure-white, delicate-petaled blossoms. Where a little sunshine visited them they came out early, and other bunches, more shaded, bloomed a week or so later, thus giving us a longer opportunity for enjoying this lovely flower, whose only fault is its transitoriness. It is easy to grow. It has been seen growing on rubbish heaps in cities.

The delicate little spring beauty grew close beside some of the clumps of bloodroot in a very shaded, unfavorable location, but the dainty plants were forgiving, and every year put forth a few blossoms, as if hoping for better days. Label the plants you find this spring and in midsummer you may gather the little round brown bulbs about the size of a pea, which lie on the ground.

Hepaticas, white, pink, and blue, grew here, there, and everywhere, delighting us with their delicate coloring and downy leaves, so carefully folded. No other wild plant better repaid transplanting and cultivation. Some amateur Burbank ought to improve the hepatica.

Though the cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*) naturally grows in wet places, usually along streams, it accommodated itself very graciously to our drier ground, perhaps because it was planted near a door where water was frequently dashed over the plant. Beginning to bloom in July, the long spikes of blossoms continued opening to the very tip, and numerous side shoots would spring out from the main stalk, thus prolonging the flowering until the latter part of August. The brilliant blossoms shone like a flame. It does well in ordinary garden soil, but its weak point as a garden plant is that its spike gets ragged, the lower flowers going to seed before the uppermost open. Some nursery-men have plants in which this defect is overcome. Some people complain that they cannot make the seeds grow. If sown as soon as ripe in a prepared bed of finely pulverized soil without covering, they germinate in seven days. In the spring they should be sown in flats indoors.

A single plant of jewel weed was once carried home. From it sprang a host every year. They tried their best to monopolize the garden, but did not quite succeed. I think the plant was *Impatiens fulva*, but instead of being yellow the flowers were always a beautiful shade of rose color, never varying and never going back to what was probably the original hue. The flowers were spotted with brown like *I. fulva*, and in all but color they perfectly resembled that species.

# Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Edited by William Nelson Harrison, M. D.

## Cerebro-spinal Meningitis

For several months past cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever, has overshadowed all other medical topics in popular interest. All sorts of statements have appeared regarding the prevalence of the disease, its menace to the community (especially New York City) and the various methods of treatment, old and new, each claiming more or less brilliant success. An exaggerated dread of the disease has been created in the popular mind, the number of cases has been overstated and the actual facts somewhat confused. Many cases have been diagnosed as cerebro-spinal fever which have proved to be other diseases. As a matter of fact, the disease is always endemic (i. e., existent) in New York, an average year showing a mortality rate of about 200 from cerebro-spinal fever. In 1904, and again this year, the disease has been epidemic. The mortality has ranged from about thirty to eighty per week, at times ranking second among contagious diseases to tuberculosis alone, and again being outnumbered by the deaths from diphtheria as well. An editorial article in the "Archives of Pediatrics" for April, 1905, presents the situation in regard to the present epidemic as follows:

The prevalence of an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis in New York, and the apparent futility of treatment in lessening mortality, has led the Department of Health to appoint a special commission of physicians to consider means by which the disease may be brought under control and successfully combatted. Long before the diplococcus of Weichselbaum (the germ of meningitis) was described, the epidemic and infectious character of cerebro-spinal meningitis was understood. The association of the disease in connection with stables and stable refuse, bad drainage, dampness, and such epidemic influences as influenza and pneumonia, had been studied, and health officers had put in force rules which required physicians having meningitis cases under their charge to report them. . . . The mortality of cerebro-spinal meningitis given in the monthly bulletin of the New York State Department of Health for January, 1905, was 149 for the whole state. Of these deaths, 123 were in New York City, . . . all boroughs. What steps will be taken by the Commission appointed by the Department of Health to stop the spread of meningitis can not be foretold, but definite and concerted action will no doubt

elevate the prophylaxis and treatment of this disease to a higher plane, and show at their true value the claims of physicians who, after apparent success achieved with a few cases, gain a transient notoriety by their advocacy of treatment which in a few weeks has a place only in the limbo of the past. The high mortality of cerebro-spinal fever has led pathologists and clinicians to look to lumbar puncture [i. e., puncture of the spinal canal to obtain cerebro-spinal fluid], not only for the determination of the bacteriology of the disease, but also as a method by which cerebro-spinal pressure might be relieved and therapeutic measures instituted. The first success seemed to come after lumbar puncture had been done for purposes of diagnosis, and where pressure symptoms indicated that some depletion of the arachnoid space [i. e., the space between the two membranes covering the brain] might lessen the nervous phenomena of the disease. Huber, however, after an extensive experience, stated that he agreed with Jacobi, who wrote that lumbar puncture might relieve symptoms. . . .

Trephining has been done for hydrocephalus [i. e., water on the brain] with symptomatic relief. . . . Acting on the belief that the meningococcus causes pressure by exudation and an increase of fluid, the operation is at present being tried for cerebro-spinal meningitis, whether with better results than those given by lumbar puncture we cannot now state.

A disease so serious as meningitis has urged for its treatment methods that attempt to . . . destroy the activity of bacteria that cause it. Such a plan is the injection into the spinal canal of antiseptic solutions. Lysol has been a favorite, but the experiences with it at city institutions, where a large number of children have been under treatment, do not show any realization of the claims of the suggestors. Recently Woolf, of Hartford, Conn., stated that he found an antagonism existing between the bacillus of diphtheria and the diplococcus of Weichselbaum. . . . Waitzfelder instituted the treatment . . . at Gouverneur Hospital by injecting diphtheria antitoxin. . . . In all 17 cases were treated, with the following results: five patients recovered completely, three died and nine were under observation at the date of the report [March 11]. Of these four were in serious condition. As Dr. Waitzfelder's hospital term ended on March 1, he acknowledged that this mortality rate may be higher . . . after the patients have passed from under his observation. The same treatment was carried out at both the Presbyterian and New York Hospitals without influencing the symptoms of meningitis as claimed by Waitzfelder. . . . To unbiased observers Woolf and Waitzfelder have not substantiated their treatment. . . .

We are, then, in the the unfortunate position where we know the cause of cerebro-spinal



meningitis, but we are not able to advance a specific treatment.

The public should bear in mind that the disease above discussed is always more or less prevalent in New York; that its contagious character has not been established, although it is certainly contagious, and that the number of deaths, even at the height of an epidemic, is far less than the number due to tuberculosis during the same period, and generally smaller than from diphtheria and croup. More than likely twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the deaths accredited to meningitis are due to other diseases. No method of treatment has thus far proven its superior merit, and the recent epidemics have merely taught us more of the nature of the disease, without helping us to combat it, either by lessening the death-rate or checking its spread. Still, we may hope that diligent research will discover some method of prophylaxis and treatment comparable to the use of antitoxin in diphtheria.

#### Alcohol as a Food

The question of the use, effects and value of alcohol as a food is discussed in an article in the "Lancet" for November 19, 1904. The views expressed in this article (which is entitled "Alcohol Considered as a Food from a Practical Standpoint") are generally accepted by physiologists and other medical men as fairly representing our present knowledge of this subject. The important passages are here given:

It has now been established by several well-known classical researches that up to a point alcohol is a food, and past that point it is a poison. To draw a sharp line of demarcation, which shall define for all persons when its action as a food exactly ceases, and when its effect as a poison exactly begins, is scarcely possible. The tissues of different individuals differ greatly in regard to their oxidizing [i. e., *burning up*] capacity, and it is a matter of common observation that there are persons who can tolerate more alcohol than others without apparent injury to health.

It has been conjectured that the oxidizing power of the tissues, over alcohol in particular, must have steadily decreased since the time when our ancestors drank their bottles of port with impunity. . . . The quantity of alcohol imbibed in such an exploit must obviously be greatly in excess of the limit of the body's oxidizing capacity, as deduced from scientific experiment. One and a half fluid ounces of pure alcohol is the utmost quantity that can be completely utilized as food in the human body per diem, according to experi-

mental observation. A quantity ingested additional to that amount may escape oxidation, incomplete products of combustion, so to speak, may be formed, and toxic effects ensue. . . . Taking brandy and whiskey to contain fifty per cent. by volume of alcohol, three fluidounces or six tablespoonfuls of these spirits would contain the maximum allowable daily dose. . . . Port and sherry, with their average of twenty per cent. of alcohol, would contain the permissible amount in seven ounces, or a little over two wine glassesful. The limited quantity of white wines, claret, or champagne, with ten per cent. of alcohol, would be fifteen fluidounces, while one and a half fluidounces of alcohol represent about a pint and a half of beer. . . . Apart from the fact that to avoid injury to health the amount of alcohol consumed *per diem* should be limited strictly to one and a half fluidounces, it cannot be regarded for practical purposes as a food in the sense of a true reparative. It is at best a producer of heat and energy, and then frequently at the expense of healthy cellular activity, while its cost from the point of view of actual food value has been calculated to be eight times that of bread.

Many details of the action of alcohol on the various tissues of the body, and of the changes it undergoes while in the system, have not, as yet, been finally determined. Enough has been learned, however, to show that the healthy organism can completely oxidize daily a limited amount, converting it into heat or other forms of energy which must otherwise be generated by the combustion of non-alcoholic food-stuffs. It thus enables the body to use these other nutritive materials for the construction or repair of tissues, or to store them up for future use. It is in this sense that alcohol may be called a food, or better, a food-sparer. But even this apparently useful quality lessened the probability that prior to its oxidation, its initiative effects act injuriously on the tissues with which it comes into contact.

Where organic disease is present, particularly if it involves the liver, kidneys, nervous system, or blood-vessels, alcohol in any amount is positively deleterious. Only when positive symptomatic indications demand its use may it ever be profitably employed; and then with full appreciation of the fact that any beneficial action will be accompanied by an injurious effect on the organic disease present.

To sum up: In its relation to the human organism the food value of alcohol is only negative, and may well be ignored; and by restricting its use entirely to remedial purposes no loss to the race would be entailed, and incalculable benefit would accrue.

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# The Drama

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Edited by Walter Tallmadge Arndt

## Mrs. Fiske, Playwright

Mrs. Fiske recently scored, at her New York Manhattan Theater, a success that was little short of sensational. Moreover, it was not as an actress, but as a playwright, that she appeared. Three short plays written by Mrs. Fiske several years ago were presented. They were acted by the members of the Manhattan Theater Company, with all the artistic excellence that one has learned to expect in the work of this remarkable organization. But, well acted and well stage-managed as these plays were, their actual success depended on their intrinsic dramatic merits. It must be said that they fulfilled all requirements in this respect, and disclosed in Mrs. Fiske that instinctive intelligence for dramatic values that is born in one. It seemed to prove that she is an exception to the rule that good actors never make good playwrights.

"A Light from St. Agnes" comes very near being a masterpiece in its own field. Indeed, it is seldom that a one-act play has half the dramatic power that this tragic little story of low life among the bayous of Louisiana has. As acted by John Mason, William B. Mack and Fernanda Eliscu it gripped and thrilled the audience as few things have done this season. And with one accord the critics sang its praises. Briefly, it is the tale of two outcasts, Michel and Toinette, who have withstood every attempt of a saintly woman to reform them. At last she is dead, lying in a neighboring church, and Michel, in a drunken fury, plans to wreak his hatred on her dead body and carry off the diamond cross on her breast. Toinette, who, in spite of herself, has been stirred by the woman's pleading and a farewell message brought her by the priest, revolts at the suggestion, and finally, after a struggle with her brutal companion, quiets and deceives him and then slips away to ring the alarm-bell. Michel, when it dawns upon his drink-clouded intellect that she has deceived him, goes forth and drags her back to the hut, where in mad rage he kills her and flees into the woods just as the rising sun reflected from the chapel windows floods the

room and glorifies the dead girl with its golden light.

The other two plays, although not so dramatically valuable, had much in them to praise. One, "The Rose," was a somewhat conventional story of an old *roué*, who misunderstands the entirely innocent relations between his wife and the young family physician and takes his life as the easiest solution of the problem. "The Eyes of the Heart," the theme of which Mrs. Fiske found in an old Italian play, is the touching story of an old blind man who has lost his fortune but is kept in ignorance of the fact by his family and friends. The old man, as admirably portrayed by George Arliss, adds one more to that versatile actor's list of personal successes.

## Three American Comedies

Three American comedies recently produced in New York call for special mention here, not so much because of any great dramatic value which they may possess, but because they seem to mark well-defined tendencies and because they are of interest as being the early, if not actually in all three cases the maiden efforts of the authors. These are Paul Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah," produced at the Hudson Theater; Kellett Chalmer's "A Case of Frenzied Finance," at the Savoy; and Willis Steell's "Firm of Cunningham," at the Madison Square. Dissimilar as they are in many respects, they have some points in common. All three are on the farcical order; all three are bright and clever in dialogue, and give opportunities for some of the best character work seen on the stage this season. But all are surface plays, and fail completely whenever they become heroic or sentimental. "The Heir to the Hoorah," the most conventional of the three, is likely to prove the most successful from the managerial standpoint. It is the story of how rich and rough Joe Lacey, the owner of the Hoorah mine, is reunited to his wife, a silly New York society girl, through the medium of their son. The story is logically worked out and interests despite its flimsiness, a fact due largely to the

excellent acting of those who take the parts of a group of Joe's miner friends. "A Case of Frenzied Finance" is the second play of Kellett Chalmers, in whose maiden effort, "Abigail," Grace George scored a success only a few months ago. As far as its dramatic construction is concerned this second play is not equal to "Abigail," the chief charms of which lay in its simplicity and directness. But it contains more laughable situations, and more clever and witty lines than any half dozen ordinary comedies, and the opportunity it gives for first-class character acting assures its success as a laugh producer. The play tells of a bell-boy in an ultra-fashionable New York hotel who longs to be a power in the financial world and attempts to accomplish his desire through the medium of a bibulous Yonkers undertaker, who, through a similarity of names, is taken for a Montana copper king. The undertaker, as interpreted by William J. Ferguson, is one of the drollest and most delightful pieces of character comedy seen on the metropolitan stage in a long time.

"The Firm of Cunningham" is rather better constructed than the ordinary run of farce-comedies. It is like the other two we have been considering, unusually clever in dialogue and just as sure to amuse as it is to send you away with the feeling, the regret, indeed, that it was all so inconsequential and so inefficacious. The fault seems to be that it simply doesn't land you anywhere. The plot revolves about a heroine, a married woman, who is notable principally for her mendacity and her mania for playing the races. These two characteristics lead her into all sorts of predicaments, from which it takes three acts to extricate her.

#### A Junior Irving's Hamlet

Perhaps no event of the month in the dramatic world was watched with greater interest than the production of "Hamlet" at the Adelphi Theater, London, by Henry B. Irving, the eldest son of Sir Henry Irving. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that we are able to record the fact that both

the critics and the public with one accord joined in pronouncing the production a success. It is likely to mean a great deal to young Mr. Irving. Making due allowance for the enthusiasm of some critics who compared it not unfavorably with the "Hamlets" of Forbes Robertson and of the young actor's distinguished father, it may be truly said that without being great, "the Hamlet" of the younger Irving possesses a very unusual degree of merit, and is marked by an intelligence of portrayal and an intellectual power far beyond the ordinary.

We cannot demand that a "Hamlet" be a conception entirely original, and totally distinct from every "Hamlet" that has gone before, yet we cannot help feeling delighted when an actor shows that he has come to his own independent conclusions about the part, and has not followed slavishly in beaten paths because it was easier to do so or because he hadn't the mental power to lift himself out of it. Young Mr. Irving disclosed a "Hamlet" very different from that of his father or of Forbes Robertson. The maturity of the actor has a great deal to do with the characterization of the part, and in this respect the new "Hamlet" was distinctly a youthful one, imbued with all the fiery ardor, all the impulsive and passionate recklessness of youth. Here was no suggestion of the cool and calculating madman; here was only a sensitive, high-strung youth, torn by conflicting emotions, placed for the first time in a position where he must alone face a great problem—and solve it himself quickly and for all time. Such a conception emphasized the unreasoning qualities of the prince, and instead of being weighted down by his troubles, he was rather lifted up to a wild despair. Young Mr. Irving himself has never done anything nearly so good as this "Hamlet," which, from the technical point of view, at any rate, could scarcely have been improved upon. His supporting cast was unusually strong; the "Ophelia" of Lily Brayton was sweet and delicate, the "King Claudius" of Oscar Asche powerful, and the "Laertes" of Walter Hampden finely romantic.

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# In the World of Religious Thought

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Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

## Law and Righteousness

The Editor of "The Interior," in a recent issue, attempts to show "The Insufficiency of Law" by pointing to the disposition of the American people to run "to statutory suggestions and statutory experiments," in the belief that a law enacted against an evil will heal the evil.

"A few years ago everybody was working on industrial-protection bills; a little later anti-trust bills had the right of way; and now rate-regulation bills are the timely thing." And the ineffectual efforts to legislate against one or another of these objectionable customs is thus summarized: "Despite the tomes of anti-trust enactments that may be read in any legal library, trade continues to suffer unnatural restraints in nearly all important branches of commerce." This discouraging failure of laws to cure industrial evils is "not because officials are indolent and courts insincere, but because the sources of evil lie in a realm of individual responsibility where no spying human eye can penetrate. The crime of commercial unfairness consists far more in the ungenerous intent of the business tyrant than in any single act that can be prohibited by a statute and specified in an indictment. As long as he is of a mind to overreach and oppress, he will concoct new agencies of oppression faster than the most industrious legislature can outlaw them. A revised statute needs for its success a revised man to keep it."

This is indeed interesting. Statutes have failed, therefore there is no alternative but to produce a generation of revised men, who shall not wish to overreach and oppress! Imperial edicts fail, therefore the relief sought is to be found in anarchy! Society must wait until its powerful members who have been battenning on the weak shall voluntarily relinquish their grasp and become revised.

We cannot deny the charge of inefficiency made against the various restrictive laws that fill the tomes of law libraries. But we cannot, on the other hand, be content to wait the slow transformation of men as individuals from the slavery of the trading in-

stinct to the liberty of a social conscience. No doubt such transformations occur, as some feudal barons broke from their environment and devoted their estates to social uses, but they are too few to affect the general situation. Neither the proposition of President Hadley to ostracize the selfish rich, nor the more recent protest against the receipt of a gift from Mr. Rockefeller by The American Board can bring the desired relief from the greed of gigantic corporations.

Is there no other way? Are we forced to a choice between the imperial methods, which are failing, and the individualistic ideals—which in the last analysis are anarchic, so universally preached in the churches—while the evils against which she declaims wax mighty under the shadow of her temples?

We venture the suggestion that restrictive laws fail because they violate fundamental economic laws, which are natural laws. The old law upon the statute books of England forbidding two men to enter into partnership was an early protest against the evils of combination, as were the laws forbidding workmen to join in associations for their own advancement. But such laws were never effective—not because the evils (?) "lie in the realm of individual responsibility," but because these laws failed to recognize the categorical imperative of associated effort in the economic world. If society produces an ugly giant more powerful than all its contemporaries, it is folly either to pass laws to prevent him from crushing his fellows or to preach to him the beauty of mercy and sentiments of unselfishness. Neither fear nor shame will reduce this Cyclops to a normal citizen. But let society withdraw the rich sources of nourishment and open the broad fields to all her children, denying to anyone the exclusive privilege of devouring all her iron, or coal, or oil, or watercourses, or "rights of way"—in short, let special privilege be withdrawn and the natural law of association be recognized, and then both restrictive legislation and the sweet appeals to unselfishness will prove effective in reducing the evils that remain.



### Spreading the Gospel of Peace

The New York State Conference of Religion has recently sent 5,000 copies of "A Primer of the Peace Movement" to clergymen of the various churches, in the hope that many will seek to awaken their people to the loss and desolation resulting from the continuance of that barbaric custom called War. A paragraph from that Primer will indicate how important is this mission in the interest of peace.

Three weeks before Paul Kruger's "ultimatum," Joseph Chamberlain refused to refer the difficulties to an arbitration board of two Dutch and three British chief justices. Had he done so, England would have saved three years of bitterness, a set-back to all local progress and reform, and the hatred of a people who lost 20,000 women and children in concentration camps; she would have saved \$1,100,000,000, which might have given that third of England's population who are living in dire poverty on less than \$6 a week per family the following things:—

- 100 Old People's Homes, at \$100,000 each.
- 1,000 Public Playgrounds, at \$50,000 each.
- 1,000 Public Libraries, at \$50,000 each.
- 1,000 Trade Schools, at \$200,000 each.
- 500 Hospitals, at \$200,000 each.
- 3,000 Public Schools, at \$100,000 each.
- 150,000 Workingmen's Houses, at \$2,000 each.

Two years after the war, England was paying \$400,000 a week to keep up her present army in South Africa, where free speech is still denied, while one quarter of her own people at home go hungry. The cheap Chinese labor now being imported by the mine operators in the face of the protest of the South African people, makes the condition of the "Outlanders" to-day vastly worse than that for the pretended relief of which the British Government entered upon the war.

That this needed reform is taking hold upon the conscience of the people is proved by the extent to which periodicals are devoting attention to the horrors of war. Says the "Western Christian Advocate":

Collier's presents in a very striking form what the figures really mean when it is said that in the single battle of Mukden 200,000 men were killed and wounded on both sides. As a help to realizing this awful loss by war's slaughter, it presents these equivalents:

- "Three hundred Iroquois Theater disasters.
- "A hundred and fifty Slocum disasters.
- "Eighty Johnstown floods.
- "Thirty Galveston floods.

"The total population—men, women, and children—of a city like Minneapolis.

"The population of the State of Idaho and Nevada combined.

"The entire Boer population, of both sexes and all ages, of the two South African republics which resisted the whole power of the British Empire for over two years."

In view of such a prodigal sacrifice of human life, should not the Christian powers strive to bring this terrific struggle to an end, and should

not all followers of Jesus identify themselves with the efforts of the peace societies in this and other countries?

### One Child in Five

"Field and Stream" notes that one child in five in this country spends the years between the ages of ten to fifteen, at work in coal-mines, factories or similar places. Education is at a standstill; there is no recreation in field or forest; nothing to develop mind or character, everything, on the contrary, to hinder or distort their growth. At fifteen the unhappy little creatures, dwarfed in every direction, pass into circulation. In a few years our citizens' roll will be one-fifth made up of such.

In his installation address President Roosevelt said many fine things about our duty and our dawning destiny to lead the world. Make any allowance you judge fit for possible over-statement in the figures we quote; the picture will not be greatly relieved. For there is the other and worse side of it that child-labor is one, and only one, product of the greed and indifference of those who are knowingly operative in causing this stupendous piece of cruelty. They are a worse blot on the roll than the children, become adults, will be.

In *what*, are we to lead the world? Humanity of conduct? Unselfish disregard for gain? How long does a nation's public policy remain in advance of its average private standard?

These children are slaves who derive no shadow of benefit, nothing but harm, from their slavery. Morally and mentally dwarfed men and women, they are prematurely fathers and mothers whose children register and reflect the moral and mental status of their parents.

We once held these "truths to be self-evident: that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

But perhaps the signers of the Declaration of Independence were not thinking of children in those momentous days!

*New Century Path.*

### Religion and Religion

In the midst of the prevalent discussion of the effect of scientific research upon religion one is reminded more than ever that definitions are the first things for combatants to agree upon. It would be interesting if we

could test the impression as to what religion really is which an unsophisticated mind would get from these discussions. The mental confusion of such a person would be much increased at the present time by the various estimates of what are popularly called "revivals."

We find such phenomena as are being witnessed in England, Wales, and certain parts of our own country classified anywhere in the entire range from "religious awakening" to "pious hypnotism." Is it Religion that is difficult to hold in the face of science, or is it theological notions? Is it the presence or absence of religion by which we judge these revivals, or their adherence to certain preconceived ideas?

A contemporary suggests that "there is a failure to distinguish between religion natural, eternal, and universal, and religion, traditional, local, and temporary." Let us cease to treat it as an air-tight compartment which will ride the billows of controversy as long as it remains intact. It is not a dogma about God and the individual soul—it is the Bond of Life. We cannot be religious along one phase of thought and activity without being religious in everything that pertains to life. It supplants all efforts to inoculate life with formal and traditional moralities by inspiring life with the love of all that purifies, elevates and ennobles. Religion ceases to be religion when it remains detached from conduct. It is as important to insist upon the unity of life as it is to insist upon the unity of its divine source.

#### Wherewithal Shall We Be Clothed?

The pastor of one of the largest "non-ritualistic" churches in America appealed on a recent Sunday, among other articles of equipment for local work, for another clerical gown to be added to the present supply. To emphasize this need he related that on a recent occasion when a visiting pastor had been present the associate pastor could not enter the pulpit because there were only two gowns!

Jesus evidently failed to foresee this modern ecclesiastical exigency, otherwise he surely would have made it an exception to his "Take no thought what ye shall put on." It was also a fatal oversight of the apostle Paul, or else he would have suggested it

among the items in the collection he solicited from the churches. How embarrassed the visiting brethren, who were authorized by him to receive these collections, must have been if the churches failed to have ready the proper robe, so they might enter the pulpit!

#### The Nation's Soul

When President Roosevelt becomes a preacher of righteousness it is impossible to estimate the extent of the influence of his words. In this day when so many youth are being taught that the criterion of success is the ability to outdo another, to thrive at the expense of those less fortunate in friends or ability, it is gratifying to read such a message as is contained in a letter from President Roosevelt to the French poet Frédéric Mistral:

"You are teaching a lesson that none more need to learn than we of the West, we of this eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation, the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached, the things that really count in life are things of the spirit. Factories and railroads are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweet-heart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and lofty endeavor are the homely work-a-day virtues and heroic virtues. These are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialists, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either individual or nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body: I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul.

#### Sacredness or Service

The growing demand that the Church shall fill the largest possible place in the community, even by the adoption of methods which must break down the traditional "sacredness" of the building in the interest of the more sacred human lives to be ministered unto, is championed by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, the popular Nonconformist English preacher whose visit to this country a few years ago attracted such wide attention. According to the "Congregationalist" he holds that the church edifice is made to be the social and spiritual center of the people seven days of the week, and that consequently its floor space should be usable on week days for anything which occasion demands, which of course is impossible when stationary pews are nailed or screwed to the floor.

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# Science and Invention

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Edited by Francis P. Johnson, E.E.

## A Successful Aeroplane

Students of aeronautics have long admitted that the final solution of the problem of aerial navigation is dependent primarily on the practical application of the aeroplane, and that the dirigible balloons of Santos-Dumont, Baldwin and others are interesting chiefly as examples of mechanical skill and ingenuity. The following despatch (from San José, Cal.) to the New York Sun, if true, marks a distinct advance toward the practical navigation of the air:

"At a private exhibition of the aeroplane to-day at Santa Clara College, Prof. Montgomery's birdlike creation did everything that its inventor has said it would. Like a great colored fly, the aeroplane disported itself in the air, shooting in all directions, turning in circles of a radius of 100 feet and diving and darting upward in response to the will of the aeronaut. The maneuvers were conducted at a height of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet for five minutes. Then the machine was steered toward the ground and was not even scratched in alighting."

## As to a Submarine Watch

We are indebted to "Popular Mechanics" for the interesting information that "the ordinary watch cannot be used on submarine boats, but a special watch, the construction of which conforms with the conditions within the under-water craft, is necessary. These watches cost from \$75 to \$100. None are manufactured in the United States as yet, for watchmakers are loath to invest for the first order of them." This is an exceedingly interesting bit of news, and we await with eagerness an explanation of why it is that the "ordinary watch" refuses to operate, and why the construction of the watch must "conform with the conditions under water." A watch "built like a submarine boat" will be an interesting exhibit.

## The "Mystery" of Electricity

In spite of the fact that electrical energy is now so widely employed, and applied to so many and various uses, there is still a feeling of mystery connected with anything elec-

trical. The "Electrical Review" believes that it is a mistake to consider electrical phenomena unintelligible, and says:

"Electricity is usually spoken of as the most mysterious force known, and this feeling is played upon by the unscrupulous, who, by attributing to electricity the virtues they claim for their wares, deceive many who would not give the article in question a moment's consideration if the word 'electricity' were not connected with it. Now we know more about electrical energy than any other form—that is to say, we are able to produce it, control it, transmit it, and make it perform useful work with greater ease than we can any other from of energy. We know more about this branch of physics possibly than any other, and, in fact, the stupendous amount of energy which has been expended in electrical research during the last quarter of a century has extended our knowledge in practically all sciences. Yet, in spite of this, electricity is considered mysterious. Now, is it not more mysterious to have ever present a force which we cannot change, which acts we know not how, the effect of which we cannot get away from, and which we cannot direct? No one has explained why the apple falls, but we satisfy ourselves with the statement that it falls because the earth draws it to itself. But no one considers the force of gravity mysterious.

"One explanation of this peculiar situation may lie in the newness of electrical phenomena. Gravity we have always had with us. So far as we know, the apple has always fallen when loosened from the tree, and that it continues to do so is not at all surprising. It is true we have had, since the beginning, electrical effects such as lightning and the action of charged bodies upon one another, but it is only recently that man has learned to control electrical energy and to do with it practically what he wills. As yet the newness of this new servant to man has not worn off. Things are done now which were thought impossible, if thought at all. Given electrical energy in a controllable form, to the man who does these things the method

of doing them is simple, but the general public has not yet lost its feeling of awe for all things electrical.

"Of course, it is true that no one can give any final explanation of how and why electrical energy acts, but is it not less mysterious to have a force directed along a wire than to have one acting through space filled with we know not what?"

#### Color Photography

The hopes of the amateur photographer have been so often raised, only to be disappointed, that he regards all claims to the discovery of a solution of the difficulty as a will-o'-the-wisp. You may follow the light, but it will land you in a hole. Here is another claim. Will anything come of it and enable the average amateur to realize his fondest dream? The "American Inventor" says:

Dr. Koenig, a German scientist, of Hoechst, has announced that he has succeeded in solving the problem of color photography. He says that he has discovered a perfectly simple process whereby every shade of color in the photographed object is reproduced to perfection in the photograph. The process is so easy that any amateur would be able to carry it out with the same facility that he now takes snapshots. Further, it is only a fraction more expensive than ordinary photography. The process reveals whether a man wears a black or a dark blue coat, whether a gold or silver watch-chain, whether he has ruddy or pale complexion, and other details to perfection. After the negative is taken, the colored photograph can be copied in forty seconds, and retains all the shades of color in the copy.

#### A New Fuel

The following passage also is taken from the "American Inventor":

A new fuel called radiant, to be used in connection with gas and other fires, has been invented by two young engineers of Southend, England, and if it be proved that it can do all that is claimed for it, will cause as great a revolution in the present system of gas heating as did the introduction of the Welsbach mantle in gas lighting. The inventors claim for radiant that it gives treble the heat with the same gas consumption as an ordinary gas fire, that it takes up the carbonic oxide from the air and purifies the atmosphere; that it does away with the unpleasant smell given off by gas fires; that it burns brightly like a coal fire; that it is as cheap as fire clay, and is inexhaustible. It will take the place of asbestos or fire-clay balls, and will, it is said, give out an intense heat. It is made from materials that are now waste products of chemical works. The new fuel captures the blue flame, which at present is lost, and converts it into intense heat. Radiant is also said to possess the power of retaining heat to a very great degree.

#### The "Nobel Prizes"

The following passage from the "National Geographic Magazine" for January deserves attention. The "Nobel Prizes" referred to were founded by Alfred Bernard Nobel, of Sweden, the inventor of several high explosives. The annual interest of about eight and a half million dollars is yearly divided into five equal parts, and awarded for (1) the most important discovery or invention in physics; (2) the most important discovery or improvement in chemistry; (3) the most important discovery in medicine or physiology; (4) the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and (5) the most or best work done in the interests of universal peace. The first four prizes are awarded by the Academies of Sweden and the fifth by the Norwegian Storting.

Probably the first thought of Americans on reading the announcement of the award of the "Nobel Prizes" of \$40,000 each for 1904 was surprise that not a single American received a prize. Americans are doing noble work in the physical sciences, in literature, in medicine and surgery, in chemistry, and in the humanities. A prize of about \$40,000 is awarded annually for achievements in each of these branches, and yet no American has received a prize. The reason is not lack of appreciation abroad of what we are doing in this country, but the neglect of Americans to apply for the prizes, owing to misunderstanding of the manner in which the awards are made. In the awarding of prizes only those persons are considered who are formally nominated as candidates by some institution, college, or scientific society of rank and character. Not a single American, we are informed, has yet been presented for consideration, and the impression abroad is that Americans are not interested in the prizes. The awards are made in physical sciences and chemistry by the Academy of Science of Stockholm, in medicine by the medical faculty of the university, in literature by the Swedish Academy, and in the humanities by the Norwegian Storting. Mr. W. E. Curtis in his public letter of December 26 calls attention to this mutual misunderstanding. It is to be hoped that hereafter for each prize the name of at least one American will be formally presented as a candidate. Any one can compete, but his or her name must be presented by a worthy institution.

#### Wireless Telegraph Performances

It is well worth while just to notice the relative positions of the sending and receiving stations in the following passage from the "Electrical World and Engineer":

On January 10 the Mallory steamship *Denver*, coming north, reported herself 10 miles south of



Diamond Shoals Lightship, off Cape Hatteras. This message was clearly read by the De Forest operator at Cleveland, Ohio, and was forwarded to the New York office for corroboration.

The *Bermudian*, of the Quebec Steamship Company, left New York Jan. 18 at 10 A. M. At 10 P. M. the Cleveland station read a message from

the *Bermudian* stating that she was then 200 miles from New York.

On Jan. 21 the Red "D" Liner *Philadelphia* left New York at 12 o'clock noon and at 10 P. M. reported herself 130 miles out. This message was read by the De Forest operator at Port Huron, Mich.

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## Art and Architecture

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### Municipal Art for Chicago

It is safe to say that for a long time to come Chicago will be the center of interest among American cities in the working out of its municipal problems. The recent acquisition by the city of its transportation systems, which the city proposes to run for itself, will be at least one problem to hold the attention of other municipalities. In the field of civic adornment also there will be reason to keep an eye on the metropolis of the Middle West. The era of municipal art has been inaugurated there and her citizens are fostering its development. A recent number of the *Municipal Journal* and *Engineer* contained the following paragraph upon this subject:

Benjamin Ferguson, a lumber merchant of Chicago, who recently died, left a bequest of one million dollars to the Art Institute of Chicago, the income from which is to be used to erect and maintain statuary and monuments in the parks, along the boulevards and in every public place in Chicago, commemorating worthy men or women of America, or important events of American history. It is not putting the case too strongly to say that notwithstanding there is more room for improvement in the city of Chicago it is showing greater energy and wisdom in its city affairs than any other large city in the United States. It has already taken the lead in practical municipal reform, obtaining satisfactory results by means of its Municipal Voters' League. It recently opened, under favorable auspices, the first Municipal Museum in the United States. It has repeatedly voted in favor of municipal ownership and operation of all public utilities, and in the recent election of Mayor Dunne it proposes to insure the ownership and operation of its street railway systems in the near future. This bequest furnishes another reason why Chicago may be looked upon as the most progressive city in the United States. It will be well for New York and Philadelphia if they awaken in time to catch up with Chicago, for she is now far in the lead.

### Proposed Union of Art Societies

There are two important associations of artists in New York, the National Academy

of Design, with 100 academicians and, at present, 90 associates, and the Society of American artists, with, at present, 139 members. The second of these societies was founded by members of the National Academy who seceded from it in 1877, because of a disagreement about aims and methods in art. The basis for this disagreement long ago disappeared, and for years past the relations between the two organizations have been entirely amicable, so that eighty-seven members of the Society are also members or associate members of the Academy. A disposition to unite these two organizations becomes active from time to time. Just now it is particularly active, and it has been agreed in committee to put the proposition to vote at a meeting in May. The proposed union, if carried out, would put the art interests of the town in a stronger position than they hold now, and would be likely to result in better exhibitions than are now given, and in more of them, and in more public interest in them. The merger would probably be strengthened by the accession of some other smaller societies, and the resulting academy would be in a good position to get public support for the much-coveted art institute, a larger building more suitable for picture exhibitions than any that the present societies can command.

*Harper's Weekly.*

### Charles Dana Gibson

An interview with Charles Dana Gibson was recently printed in the *New York Times* which contained several expressions of opinion which are of unusual interest, coming from so widely known and so popular an artist:

"Do you, then, consider it a handicap for an artist to strike a popular vein early in his career?"

"Distinctly," replied Mr. Gibson. "The reason is, of course, apparent. People get to associating him with one type or character or line of

work, and are apt to overlook very much better efforts of the same hand.

"Popularity," emphatically, "is no criterion of ability, at least in an artistic sense. Of course, there must be some merit in any sort of work that gains a vogue of considerable proportions, but the artist must look to the future to judge the worthiness of his work, rather than to the present, even in black and white.

"Take the character of Sherlock Holmes," he continued, reverting to the original subject. "Conan Doyle has done and is capable of doing far better work than writing detective stories. Yet we find him continually associated with that incubus. He has wrestled with it, been thrown, got up, and is now girding himself for other and better efforts.

"Success early in the career of any person is apt to be a misfortune, and is an all but insurmountable obstacle for such a person to overcome. In fact, it demands much harder and unwearying efforts to live down such a thing than it does to father a popular creation," declared the creator of the Gibson girl.

Mention being made of the comparative place in art gained and occupied by black and white work during recent years, he continued: "Of course, some of us can only hope that black and white drawing has come, been seen and awarded a respectable place in the art world. But it can hardly be claimed by the most presumptuous as of the same high order of art as work in oils, for instance."

"Have you done anything in oils?"

"In a whisper—yes. But not for public inspection—yet. I am working constantly in oil, and some day—well, just some day," suddenly ceased the voice.

#### Reminiscences of the Whistler Academy

The "International Studio" for May has two exceptionally interesting articles concerning Whistler. One is an account of the recent Whistler exhibition held in London by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, which gives a comprehensive view of the works of Whistler there shown. The other is an article written by a former pupil in the Whistler Academy in Paris. It is worthy of being quoted entire, but our space permits of but a few paragraphs.

Much of his talk was in broken, rather hazy, sentences, but whether complimentary or sarcastic was sometimes a matter for grave discussion afterwards. As, for instance, after asking a former pupil of the Cincinnati Academy where she had studied, he languidly remarked, "And did all this come from Cincinnati?" Some days he would look at us with a sort of laughing kindness, as though we were very babes in the woods to him. Manner was more than words with him. By way of suggesting some need of improvement he exclaimed, merely, to one pupil, "Now Miss P.!" but shook his fist in her face as he said it. It was a good-natured but impressive expostulation. "I painted it in only two hours," apolo-

gised one pupil as he approached her easel. "But you had no business to paint it in only two hours." "I intended to work longer," she began. "Intentions are never a virtue," he concluded.

Whistler remarked once that what he taught us was "neither a method, a trick, a system, nor a dodge." After that, I shall not be so rash as to name it. Yet however indefinite in words his teaching might be, it was securely tethered to reality on the palette.

It was a proud moment for me when, at the first of the year, he chose my palette on which to explain his practice of colour arrangement. On the outer rim of the palette the chosen colours were ranged in invariable order: white in the centre; to the right, vermilion, Venetian red, Indian red, and ivory black; to the left, yellow ochre, raw sienna, raw umber, cobalt, and mineral blue. Then on the lower part of the palette these colours were mixed with the palette-knife, so as to form in flesh tones a systematic transition from light to dark; quite as definite a sequence as an octave on the piano, and in his hands capable of every possible variation. The brushes—the flexible round end Whistler brushes—the manner of whose track through the wet paint I recognize with so much pleasure in his work, were carefully devoted each to its particular tone in the scale of colour. He laughingly suggested that the brushes should be named "Susan," "Maria," and so forth; and that we should be careful not to confuse their identities.

"You must see your picture on the palette," he used to say: meaning that on the palette we must find and test and be sure of exactly the tone that we needed for each individual brush-stroke throughout the picture. "Here, not on your canvas, is your field of experiment, the place where you make your choices."

We learn how it was with Whistler's own painting, from the Count de Montesquieu, who tells of the "sixteen agonizing sittings"—standings really—that were necessary to the making of his portrait. "By some fifty strokes a sitting the portrait advanced. The finished work consisted of some hundred accents, of which none was corrected or painted out."

On that day when Whistler set my palette he returned it to me with the words: "I put in your hands a text-book with no thought of convincing you of its merits. The professor of mathematics does not think of justifying Euclid if his pupils consider it a foolish book. Who thinks of speaking of modern mathematics?"—with the inference, Why speak of modern art? Is it not as well grounded, and should it not have a like continuity? "It is for the innovator to give his reasons and quote his precedent," he continued. "Did the great Venetians trouble about getting clear color? If you want clear color you will find it in your tubes"—his thought being that the color should go through a thorough process of combination and selection on the palette, before it is fit to be put upon the canvas. "The power of the great artists," he proceeded, "was that they could go on indefinitely building on what they had, but the modern artist fears to add another touch for fear of concealing the cleverness of the touches that preceded. His friends stand about him saying, 'For the Lord's sake, don't touch it; you might spoil it!'"

## Editorial Wit and Wisdom

They ought to call him Nicholas the Second-class.—*Atlanta Journal*.

The czar wants his people to "stand by him"—but not too close.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Some of the Mormons are inclined to investigate their Apostle and Revelation Trust.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"I'll fight it out on this Linevitch, if it takes all summer," said the czar as he took to the cellar.—*Detroit Tribune*.

If Mr. Rockefeller offers \$100,000 to the Maryland politicians no questions will be asked.—*Baltimore Evening Herald*.

Perhaps the matter might be amicably arranged if the czar would consent to wheel the mikado around the block.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The President on going into the woods pleads to be left alone. The bears feel that way about it, too.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The Filipinos have received notice from Washington that they have invited a large number of officials to visit them this summer.—*Washington Post*.

If you have a secret that troubles you, put it into the form of verse, and then the magazines will help you to keep your secret.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

It is said that the Czar at Peterhof will have the unrestricted use of a square mile of territory. As absolute monarchs go, that's not so bad.—*Boston Herald*.

A scientist has discovered that the human eye can wink twenty times in four seconds. This scientist probably made his observations in Maine.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"A perfect lady" down in San José threw a lamp at a gentleman friend and burned herself to death. Woman's throwing is as

uncertain as ever.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

It is easier now for a church to raise money than it is to get and keep a good receptive representative attendance. Perhaps the fact may also be the reason.—*Toledo Times*.

When the city government of Chicago owns the street railways, will the cars have to wait for the Alderman's wife to finish doing her hair and get on her gloves?—*Baltimore Sun*.

"The Czar is believed to be losing his mind," says a despatch. Well, it won't be lonesome, having several fleets and a few armies to keep it company.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

Mr. Dodd's defense of Mr. Rockefeller: He didn't do it; besides he had to do it because others did; and, then, if he does do wrong it's all right, and it's nobody else's business.—*Baltimore Sun*.

When I come to die I know my keenest regret will be that I suffered myself to be annoyed by a lot of small people and pica-yune worries, wasting God's good time with both.—Michael Monahan in *The Papyrus*.

Having been indorsed by both his business partner and his attorney, Mr. Rockefeller will be pardoned for refusing to believe all the unkind things that are being said about him by certain preachers.—*Washington Post*.

It is said that when the Czar of Russia drives out he takes his cook along with him. There are untitled Americans who would do the same thing if it insured the retention of the cook's services.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Don't drift. Make your boat whirl round and round, if you can't do any better. Stir up the waters of the stream somehow; it will make you the stronger, and eventu-

ally you will work a voyage to some port worth gaining.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

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"Twenty-eight purses snatched from women in Kansas City since the first of January!" exclaimed Mrs. Noteclose as she laid down the newspaper. "My, but wouldn't I like to have all of those samples for a crazy quilt!"—*Kansas City Star*.

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Growing older is better than growing old. Growing older is only adding to-morrow to to-day, and as to-morrow is the guardian of hope, there is a continuous joy in living. And death should be merely the portal to a larger hope, a greater to-morrow.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

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The New York papers are running a series of intensely interesting stories regarding Mr. Rockefeller's penchant for amusing his grandchildren by playing with

sand. Our own idea of the matter is that Mr. Rockefeller contemplates going into the sugar business.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

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It is a matter of gratulation that Secretary Shaw has ordered a drawback of duties on "bensoylsulfonicimide anhydrous sodium salt of bensoylsulfonicimide manufactured wholly from ortholulosulfamide and potassium permanganate." This assures an autonomous illation of the vitulin logomachy.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

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The St. Petersburg newspaper correspondent who tells of the fear at a White house reception that the guests will rob one another has his facts slightly mixed. It should be explained to him that Americans individually are not robbers. It is only when they band together in certain large corporations that they acquire the habit of stealing.—*Kansas City Star*.

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## Literary Notes and Gossip

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Is conversation becoming one of the lost arts? Some time ago a writer announced that the ordinary conversation of the day was "poverty-stricken" to the last degree, the modern young man having but sixty-five words in his vocabulary. Mrs. Humphry Ward, was discussing this point the other day, in connection with the writing of stage dialogue. "To play a whole three-act play in a literal reproduction of modern talk would take twelve hours at least," she said. "The dramatist ought to make his audience feel that his dialogue is the language of every-day life, but selected and heightened. In the modern play much of what passes at present as a photographic reproduction of actual conversation is really not worth while." In contrast to the poverty of modern drawing-room conversation, Mrs. Ward recalls the rich and appropriate diction of George Eliot. "I remember a talk with her on 'The Spanish Gypsy' when I was a girl of eighteen," she said. "Each sentence in itself was admirably finished and musical; and yet there was no impression of pedantry or straining after effect." According to Mrs. Ward, it is our phraseology of sentiment that especially needs renewing. "We want

a revolt similar to that led by Wordsworth against the poetic diction of his day," she continued. "There can be no question that literary quality on the stage greatly helps condensation and the effect to be got by condensation." "Should the drawing-room take lessons from the stage?" she was asked. "Ah," she replied, "that's too difficult a problem for me to solve."

In connection with the centenary of the birth of James Martineau, which fell on the 21st of April, the American Unitarian Association, Boston, have announced for publication a volume of selections from the religious and devotional writings of Martineau, to be entitled "Tides of the Spirit," and to be edited by Rev. Albert Lazenby. The volume is in the nature of a manual of devout thought and rational piety; the more speculative and controversial portions of the author's works are left aside. The rare combination of clear moral vision and fine spiritual judgment, together with remarkable beauty of expression, found in the works of Martineau, render them rich in material for such a book. A manual of this kind might well be to our time what the



"Pensées" of Pascal were to former ages. "'Sacred eloquence,' as it was once called, has hardly risen to a higher pitch than in the writings of Martineau, so penetrating in their insight, so radiant with imagination."

The contents of the book are grouped under general heads, so that one may readily follow in related passages the thread of the author's thought on any one topic. The editor was a pupil of Martineau and a student in the college with which he was so long associated. His critical exposition of the writings of Martineau, as exemplified in the passages selected for the body of the book, forms a fitting introduction. Such a volume, making available as it does at a very moderate price material otherwise inaccessible except in the high-priced complete edition of his works, will doubtless be widely welcomed.

A notable feature of the April "North American Review" is the first of a series of three articles by Henry James, in which he describes the impressions made upon him during a sojourn in New England last autumn. Mr. James has returned to his native soil after an absence of twenty years, and gathers new impressions of American conditions, social and otherwise. His observations will probably appear later in book form.

We are probably coming to realize more and more that seldom have there been so many fine dramatists in different parts of the world writing at the same time as there are now. Messrs. Henry Holt and Company will issue this month "Dramatists of To-Day," by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. The high standard of Dr. Hale's work may be judged from the fact that he has been a frequent contributor on this subject to the *Dial*. So much has been already written on Ibsen that he is not considered in this new book, which will, however, cover the

significant work of Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips and Maeterlinck.

The record price, \$317, was paid at Libbie's auction rooms in Boston recently for a copy of the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." The previous highest price was £63, paid at Sotheby's, London, some time ago. Fitzgerald, after offering part of his translation to "Fraser's Magazine," which failed to print the verses, gave the whole thing as a present to the late Bernard Quaritch. The latter, in 1859, printed the Rubáiyát in a brown paper-covered pamphlet, asking five shillings a copy. None sold at that price, and after being offered at two shillings, then at one shilling, and then at sixpence, the pamphlets finally descended to the penny stand in front of Mr. Quaritch's store. It was there that Whitney Stokes brought the copy which he gave to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who in turn passed it on to Algernon Charles Swinburne, thus laying the foundation for the Omar cult.

Within the first week after publication, the Putnams have gone to press with a second edition of "De Profundis," by Oscar Wilde. This pathetic little volume is being generally accepted as the sincere expression of a repentant spirit. It promises to close forever one side of Wilde's life, and to leave the world free to study and appreciate the really admirable achievements of this extraordinary man.

Moffat, Yard & Company, the new publishing house, announce that, from now on, all new drawings by Howard Chandler Christy in separate picture form will be published by them. This includes all pastels in color hereafter to be drawn by him as well as the Christy Calendar for next year and thereafter.



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## The Library Table

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### An Example of the Sentimental Method in History\*

UNDOUBTEDLY the colonial and Revolutionary history of the United States, as taught in the schools, shows a decided lack of proportion. The space devoted to one section and the emphasis laid upon its action is often greater than that given to all the remaining colonies together. The resulting impression in the mind of the man or woman not an historical student does not do justice to the activity and patriotism of those colonies outside of New England. This is natural, perhaps, as no incident of that section's history, however trivial, has lacked chroniclers, while other sections have been more careless.

Dr. Fitch's book was written with a purpose which is explained in the following extract. Commenting upon the refusal of the people to permit the stamps to be landed, and upon the enforced resignation of the stamp-master at Wilmington, N. C., in 1765, in spite of Governor Tryon and two British war vessels, he says:

"Eight years after this (December, 1773), a party of forty or fifty men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, under cover of darkness, and without any resistance, boarded a British ship in Boston Harbor, containing a consignment of tea, and throwing the chests of the cargo overboard into the sea, came ashore echoing their bravery, which made the 'Boston Tea Party' famous.

"Here is an act of the sons of 'Old North Carolina' not committed on a harmless merchant vessel, nor on the crew of a freight ship; not done under any disguise or mask, but on a representative of Royalty itself, commanding a man-of-war of King George's navy on the one hand, and on the King's Royal Governor in his palace on the other, and in open daylight, by well-known men of reputation; . . . and yet not *one-half of her sons have ever read of the exploit*. Why? Because . . . our histories are written by Northern historians."

\*SOME NEGLECTED HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.  
By William Edwards Fitch, M.D. The  
Neale Publishing Company, New York and  
Washington. \$2.

Several little-known but honorable incidents in the colonial history of the State are told with accuracy, though interspersed with Revolutionary incidents and other irrelevant matter. The main thesis, however, is to prove that the Regulator uprising in middle (then western) North Carolina, culminating in 1771 in the "Battle of Alamance, was the first battle of the American Revolution." The attempt is not new. Every local historian and several biographers have devoted much space to the question, and generally have taken the affirmative side. The accounts, with few exceptions, have been derived chiefly from tradition, as contemporary documents were not available until the comparatively recent publication of the Colonial Records, a rich mine for the historical worker. The main facts are undisputed. A large number of the inhabitants of the "back counties," feeling themselves oppressed by the provincial and local officials, between 1766 and 1771, refused to pay taxes, rescued property seized, broke up a court, caused the release of prisoners, beat the lawyers, destroyed the house of a county officer, and finally gathered in open rebellion. On Alamance Creek, May 16, 1771, two thousand Regulators, largely without organization and many of them unarmed, were met by one thousand militia from the eastern counties, under the Royal Governor, William Tryon, afterward Governor of New York. The Regulators were routed after seventy of the militia were killed or wounded. After the battle a number were convicted of treason and hanged, and a year afterward at least fifteen hundred had left the province.

The causes of the outbreak may be reduced to excessive or unjust taxes, dishonest sheriffs and exorbitant fees of court officials. There was little sympathy and less communication between the eastern counties, which controlled the Assembly, and the west. There was little currency in the province and products could not be sold for cash. Taxes were levied only on the poll and to secure the few shillings necessary was a difficult matter. The claim of the author

that opposition to the Established Church was also a motive is not supported by the facts. Though the sympathy of the historical student must be to a large extent on the side of the rebels, the identity of the movement with the Revolution can not be maintained. The outbreak was directed against the agents of the government, and not against the government itself. While it was important as a prophecy of future resistance, showing how life in the wilderness produced a spirit of independence, it can not be called a part of the Revolution. During that struggle a majority of the Regulators were loyalists or else avoided taking sides at all, while the leaders of the militia which quelled them were also the leaders in the later resistance to Great Britain.

There is little historical or logical method in this book. The story is not connected, evidence is not weighed critically, nor are both sides fairly stated. The author "being a descendant of a Regulator, and having spent his childhood and early manhood in Alamance County, North Carolina, . . . where he has listened with enraptured de-

light to the narration of thrilling scenes and circumstances occurring previous to, during, and after the 'Battle of Alamance,'" writes always as an advocate or an apologist. Although he has copied many valuable documents from the Colonial Records, they have not been digested. Sometimes they contradict assertions in the text. Apparently the careful, scholarly work of Professor Bassett on the same subject and the equally important incidental researches of Dr. Weeks have not been used. The material has been drawn chiefly from the older works mentioned above. Undoubtedly the critical method can be carried so far as to destroy all human interest. Much modern historical writing might be the story of marionettes, so lacking is the vital touch; but the sacrifice of substantial accuracy to sentiment can not be defended.

The work is, however, so obviously a labor of love and shows so much enthusiasm and devotion to purpose, that, as a loyal North Carolinian, one must regret that it has not been done more skilfully.

Holland Thompson.

#### A New World History \*

THERE are many ways of producing a world history, and every method probably would have its defenders. One way is to entrust the undertaking to a corps of expert specialists, each to cover his particular epoch with scholarly perfection. But when such a work is completed its appeal is not to laymen, but to a small circle of scholars, to whom the great dramatic sweep of progress is as nothing compared with some minute point in regard to landholding in a far-away corner of Europe in a particular epoch. It is not that some such fact as this may not be of great importance in throwing light on some mooted problem of history; it is only that the highly specialized scholar is, from his very nature, not likely to judge rightly of the value of history written in a larger, more inclusive shape.

Another world history might be brought together by reprinting the great classic histories—Carlyle's "French Revolution," Motley's "Dutch Republic," Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and so forth—but the result would be an immense, ill-balanced

library, lacking all unity or definition of scope. Of the same character would be a history made up of a series of specially written national histories by authors of widely differing abilities and points of view.

That the general plan of "The Historians' History" has largely circumvented these obstacles bespeaks the unusual editorial skill, as well as the immense erudition of Dr. Williams and his associates. The result is a connected account of the history of all the nations, from the earliest times to the present, with each section of the story told by an individual generally acknowledged to have been fitted, both from the scholarly and literary view-point, to tell it. This has involved a process of selection from a field that has broadly included not only the contemporary relations of the actors in the events described and the chroniclers of the time, but the accounts of the classic historians and the results of modern research as embodied in a series of valuable essays written by the representative historical writers of to-day. For the body of the work the editor has chosen from the printed accounts in some available history, and these accounts have been joined together by editorial bridge-work. At the same time, by means of fre-

\*THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD.  
Edited by Henry Smith Williams, L.L.D., 25  
Volumes. The Outlook Company, 225 Fourth  
Avenue, New York.

quent editorial foot-notes, the editor has to some extent brought down to the present such accounts as have been qualified by the results of more recent research. The excerpts are designated by small superior letters at the end of the extract, and these letters refer the reader to a key to be found at the end of each volume.

A work founded on such a scheme is almost necessarily uneven. For various reasons, those of copyright among others, the selection in each case is not always the best that could have been made had the whole field of historical literature been available. Still, it must be acknowledged that the "Historians' History" places within the grasp of the reader a historical library broader by far than that covered by all but a few of the greater libraries in our larger cities. As a general thing, where the ordinary-sized library would contain one, or perhaps at most three, narratives of a particular period, the "Historians' History" narrative will be constructed from six or eight different authors, many of them now for the first time made available in English. These translations, indeed, constitute one—if not *the*—most valuable part of the entire work. They constitute a very considerable portion of the volumes devoted to Oriental, ancient and European Continental history. Some of this material represents the most advanced scholarship of France and Germany, now for the first time made accessible to English readers. There are also many valuable translations from the classical historians, either never before published in English or, at any rate, only in such form as to be inaccessible save to a few. Such features range from a translation of the famous Code of Khammurabi, King of Babylon, about 2300 B. C., the oldest known body of laws, to an account by a recent German historical writer of German colonization in Africa.

The series of specially written essays by eminent living historians are used to introduce or to summarize great epochs or movements; or to point out more clearly or in more extended form some tendencies and characteristics of an age or a people that could not, from the nature of the treatment, be properly covered in the regular chapters. For example, by way of an introduction to the history of ancient Egypt (Volume 1) there is an essay on "Egypt as a World Influence," by Dr. Adolf Erman, of the University of Berlin. In the same volume will

be found an introductory essay on "The Relations of Babylonia with Other Semitic Countries," by the French Orientalist, Joseph Halévy. Turning to modern and contemporary history, it must suffice to note, as instances of the character of this specially contributed matter in all departments, the two suggestive essays of Alfred Rambaud, one of the foremost of living French historians, on the social and political evolution of France since 1815, and the succinct and entertaining review of the "Development of Germany from 1740 to 1840," by Prof. Reinhold Koser, of the University of Berlin.

By way of criticism it must be said that the work is not done evenly, nor is it all of the same high standard. Indeed, there is the perceptible falling off in quality in some of the later volumes that one so often, indeed, almost always, finds in the latter volumes of a huge work of this sort, and that always suggests the "hurrying-up" pressure of the publication office. There will be justifiable criticism in this country for the inadequate treatment of American history. The space devoted to the history of this country covers, all told, little more than a volume, the last third of Volume 22 being devoted to the period of discovery and exploration, and the Colonial, Revolutionary, and all subsequent history being crowded into less than 500 pages of Volume 23. Indeed, the lack of balance may be most clearly expressed in terms of pages, when it is said that the entire period of the nation's history from the close of the French and Indian Wars to the re-election of President Roosevelt takes up only about 260 pages. The period of discovery and colonization is, on the whole, more adequately treated. It is based on Bancroft, whose view-point is somewhat discredited, but there are annotations and emendations from recent writers. But the treatment of the Revolutionary epoch is the merest outline. Perhaps the weakest point in the entire history is the treatment of the great period of national development from 1783 to 1848. The great constitutional growth of the nation is absolutely untouched; the wonderful industrial and economic development of the country during these years is scarcely suggested. Why Mary Howitt, John Frost and Benson J. Lossing should have been chosen to tell most of this remarkable story is past comprehension, save on the assumption that every real history of the period is covered by copyright. The chapter



entitled "Civil Discord" is made to include in the briefest space the entire story of dissension and disunion, including the tragic story of the Civil War. It must be one of the greatest regrets that the opportunity for adding a spirited, stirring story of the growth of the United States from its isolated position to that of a great world power, was neglected. If world history means anything it means the story of the progress of the nations to positions where their social and political life are indicative of the present state of the world's development.

A feature not often found in works intended primarily for the library is the valuable collection of reprints of historical documents, with careful introductory notes. These include some of the most famous edicts, laws

and treaties in all history and hitherto have been accessible only to possessors of collections of reprints. The twenty-fifth volume, now in course of preparation, is an encyclopoedic index, containing in itself an immense amount of valuable historical and biographical information, and serving as a reader's guide to the whole.

In spite of imperfections which were to be expected in a work done under such conditions, it must be said that the "Historians' History" ought to prove of great value to the general public. For most school and town libraries it will be a great boon. Indeed, when one surveys this monumental work from the larger view-point, the wonder must be that it comes so near to fulfilling the requirements for a great universal history.

### Electricity in Every Day Life

IN this work\* Dr. Houston has presented the main facts and explained the principal laws of electricity in a very interesting and readable manner. There is no other force which has been so widely applied to the use of man and none whose laws are perhaps less understood by people in general. Dr. Houston's object in publishing this work has been "to impart to the general public that knowledge in electricity which it should have and to make this knowledge as full and complete as may be possible." With this idea in mind he has written in a manner to be readily understood by one not already equipped with a technical or mathematical training. Dr. Houston, as author of an "Electrical Dictionary" and collaborator in a series of electrical handbooks of a popular character, has had ample experience in the task of presenting scientific facts so that they may be thoroughly understood by a lay reader. In fact, the mathematics of the science have been entirely omitted and only such technical words are used as are necessary to a clear understanding of the subject and then only with a plain explanation of their meaning. The feature of reliability is one which is especially worthy of notice. There are already several volumes on the market which purport to explain to the layman the wonders of electricity, and which contain gross misstatements. Such books are, of course, worse than useless, and the

difficulty is that the reader who has not already a sufficient scientific knowledge is unable to detect the misstatements. In this work, however, the reader may be assured that he may depend upon the statements he finds, and certain that his information is accurate.

The first volume is chiefly historical and traces the growth of the science from the time when the knowledge that amber when rubbed against the clothing acquired the curious power of attracting light bodies, was the only thing known about the force of electricity. As Dr. Houston follows the growth of the knowledge of electricity and magnetism, he furnishes frequent quotations from contemporaneous authors, which illustrate in a very interesting way the development of the science. This volume also contains some very interesting matter in regard to lightning, its causes and effects, and the action of lightning protectors. The second and third volumes take up the applications of electricity as adapted to the service of man. Here, in addition to descriptions of the dynamo and motor, the telegraph, the telephone and all the more common applications of electricity, are found discussions of less familiar appliances. These include the mercury-vapor and the vacuum tube lamps, evolved in an endeavor to produce light without heat; the electric furnace, with the aid of which chemical substances are obtained which would have been otherwise unknown; and a modification of the telephone which is used to detect spurious or

\*ELECTRICITY IN EVERY-DAY LIFE. THREE VOLUMES. By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. P. F. Collier & Son, New York.

mutilated coin. Here, also, is the micro-phonograph, in which the voice magnetically makes its record upon a steel ribbon, which in turn reproduces the words impressed upon it without the accompaniment of the scratching sounds so familiar in the mechanical phonograph; and in which the record is erased by simply passing the steel ribbon before a magnet. And we have also an explanation of the action of the radiophone, by means of which speech is transmitted along a beam of light. These and many other applications will be found to be extremely interesting, not only for their novelty, but also for the adroitness shown in their development.

The only point for criticism is the character of the illustrations. The small cuts which accompany the text are for the most part archaic, and although numerous—there being about eight hundred—are entirely inadequate. For example, a map of the street railways in New York City occupies three square inches—a space much smaller than a small visiting-card. The full-page half-tones are fair examples of photo-engraving, but might as well have been published separately, as they have no connection with the text; and the full-page illustrations in color are unspeakable. These faults, however, do not detract from the value or interest of the text.

F. P. Johnson.

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## Glimpses of New Books

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### Biography

**Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story.** "My Lost Fifteen Years." By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.20.

Mrs. Maybrick gives us clearly to understand that this book was written under the pressure of friends. Why could they not let the sufferer alone? Why reopen the pain and grief? What can we think of a taste that demands publicity for even the most private woes? To anyone who knows the English prison system it must be clear that Mrs. Maybrick has nothing new to tell about those fifteen years to which her death sentence was commuted. The book, therefore, resolves itself into an arraignment of the system under which she suffered. Coming, as it does, from one who has endured its severity, it is worthy of consideration, but the reader must remember that the system was not made for the innocent. Oscar Wilde, the guilty one, does not complain, but submits, in his tragic "De Profundis."

As for the analysis of Mrs. Maybrick's case, given in the volume, one can only say that it seems passing strange that such a miscarriage of law could take place in England at the end of the nineteenth century. Not only did public opinion in England and America stand by Mrs. Maybrick, but one of England's most eminent jurists never lost faith in her. The reader will rise up from the volume more mystified than ever as to this *cause célèbre*.

### Fiction

**The Blockaders.** By James Barnes. Harper & Brothers, New York. 60 cents.

This is a collection of very clever and interesting stories for boys and will be enjoyed by young readers. The first two only refer to the sea, as the title would lead us to infer, but the rest deal with incidents which appeal to everyone and are put together in a way which shows that Mr. Barnes is master of a style well suited for young people who like a good story well told.

**My Lady Clancarty.** By Mary Inlay Taylor. Little Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The familiar story of Tom Taylor's play, "Lady Clancarty," is here told in a readable style and embellished with admirable illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens. It will interest those who have ever seen the play, and also those who here for the first time learn the romantic love story of the Earl of Clancarty and Lady Elizabeth Spencer.

**Barham of Beltana.** By W. E. Norris. New York. \$1.50.

We all once enjoyed "Matrimony" and "Mlle. de Mersac," and felt that in the author of those books the literary world had been given a child of promise. Ever since with each successive novel by Mr. Norris we have been looking for fulfilment of the promise only to meet with disappointment. This, his latest story, is only another example of the fatal facility in arranging automatons in agreeable surroundings. It is, of course, a love story, in which a brother and sister, children of one Barham, a rich Tasmanian, compound a romance with the brother and sister of one March, an English aristocrat—the scenes taking place on the island of Malta and in London. We take Mr. Norris' word for it that his double heroes and heroines are all that he says they are. They rarely speak for themselves. The only people who do are crusty old Barham himself and old Lady Warden, one of those shrewd worldly old women, who because, perhaps, he does them so well, inevitably figure among his *dramatis personæ*. They are a pleasing contrast to their inanimate comrades in the story and, served up in Mr. Norris' smoothly flowing rhetoric, will well beguile an hour or two.

**The Second Wooing of Salina Sue.** By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

"The Second Wooing of Salina Sue," takes its title from the first (and best) of six plantation

stories by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. The eminent revivalist, the Rev. Saul Sanders, has announced from the pulpit that there is no true repentance without restitution, and, regardless of the dismay which this causes among his hearers, he goes on to declare that not only all church-members who should in future seek matrimony, should find it only at consecrated hands, but that all those who had heretofore inadvertently omitted the marriage ceremony must come forward and seek the church's blessing upon their union. Cross-eyed Steve and Salina Sue are a devoted and well-ordered couple whom this edict concerns, and the story deals with the difficulties Salina Sue puts in the way of its accomplishment.

"Tobe Taylor's April Foolishness" repeats the prank related in "The Virginian" of changing the clothes of a number of babies and describes the resulting confusion; "Milady" turns upon the esthetic side of the negro race, while "Egypt," "Minervy's Valentines" and "The Romance of Chincapin Castle" deal with different developments of negro character, drawn with a skill impossible to one born north of Mason and Dixon's line, and rare in those from the South.

**An American Girl in Munich.** By Mabel W. Daniels. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1905. \$1.25.

"An American Girl in Munich" is the record of a winter's study of music in that delightful city, and recalls Miss Amy Fay's enjoyable book which appeared some years ago, "Music Study in Germany."

Miss Daniels went to Munich to study composition with Professor Thuille, and appears to have been the first woman to enter the score-reading class at the Royal Conservatory, where it is only within seven years that women have been permitted to study counterpoint.

The author has much to say that is interesting about her life and surroundings in Munich, the men under whom she studied, the operas she attended, the concerts in which, as a student, she took part, and the many singers and musicians whom she heard. In view of the fact that we shall probably have Weingartner here next winter to conduct some of the Philharmonics it is interesting to learn that at first he impressed Miss Daniels as sensational, but "as I became accustomed to his extravagant methods, the earnestness and power of the man impressed me more and more. . . . He fairly swept the orchestra along."

To those who are not particularly interested in music there is enough of the book devoted to life in Munich to make it enjoyable, while the love-affair of one of Miss Daniels' fellow-pensionnaires gives what theatrical managers call "a heart interest" to the narrative.

**Little Stories of Courtship.** By Mary Stewart Cutting. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Perhaps the spring is responsible for the volumes of "courtship" stories that are appearing almost daily. One of the best of these is Mary Stewart Cutting's "Little Stories of Courtship," which are reprinted from sundry magazines.

The best of these are the two called "Paying

Guests" and "Henry," the first of which deals with the struggles of a well-born woman who, left alone in the world, is obliged to take boarders, and around whose table gather the types familiar to us all—the exacting Mrs. Meyers, the gluttonous Mrs. Brulwyne, the pleasant Miss Cosletts. Miss Bennett is not a success at keeping boarders, and is finally rescued from the necessity thereof by the agreeable path of marriage.

If it be pleasant to meet familiar types in fiction, it is no less a delight to find an original one, as we do in "Henry." This story deals with people of a plainer class than the other tales, but the picture of the timorous, agitated, uncertain lover is exceedingly well drawn.

The rest of the stories deal with various familiar situations in the life of the average American, but they are treated with such skill and feeling that they are lifted far above the commonplace.

**The Courtship of a Careful Man.** By E. S. Martin. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

The six stories which Mr. Martin has published under this title are stories of New York life, and depict a well-bred society which many of us have faith to believe still exists in this city, although we hear comparatively little about it.

"A Party at Madeira's," emphasizes the fact of how few New Yorkers are really indigenous, and how society here is recruited from all parts of the Union. It proves to be a most successful party where everyone had a good time because, as one lady said, "I have met people from Keokuk and Kalamazoo and every town in the country except New York."

The rest of the stories are stories of courtship which begin and end happily. Mr. Martin's young people are so delightful that we sympathize with them in their love-affairs, and are charmed when they are finally married and "start in and live a simple, God-fearing, two-maids-and-a-furnace-man life in town."

The author has the pleasant habit of carrying along his characters from one story to another, so we may hope to meet some of these agreeable people again.

**Down to the Sea.** By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.25.

All of the fourteen stories in this book smack of "ropes and things, and ships upon the sea," but there is any amount of variety in the yarns. The first story of the blind boy who receives his sight during a fearful storm at sea in which all his fellows are killed is almost psychological. "A Cow, Two Men and a Parson," is broadly humorous, while "The Rivals," a tale of two war-ships which are led into battle through the machinations of a deceitful little torpedo-boat, is of the sort that Kipling has made famous in "The Ship that Found Herself." But Mr. Robertson can stand on his own feet, for in the character of the old sailor, Finnegan, he has created a figure that will stick in the memory for a long time. He is the hero of "Chemical Comedy," "A Hero of the Cloth" and "The Sub-Conscious Finnegan," three as good short stories as could be found anywhere. The author himself was a sailor for many years, and the types he has selected have a rough-hewn

air of reality. There is a brisk, forceful quality in his style that carries the story along with a swing, in spite of a display of technical knowledge that sometimes threatens to mire the human interest of the episodes.

*Miss Badsworth, M. F. H.* By Eyre Hussey. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y.

To most Americans "*Miss Badsworth, M. F. H.*,"—that is, "*Master of the Fox Hounds*"—will have about the interest of a colored sporting print. It is entirely a tale of fox hunting written by a devotee, with what seems to the ignorant reviewer a complete knowledge of his subject. The frailest of plots serves as a background for a detailed description of that pet British game sport. *Miss Badsworth*, by the will of an eccentric brother, is Master of the Hounds for a month, during which time she has to hunt with them ever day, or else lose a fortune. The lady is fat and fifty, but she has a young niece of the same name, and by a little manipulation of Mr. *Badsworth's* will, a loosely constructed document, she becomes Master instead of her aunt, and saves the fortune by riding each day in regulation hunting costume to the delight of her neighbors and the reader, too. The book is well written, and full of fresh, breezy descriptions, which portray the charm hunting and its picturesque accessories have for nearly everyone, in spite of the efforts of the S. P. C. A.—a topic, by the way, which is very well handled in the story.

*The Princess Passes.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Henry Holt & Co., 1905. 8vo.

It was a clever thought to set the hero and heroine of this story upon a flirtatious rivalry with each other for the favors of a pretty contessa, each anxious to save the other from marrying mere prettiness. (As the story has no plot, we may be forgiven for disclosing it.) It was another clever thought to utilize the automobile costume as a mask to disguise the heroine from the hero so that they could travel to their trysting place together without his knowing it. In fact, those who enjoyed the cleverness of the "*Lightning Conductor*" will be delighted to make the acquaintance of Lord Lane and discover that he can have quite as clever and unconventional adventures as his friend, Jack Winston. If there is a change in the make of automobiles, there is no change in the delicate fancy of the authors. They have produced another story of the course of true love which will engage the interest of their readers as well as their first story engaged it. The readers, however, should be warned not to be prejudiced against either Lord Lane or his lady-love by the portraits with which the book is supposed to be ornamented.

*Walter Pieterse.* By Multatuli (Eduard Douwes Dekker). Frideric & Gareis, New York. \$1.50.

Though we are so familiar with Dutch art, Dutch literature has little meaning for us. Maarten Maartens, who writes in English, is the only Dutch author we know much about; yet there is a Dutch literature, and there are Dutch writers with fame at least in their own country.

Dekker, who calls himself "*Multatuli*," is one of them, and his "*Walter Pieterse*," translated by Hubert Evans, ranks high in Holland. There is no American or English author with whom he can be compared or contrasted; and the reader will have to shift his view-point considerably in order to get a square look at this original book. The style is almost colloquial; it is full of charm, and rich in humor, pathos, and philosophy, the last *Multatuli's* own brand. The idea of heaviness, which we associate with that nation does not appear. Nor is there anything oblique, or involved. The language is pure and direct; the sarcasm is biting, but it leaves no bad taste. The sympathetic story is told with a force and technical skill that arouse the reader's admiration. It appears to be the writer's account of his own childhood up to his seventeenth year, and it betrays both the tenderness and the cynicism which a grown man might bring to bear on that period of his life. The humor is broad, in places too broad for our preferences. The setting is Amsterdam, "at a time when it had no sidewalks, import duties were still levied, in some civilized countries there were still gallows, and people didn't die every day of nervousness." *Walter's* family belonged to the lower middle class. Among them he is regarded as a suspicious creature, and his romantic imagination leads him into numberless difficulties with them, his schoolmasters and his friends.

His physician becomes interested in *Walter's* career, and *Walter's* family begin to appreciate him,—"for has he not a doctor whose coachman wears furs?" The reader is left with a keen desire to know the rest of his adventures, and as the publishers promise others of "*Multatuli's*" works, it is hoped *Walter's* apprenticeship will be among them. The translation is a model of what that difficult, and usually, carelessly done task should be. In form and spirit it is true to the original. English-speaking people should be thankful for this opportunity to know what our Dutch neighbors, so near many of us in blood, have done with the pen, as well as with the brush.

*Cabbages and Kings.* By O. Henry. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Like the average comic opera of to-day, it doesn't make much difference at what stage of the story you take up O. Henry's "*Cabbages and Kings*." If you should start, Hebrew fashion, at the last page and read it through backward, it wouldn't matter, for plot there is none. The characters are thrown together like scraps in a waste-paper basket, and without any more connection. The events of the novel take place at Coralia, a seaport town in South America, and a characteristic revolution in which a dozen or more Americans of various grades of society take part is the main incident. It is not hard to find a laugh in a South American revolution; and the tale is amusing in other ways.

### History

*The Way of the North.* By Warren Cheney. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Those who are interested in the history of Alaska while it was yet under Russian rule should



read "The Way of the North." It gives a full, if not very pleasant, picture of life around Sitka in the days of Alexander Baranof, who was appointed governor of the stations of the Russian Fur Company in 1790. The tale is told by one, Feodor Kirilovitch Delarof, who was shipped there on account of some offense. He was a physician, and as such, was brought in contact with a young woman traveling among the lower class of immigrants. Hence the love interest. The autocratic tyranny, the rude life and manners, the almost incredible servility, are well described, and the volume may be read for its descriptions of conditions in Russian settlements, as well as for its own sake as a thoroughly good story.

**Indian Fights and Fighters.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.30.

This is the Indian volume of the series of "American Fights and Fighters," and deals with the frontier warfare of 1866-1876. The chief incidents center around the tragedy of Fort Phil Kearney, the battle of the Washita, the battle on the Rosebud, the defeat and slaughter of General Custer and his troops, and the successful campaign of General Miles. Dr. Brady has evidently devoted close study to his theme, and the result is a very impartial and interesting account of the steps by which the red men were compelled to give way to a stronger and more progressive race. Stirring as are the deeds of valor of the white man, some sympathy will be felt for the conquered, and it will not be a matter of satisfaction to the reader that the Government of that day sent out forces inadequate to the task before them, and thus inflicted misery upon both sides. This connected account of a struggle but little understood, we fear, should arrest the attention of readers of popular history.

#### Miscellaneous

**Wall Street Speculation.** A Lecture by Francis C. Keyes, LL.B. Columbia Publishing Co., Oneonta, N. Y. 25 cents.

This lecture on the methods of the gamblers on the Stock Exchange and on the evils of "hastening to be rich" sets forth clearly the sole function which the public play in the game—that of "lambs" whose only reason for living is to be shorn. Less sensational than the "Frenzied Finance" articles about which we have been hearing so much for months, it inculcates the same lessons. Whether the lessons are such as the inexperienced will accept and profit by or not, the pamphlet is well worth studying.

**Home Care of the Sick.** By Amy Elizabeth Pope. American School of Household Economics, Chicago. Two parts. \$1.

These are admirable treatises upon the simpler duties of the trained nurse. Originally prepared as lesson books for correspondence classes of the American School of Economics, they give excellent advice as to that care and treatment of the sick about which every thoughtful housekeeper ought to know something. The two parts bound together in one volume would be a very useful addition to the household library.

**May Irwin's Home Cooking.** By May Irwin. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.20.

Here are some hundred recipes for good things to eat and drink, from a dainty breakfast dish which will put in a good temper for the day to a "nightcap" which will prevent or drive away a cold. They seem all right and promise more enjoyment out of life than patent foods can give. But is it safe for the would-be cook to be provided with a humorous titbit on the page opposite to the recipe and a humorous drawing as a tail-piece? It may lighten the labor of cooking to laugh over a joke, but what of the danger of confusing the ingredients? However, the housewife will certainly find the volume interesting.

#### Nature

**The Art of Preserving Animal Tracks.** By J. Alden Loring. Published by the author, Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. \$1.

Mr. Loring presents in this pamphlet a lucid description of his method of preserving the tracks of mammals and birds wherever they may be found—that is, in sand or clay or mud, in the snow, and even under water on the beds of streams or pools. The process is a most ingenious one, and Mr. Loring has demonstrated its entire practicability as well as its actual efficiency. By means of it, he himself has taken readily identifiable tracks of mammals from the size of the Alaskan brown bear to that of the meadow mouse, and of birds of an equal range in size. Furthermore, the materials used (chiefly plaster of Paris) cost only a trifle.

The discovery and perfecting of this process may fairly be regarded as an important one in these days of increasing interest in natural history. It offers a means and affords an incentive for the best kind of study of animals and birds—that is, a study which is very likely to bring an exact knowledge of their habits without any incidental taking of life. For the boy who takes to collecting mammal and bird tracks by Mr. Loring's process, if his interest in them flags, will at least not have been *killing* mammals or birds, or robbing birds' nests in the meantime. And it is pretty certain that from the track collecting he will actually have learned more, a great deal more, than he could have acquired by the killing or robbing process. Mr. Loring was for six years a field agent of the United States Biological Survey, and has held other similar and important positions. He speaks, therefore, with authority as to the birds and mammals of this country.

#### Poetry

**Poems.** By R. Henderson Bland. Gay & Co., London.

In this little volume Mr. Bland gives evidence of a considerable poetic gift. He undoubtedly has the power of song, but he sings too much in a minor key and one has a feeling that he unnecessarily cramps himself and declines the higher flights of which he is capable. There is no need for the poet always to live in the shadows, as Mr. Bland appears to be doing. If he would trust less to the sonnet as his mode of expression, perhaps he would do even better things.

## Among the June Magazines

### The Standard of Usage

In his *Life of Story*, Mr. Henry James mentions the presence of the sculptor at a dinner given in London by the critic and essayist John Forster. During the course of it the talk chanced to turn upon a letter from Hampden to Sir John Elliot which had been read. The peculiar beauty of its expression apparently struck all present. Story observed that the English language seemed no longer to have its old elegance. This remark led to an outburst from the host. "As soon," said Forster, "as grammar is printed in any language, it begins to go. The Greeks had no grammar when their best works were written, and the decline of style began with the appearance of one."

Forster has not been the only one to take this view, nor was he the first to give it utterance. Extravagantly stated as it is, there is in it a certain element of truth. The early authors of a tongue have in their minds no thought of possible censure from any linguistic critic. Every one does what is right in his own eyes, restrained, so far as he is restrained, only by that sense of propriety which genius possesses as its birthright, and great talents frequently acquire. But in later times, when grammars and manuals of usage have come to abound, there is frequent consultation of them, or rather, a constant dread of violating rules which they have promulgated. Such a method of proceeding is not conducive to the best results in the matter of expression. When men think not so much of what they want to say as of how they are going to say it, what they write is fairly certain to lose something of the freshness which springs from unconsciousness. No one can be expected to speak with ease when before his mind looms constantly the prospect of possible criticism of the words and constructions he has employed. If grammar, or what he considers grammar, prevents him from resorting to usages to which he sees no objection, it has in one way been harmful if in another way it has been helpful. Correctness may have been secured, but spontaneity is gone. The rules laid down for the writer's guidance may be desirable, but they are likewise depressing. He thinks of himself as under the charge of a paternal government, and he is not happy; for our race, in its linguistic as well as in its political activity, bears with impatience the sense of feeling itself governed.—Thomas R. Lounsbury in June "Harper's"

### An Opening for Girl Graduates

The class-room turns out "educated" men and women, but a little in the same sense as a tailor-shop turns out garments. The value of the products can be realized only when it is put to the test in life. A woman gives value to a dress according to the way she wears it. Now, do many of our lady graduates belonging to the second class mentioned ever even wear their college gowns—I mean figuratively—when once they have received their degree? They ought to as-

sume the task of creating the old-fashioned "salon" with distinguished men and women,—artists, writers, scholars,—and with no other purpose except the enjoyment of one another's company; salons where they would talk—not discuss—*de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis* (on all knowable things and on a few others too); salons where there need be no prearranged programme for the evening, but everything could be left to the inspiration of the hour, to the spontaneous wit of the cultivated company, to the delightful intoxication of emulation. America fulfils all the requirements for such an institution—a leisurely class, intelligent women, wealth, and so forth. Why not take advantage of it? Is it not worth while to try to be the Vittoria Colonna or the Cecilia Gallerani, the Madame de Sévigné or the Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of America?—Prof. Albert Schinz in June "Lippincott's."

### David Graham Phillips' New Story

David Graham Phillips' serial story, "The Deluge," is continued in "Ainslee's" for June. Mr. Phillips has succeeded in portraying a character in Matthew Blacklock, who is, beyond doubt, one of the strongest and most striking personalities in modern fiction. He is a man who stands head and shoulders above the mass of fictional men and women, not only because of the individual traits that his creator has given him, but because he has been made a living human being.

### A Beaver's Reason

One of our well-known natural historians thinks that there is no difference between a man's reason and a beaver's reason, because, he says, when a man builds a dam he first looks the ground over and after due deliberation decides upon his plan, and a beaver, he avers, does the same. But the difference is obvious. Beavers, under the same conditions, build the same kind of dams and lodges; and all beavers do the same. Instinct is uniform in its workings; it runs in a groove. But reason varies endlessly and makes endless mistakes. Men build all kinds of dams and in all kinds of places, with all kinds of material, and for all kinds of uses. They exercise individual judgment, they invent new ways and seek new ends, and of course often fail.

Every man has his own measure of reason, be it more or less. It is largely personal and original with him, and frequent failure is the penalty he pays for this gift.

But the individual beaver has only the inherited intelligence of his kind, with such slight addition as his experience may have given him. He learns to avoid traps, but he does not learn to improve upon his dam- or lodge-building, because he does not need to; it answers his purpose. If he had new and growing wants and aspirations like man, why, then he would no longer be a beaver. He reacts to outward conditions, where man reflects and takes thought of things. His

reason, if we prefer to call it such, is practically inerrant. It is blind, inasmuch as it is unconscious, but it is sure, inasmuch as it is adequate. It is part of living nature in a sense that man's is not. If it makes a mistake, it is such a mistake as nature makes when, for instance, a hen produces an egg, within an egg or when more seeds germinate in the soil than can grow as plants.—John Burroughs in June "Cosmopolitan"

### The Men and Boats of the Boston Fishing Fleet

Sailing out of Boston is a fleet of fishing schooners that for beauty of model, and speed, and stanchness in heavy weather are not to be surpassed—their near admirers say equalled—by any class of vessels that sail the seas; and, saying that, they do not bar the famous fleet of Gloucester.

This Boston fleet is manned by a cosmopolitan lot, who are all very proud of their vessels, particularly of their sailing qualities. Good seamen all—some beyond compare—Irishmen still with the beguiling brogue of the south and west counties, Yankees from Maine and Massachusetts, Portuguese from the Azores, with a strong infusion of Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders, and scattering French, English and Scandinavians.

No class of men afloat worry less about heavy weather than do these men; nowhere will you find men more deeply versed in the ways of vessels or quicker to meet an emergency; none will carry sail longer, or, if out in a dory, will hang on to their trawls longer if it comes to blow, or the fog settles, or the sea kicks up. In the matter of courage, endurance and skill, they are the limit.

The standard for this superb little navy was first established by a lot of men of Irish blood, from Galway and Waterford originally, who chose this most hazardous way to make a living—and in other days, with the old-class vessels, it was terribly hazardous—who chose this life, tender-hearted men and men of family though most of them were, in preference to taking orders from uncongenial peoples ashore.

They are still there, an unassuming lot of adventurers taking the most desperate chances in the calmest way—great shipmates all, tenderness embodied and greatness of soul beyond estimation.—From "The Wicked 'Celestine,'" by James B. Connolly in the June "Scribner's."

### The Bad Boy: How to Save Him

Let me interject right here on behalf of the boys in whom I have been interested, and others similarly placed, an earnest plea for greater opportunities of learning useful trades. Under our school system trades are only taught in reform schools. Here only is it recognized as the best system to fit boys to meet the industrial activities of life. A boy must commit a crime in order to gain the opportunity to learn a trade. Idleness breeds crime, but boys are often idle because our system of public education never fitted them for useful, joyful, practical work rather than because of any inherent unwillingness to work. It may be the school system and not the boy that fails. Ninety per cent. of our boys are forced to go to work without even a high school education. This sudden transition from school to work takes thousands to the messenger service and the street,

because they have never been taught to do anything well. There is plenty of work for the skilled hand, but the boy lacks the equipment to be obtained from a proper training. It is the duty of the school to supply the child with a chance to become a worker with his hands. Get his hands, and you have this head and heart.

I believe in the public schools, and know that they are entitled to great credit, but I know, too, that we are on the eve of a great awakening in educational matters. The reduction of crime and its prevention are dependent more on the school than the court.

To me the Juvenile Court work is the most important given the court to do. The future of the State depends upon its children. Every case involving a boy or girl is more important than one involving dollars and cents, no matter how large the amount may be. To properly rear and handle children will do more than anything else to reduce both civil and criminal proceedings in court.

We must acknowledge that the waywardness of children cannot be overcome by force. To overcome evil with good, to put love and justice at the foundation of the State's treatment of children; this is, and must ever be, the doctrine of the Juvenile Court. The State and society has suffered in the past because they had forgotten there is no justice without love. Unless it remembers that all men are brothers and all boys and girls its children, the commonwealth will continue to suffer for its own failure. The Juvenile Court is simply one evidence, that should fill us with hope for the future, since it is a recognition on the part of the State of its obligation to the children entrusted to it.—Judge Benjamin B. Lindsay in June "Leslie's."

### Our Heralds of Storm and Flood

We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling thirty degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen, alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race. I had asked the talented chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Professor Willis L. Moore, what was the most remarkable feature of our climate, and that was substantially his reply.

When the amazed European asks us what makes the sluggish mind of the immigrant to stir and waken in the United States, and then to climb, at first hesitatingly, but soon with vigor and confidence, to the top round in the ladder of success, we are accustomed to reply, "It's in the air"; and we are right. The spirit which fired our fathers to cross the wide Atlantic, and which in less or equal degree still animates the thousands annually seeking our shores, is fed and fanned by the cold winds from the northwest.

The cold wave is born in the heavens miles above our heads, usually over the Rocky Mountain plateau. Suddenly a mass of bitterly cold air will tumble down upon Montana. It rushes down as though poured through an enormous funnel. As it falls it gains momentum, and, reaching the earth, spreads over the Mississippi valley and then over the Atlantic States, covering them like a blanket. It scatters the foul, logy, breath-soaked atmosphere in our towns and cities, and puts ginger into the air. We fill our lungs with it and live. New waves are always coming, following each other in regular procession like the waves on a sea-shore.

It is fitting, then, that meteorology, the science of the weather, should be a distinctly American product and that the people of the United States should have the best weather-service in the world. The United States government spends \$1,500,000 a year on its Weather Bureau, which is more money than all the governments of Europe combined spend for similar service. It has a staff of many hundred skilled experts and trained observers who in all parts of the country are constantly on the watch to see what the heavens will bring forth.—Gilbert H. Grosvenor in June "Century."

#### The Menace of Japan's Success

Japan's strategic position commercially by reason of the suzerainty—if not, indeed, the own-

ership—she will establish over Corea (and possibly Manchuria also) will render her our most formidable competitor in the Far East.

America's interests in this respect will undoubtedly run counter to those of Japan. Japan is the only nation, as I view it, which can seriously compete with us for commercial supremacy in that part of the world. The contest will undoubtedly be a bitter one, not only because of our conflicting commercial interests, but aggravated by those racial antipathies even now agitating our Pacific Coast States. In that section there is already a strong movement to extend the principle of the Chinese Exclusion Act so as to include Japan also in its provisions. Retaliation on the part of Japan will assuredly follow, and she will have it in her power to obstruct our trade with the Orient, for Japan will not show the same unprotesting submission that China has hitherto.

The influence of the sea power in the history now making—this is the real writing on the wall. If Japan secures a war indemnity from Russia, a large portion of this will undoubtedly be expended on increasing her fleet. In any case, these victorious islanders who are cradled on the sea and who have shown such a splendid capacity for naval warfare are certain to better secure themselves against any further Russian aggression by a very powerful navy.—John Hays Hammond in June "World's Work."

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## Magazine Reference List for June, 1905

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First American Dramatist, The.....Criterion  
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Leaf from a Protective Tariff Catechism, . . . . . Tom Watson's Magazine  
Monopoly, The Power Behind the Trust . . . . . Tom Watson's Magazine

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# Open ✂ ✂ Questions

1119. Will you please print on the "Open Question" page the poem called "Ostler Joe," and give the name of the author?

TEX, Bisbee, Arizona.

[This poem is by G. R. Sims, and is to be found in "Best Selections," No. 25, Penn Publishing Company and in C. N. Potter's "My Recitations," Lippincott.]

1120. Would you kindly publish in your "Open Question" page Gerald Massey's "Auld Lang Syne"?

W. ROGERS, Trenton, Ontario.

[The proper title is "A Glimpse of Auld Lang Syne." The poem is somewhat too long for insertion here. It is found in his collected poems.]

1121. Will you kindly tell me where I can get a copy of Sahagun's "Historia de Nueva España" translated into English? Could you give me names of a few books pertaining to the Mexican Indians before the Conquest? I have Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and I have also read "Pre-historic America," but neither dwells sufficiently upon the Indian religion, manners and customs, and particularly their domestic life.

PEARL T. WALKER, Gibbsland, La.

[H. H. Bancroft's compilation "Native Races of the Pacific Coast" will give references for the above study of the Mexican native races before the conquest. Perhaps some reader can give information desired of the history of New Spain.]

[The poem of George D. Prentice asked for in 1106, is not included in his collected poems, but is found in the Penn Publishing Company's "Choice Selections," No. 9. As a writer of newspaper verse Prentice was well known before the war. He was a native of Connecticut, but lived and wrote in Kentucky.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

On the bosom of a river  
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,  
On the star-lit stream forever,  
Sailed a vessel light and free:  
Morning dew-drops hung like manna  
On the bright folds of her banner,  
While the zephyrs rose to fan her  
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming,  
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,  
And he was in glorious seeming

Like an angel from above:  
Through his hair the breezes sported,  
And, as on the wave he floated,  
Oft the pilot, angel-throated,  
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,  
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,  
And his hands anon were throwing

Music from a lyre of gold:  
Swiftly down the stream he glided,  
Soft the purple wave divided,  
And a rainbow arch abided  
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,  
Watched him sailing to the ocean,  
Praying that no wild commotion

'Midst the elements might rise:  
And he seemed some young Apollo,  
Charming summer winds to follow,  
While the water-crag's corolla  
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted,  
Rolled beside a city haunted  
By an awful spell, that daunted

Every comer to her shore:  
Night shades rank the air encumbered,  
And pale marble statues, numbered  
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered,  
And woke to life no more.

Then there rushed, with lightning quickness,  
O'er his face a mortal sickness,  
And the dews in fearful thickness,

Gathered o'er his temples fair:  
And there swept a dying murmur  
Through the lively southern summer,  
As the beauteous pilot comer  
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,  
And the sun unbinds his quiver,  
O'er the star-lit streams forever,  
On its bosom as before:

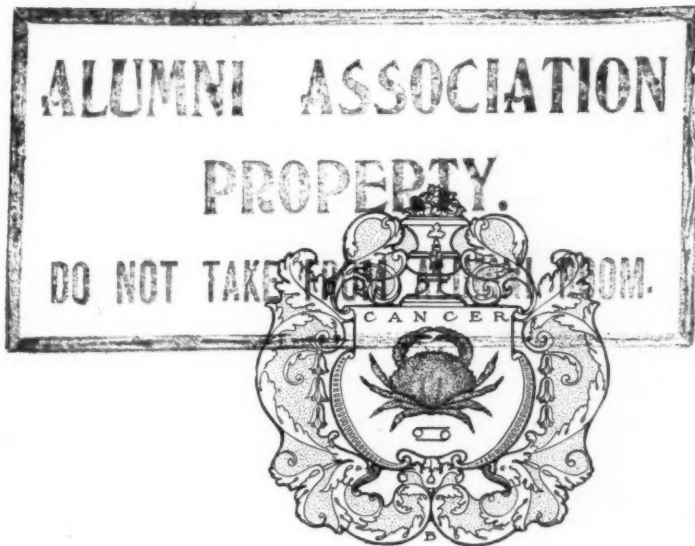
But that vessel's rainbow banner  
Greets no more the gay savanna,  
And that pilot's lute drops manna,  
On the purple waves no more.

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We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, who for the last ten years has been the Editor of Literary Digest, has assumed the editorial control of CURRENT LITERATURE, to which he will give his whole time and attention commencing with the next (July) issue.

Mr. Wheeler brings with him two other members of the Literary Digest staff: Mr. Alexander Harvey (Foreign Topics department) and Mr. Leonard D. Abbott (Letters and Art and Religious World departments), who will also give their whole time to the editorial work of this magazine.

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learned has been for you, every wrong thought I've put out of me mind has been to make more room for you. I don't even ask ye to be my friend: I only ask to be yours, to see ye sometime, to talk with you, and to keep ye first in my heart and to serve ye to the end."

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"Why not?" she faltered.

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"Sh!" her warning hand was on his.

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at them out of his narrow eyes. One could not know how much they had seen. They seemed to have seen simply nothing.

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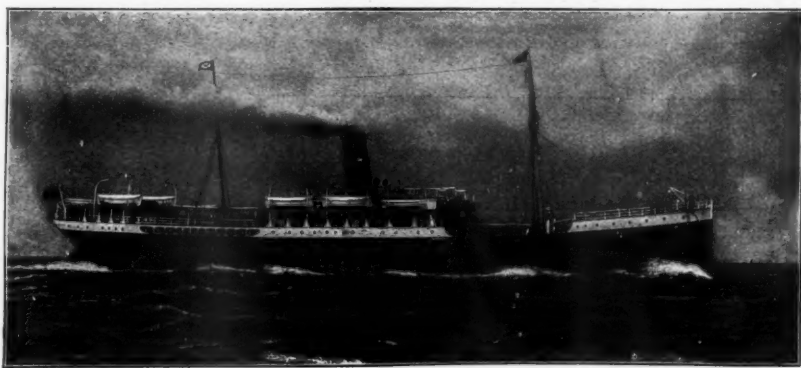
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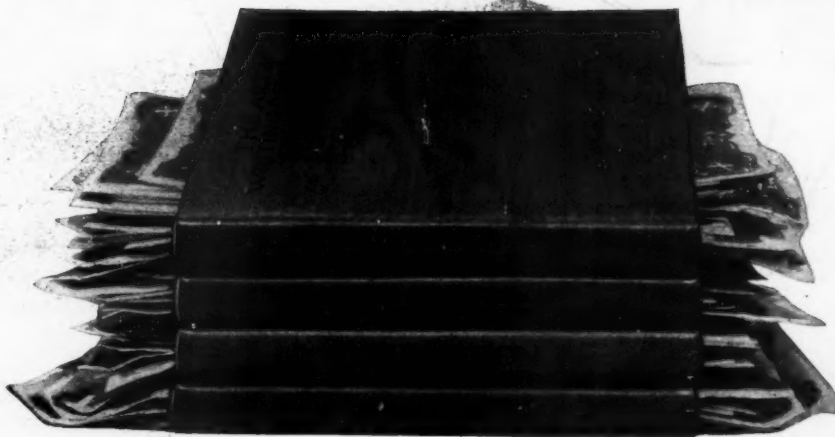
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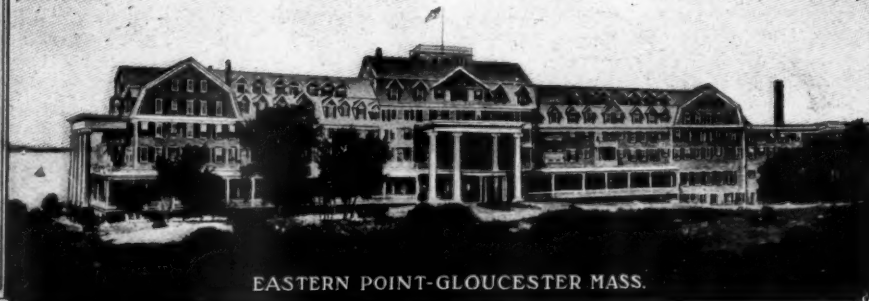
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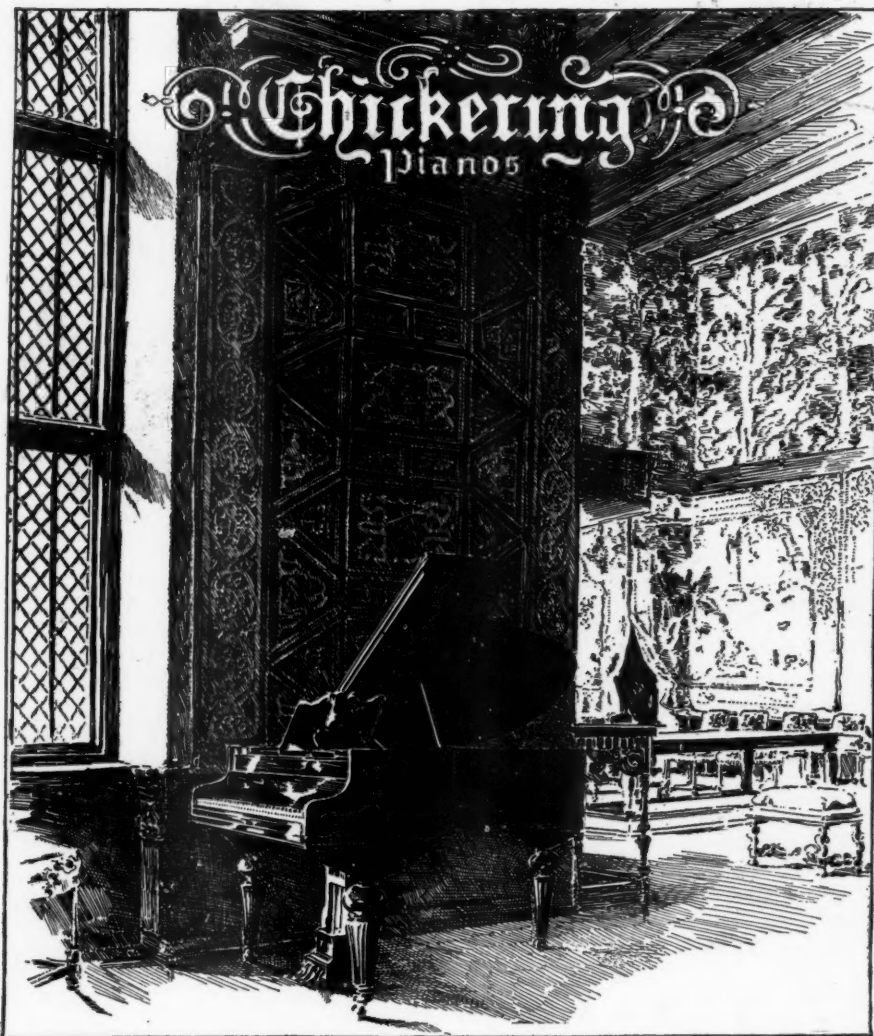


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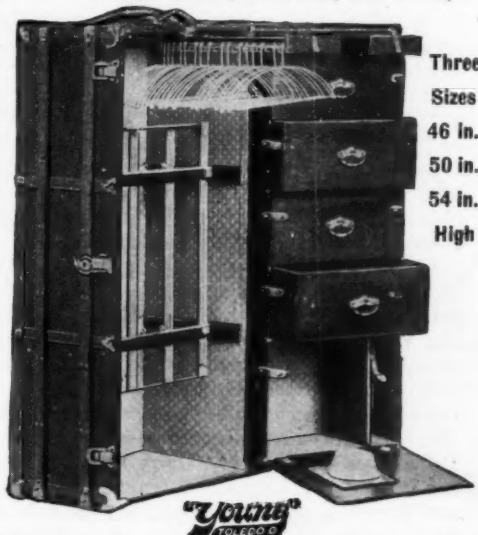


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## R a n d o m   R e a d i n g

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### Louise Michel, the Angelic Anarchist

The fates selected an appropriate time for bringing to an end the career of Louise Michel, the noted French anarchist and revolutionist—appropriate, because the civilized world was watching with real sympathy the growth of a truly revolutionary spirit in one of the mightiest nations of Europe, and with the deeds of the desperate Frenchwoman still fresh in the memory would hear, within a few days, of an act done in the name of the rulers of that nation which would serve in a measure to palliate the fanaticism of the anarchist. And certainly this feeling of charity for the misguided frenzy of the woman was heightened by an appreciation of her many very noble moral qualities. For Louise Michel's career was a curious blending of malignant and unconquerable antagonism to organized forms of government with the constant display of very genuine and profound love and sympathy for her fellow men. The "Red Virgin" and the "Red Nun" she was called, and these were appellations which bespoke at once the implacability and the desperation of her political activities and the chastity of her personal character.

Louise Michel was born, some say in 1830, others in 1839, at the Castle of Vroncourt, in the Department of Haute-Marne. She was a natural child of the owner of the castle, and was reared in his house. She had a good education, and displayed much talent for poetry and music; her literary efforts were warmly commended by Victor Hugo and Lamartine. Upon the death of her father, she became a teacher in Paris, and here she soon developed into a radical and dangerous revolutionist. She became one of the most daring and outspoken leaders of the opposition to the Napoleonic dynasty, and only an accident prevented her from actually attempting to kill Napoleon III. During the siege of Paris she was at first a tireless and devoted nurse of the sick and wounded, and then, dressed as a soldier, showed the greatest courage in the trenches and in several sorties against the besieging army. Against the capitulation

she protested with the utmost vehemence. She fought like a tigress with the Communists, and was with the last remnant of that faction who made their final stand in the Montmartre Cemetery. Here she escaped capture, but when the authorities arrested and threatened to shoot her mother unless she surrendered, Louise gave herself up. She was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and on August 10, 1873, began the long voyage of one hundred and twenty days, in a sailing ship, to New Caledonia. For the next seven years she nursed her sick fellow prisoners, and taught the children of the natives. Her return to Paris in 1880, as the result of the general amnesty, was made the occasion for a tremendous demonstration by the working people of the capital, but in 1883 she was again sentenced to imprisonment for three years for preaching anarchy. During the later years of her life, passed chiefly in Paris, and at Dulwich and Sydenham, London, she was little molested by the police, although she occasionally appeared and delivered characteristic harangues. She was never married, and until her mother's death lived with her. When she was left alone in the world, she became a hermit, with her books and her cats as her only companions. Toward the end of her life she was often in great want, but apparently no degree of distress could stifle her generous impulses. It is related that only a short time before her death she walked several miles to the office of Henri Rochefort in Paris. She had had no food for two days and was practically starving. Rochefort gave her a one-hundred franc note (\$20), but a few minutes afterward when she met two anarchists who were in distress she promptly gave them all the money. And soon afterward, having sold some of her manuscript to a publisher, upon meeting in the street a family in rags, gave them all the money (about \$60) she had just received. Such was this strange woman—at heart a desperate and vicious assassin one moment, and a veritable angel of mercy the next.

(Continued on second page following.)



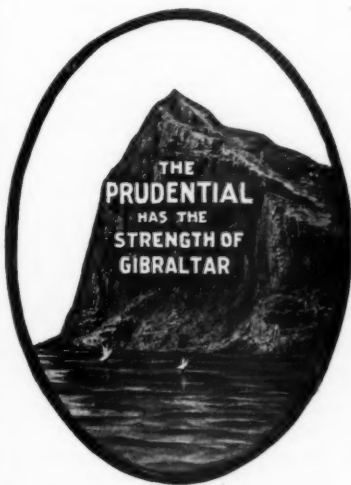
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## RANDOM READING

### The Truth About Food Adulteration

There are three kinds of persons in the United States: Population, food-poisoners, and Senators—fools, knaves, and middlemen. For the privilege of being fools, each one of us, from the yearling to the centenarian inclusive, pays the food-poisoners about twenty-five dollars a year. Incidentally we pay our Senators their salaries, a privilege quite as great, but not so expensive, as the other. In addition to the "twenty-five dollars" we give the food-poisoner the use of our votes with which to intimidate our servants and protect himself from the penalty of the crime which he is committing against us, and for redress for which we are at the same time fatuously bleating.

Think of it, two billion three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, that's what we are cheated out of by the food-poisoners every year. More than twenty-five dollars apiece—that is, enough to buy a poor man two good suits of clothes—as much as the average person spends for raiment in a twelvemonth. Why not, then, contribute each this amount, and with the whole purchase the fidelity of our servants at Washington? We might have to continue the process indefinitely, but we would at least have pure food.—Henry Irving Dodge in "Woman's Home Companion."

### The Ocean Race of 1905

A race of this kind does not afford opportunities for the eager excursionist with his crowded steamboat and his cheap field glass, for the way is long and rough and the return uncertain. But he can go out to see the start, even as his forbears did in the days of the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, and he can gamble away some goodly portion of his money on the result.

As for yachting itself, it would certainly be benefited by the reestablishment in permanent favor of outside racing. When yachtsmen begin to build with this sport in view, good-by to the ridiculously exaggerated overhangs, the pared-down skins, the slim frames, the tin stove-pipes for masts and the acres of towering canvas. Welcome a sound, seaworthy type of yacht with topmasts that she can carry all the way across and canvas that will not split in a summer puff, spars commensurate with her water-line and a hull that will make a passenger feel as if the sea was not licking his ear while he lies in his bunk. The fashions which have grown up in building racing machines are too much affected by designers of cruisers. Outside racing will make sanity in these matters imperative.—W. J. Henderson in "Pearson's."

### President Castro

President Castro is one of the few remarkable men that South America has produced. He is the second figure in Latin America to-day, Porfirio Diaz, creator of modern Mexico, being the first. To get a measure of Castro's achievement, let us see what he has actually done. Beginning in an obscure nook in the Andes, he has risen, by sheer force of individual genius, until now he is ruler, undisputed and effective ruler, of a vast territory of six hundred thousand square miles, equal in area to New England and all the

Atlantic States as far as Florida, with Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama thrown in. It is true that the population of his realm is small, only two and a half millions; nevertheless, it is equal to that of many of the medieval kingdoms of Europe, which look big in history.

Cipriano Castro is not merely an adroit person who happens for the moment to be at the top, through some lucky turn of fortune's wheel. He fought his way up, out of practical exile. He has maintained himself, chiefly by fighting, for four years already—longer than the life-time of any ministry in France since Sedan. He has still three years' office legally assured to him, and will undoubtedly, if still alive, be able to have himself re-elected, as Diaz did. He has faced discord at home, and the menaces of three first-class foreign powers, and is at this moment gaily negotiating with a fourth, in the intervals of court revelry, dear to his Latin heart. Finally, the revenue of his kingdom is something like ten million dollars a year, the spending of which is practically altogether in President Castro's hands.

Here is a fair success, in these days where success is considered everything; and although many harsh things have been said against Castro, it is impossible to deny the remarkable character of his personal achievement. He is in his own way a personality as dominating, as magnetic as was the great Napoleon. His ascendancy, the force of his will, is the one power in Venezuela.—Charles Johnston, B.C.S.(Ret.), in April "Criterion."

### Private Ownership of Railroads

In Germany, the railroads are owned and operated by the Government, and nobody ever heard of traffic being blocked by a strike. In Austria the story is the same. In Australia it is the same. In New Zealand it is the same. Nowhere on earth, so far as I know, has there ever been a strike when the principle of government ownership was in operation. Take those cities of England where the street cars are owned and operated by the city government. Who has ever heard of a strike on those lines? From Liverpool to Birmingham and from Birmingham to Glasgow you will find the principle of public ownership applied with perfect success and nowhere has the operation of public utilities by the public been stopped by a strike.

It seems almost impossible for the people of our great cities to learn the lesson taught by our own troubles, and taught further by the object lessons furnished us by nationalities which are not such cowardly slaves of the corporations as we seem to be. The most amazing feature in American life to-day is the audacity with which predatory corporations ride forth, like the feudal barons of olden times, to strike down the average citizen and rob him of what he makes as fast as he makes it. Individually, we have plenty of courage, but, collectively, we are the most cowardly creatures on earth. The communal spirit seems to be dead within us. Public opinion is in its infancy. The strength which lies dormant within us because of our numbers seems to be a fact of which the masses are totally ignorant.—"Tom Watson's Magazine" for April.

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A SURPLUS lot of especially fine French Edge Ostermoor Mattresses of *extra thickness, extra weight*, and exceptional softness, in the highest grade coverings, regular price being \$30.00, will be closed out regardless of cost, to make room for regular stock, at the extremely low price of \$18.50 each. These Mattresses are the very softest we can make; and are in every way fully as desirable and as great, if not greater bargains than the 600 lot of Special Hotel Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one of the same, you will fully appreciate the present sale.



The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are far softer and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

The coverings are of extra fine quality, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—pink, blue or yellow, both plain and figured, or high-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect; also the good old fashioned, blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of Excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

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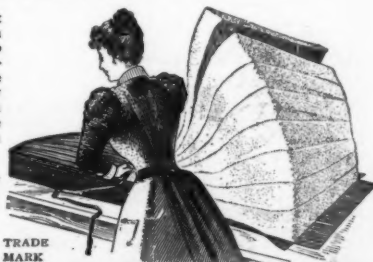
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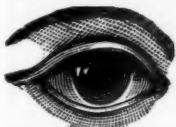
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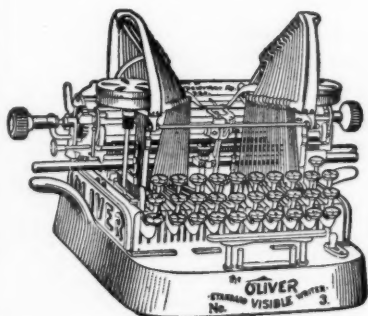


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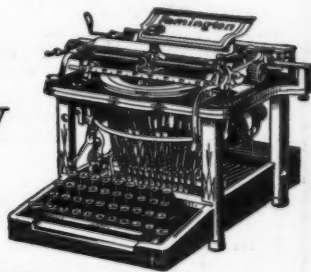


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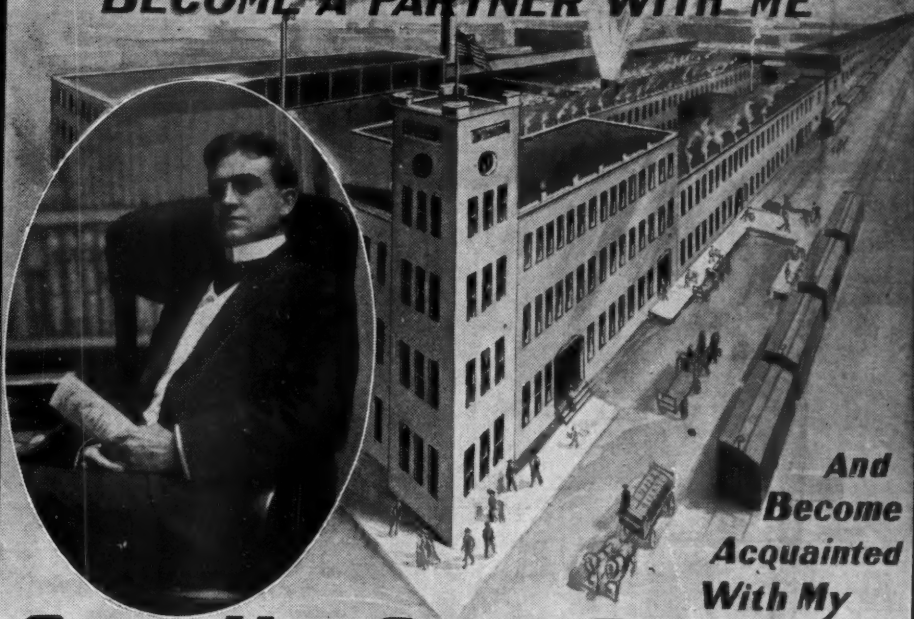
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